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WORKS

OF THE LATE

REV. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. F.L.S.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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BUCKLAND'S BRIDGEWATER TREATISE.[1]

It is not difficult to realize the emotions of sadness and of awe in one who is conscious that his feet are standing on the soil which covers Herculaneum, or who pursues his solemn journey through the streets of Pompeii, and recognises in its houses and temples the records of what was transacting there seventeen centuries ago, almost as distinctly and vividly transmitted, as if the entire vitality of the city had been arrested in the moment of most unconstrained and various action, exhibiting one perfect specimen of the very way in which men went about their business and amusements—the way in which ladies dressed, patricians lounged, limners painted, tragedians acted, and gladiators fought,—when Vespasian reigned, and while the last of the apostles was yet alive. It is a strange thing to see cabinets of curiosities collected by naturalists, the contemporaries of Pliny, and the studies of authors who wrote when Seneca and Tacitus flourished, as they were left by their possessors at the on-coming of

[1] Reprinted from the *Presbyterian Review*, vol. ix. pp. 222-246, being a review of *Geology and Mineralogy considered with reference to Natural Theology*. By the Rev. William Buckland, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, and Reader in Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Oxford.

the fiery visitation; and no less strange and sad to see the relics of those who did not escape, the apartment crowded with victims who found their sanctuary their grave,—the skeleton, with a golden chain suspended from its neck, and rings set with jewels on the charred finger-bones, enfolding an infant in its arms. But does no emotion arise on the assurance that one and all of us are treading on the sepulchre of *worlds*, that our cities are built, and our fields reaped and sown on ruins which date ages before Pompeii, and that the very statues and monuments to commemorate the great amongst us are fashioned from the dust of generations that preceded us? Yet, if geology be not a dream, these things are so—man is but the sojourner of yesterday in his own world, and many a race enjoyed the lease of his domains, before their lord arrived to take possession.

> "The land which warlike Britons now possess,
> And therein have their mighty empire raised,
> In antique times was salvage wilderness."

The lore or the fancy of the poet of the *Faërie Queene* could carry him no further back; but as the world grows older, it becomes better acquainted with its earlier days; the "antique times" of Spenser are but the yesterday of geology, and we now know something of our island's history before it had even become a "salvage wilderness." And as the speculation is a curious one, and to most who have carefully studied its evidence something more, we may be permitted to take a rapid glance at that history as it has been traced to us by modern geology; and the rather, as the changes to which our island has been sub-

jected convey an idea, nearly complete, of the successive transformations which the world's entire surface is alleged to have undergone.

Without, then, attempting the arduous upward flight through untold time, to contemplate our rudimental earth existing as a nebula of rarity incalculable and heat unutterable, we shall suppose the nucleus formed, the heat radiated off, and the nebula condensed into solid rock, invested by an ocean and an atmosphere.[1] Here we have arrived at the region which divides the known from the unknown—the *theories* of geology from the *hypothesis* of cosmogony. That this was the precise way in which the world was formed, no one has affirmed; but it has been suggested that thus it *might be*, and, from the number of conditions which the suggestion meets, some have been almost prepared to say that thus it *was*. It is on evidence of a kind altogether different that it has been asserted, that at some period, more or less remote, part of our earth's surface which we now inhabit lay under water,—the waters of a sea perhaps extending everywhere, and everywhere of equal depth. We have no proof that this primeval sea was the abode of any living thing. But by a process of elevation, to which it is doubtful if anything analogous now exists, the level uniformity of the rocky surface became disturbed, and the

[1] The nebular hypothesis of Laplace was formed by combining the suggestions of Sir William Herschel with the speculations of Leibnitz concerning the intense primordial heat of our planet. The plausibilities and defects of the hypothesis are comprehensively indicated by Mr. Whewell, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, book ii. chap. 7, where its theological bearings are ably discussed. Dr. Buckland—see p. 40—assumes the hypothesis, at least to a certain extent.

upheaving power sent mountain ridges, and possibly entire continents, above the waters. Then came the labour and conflict of elements. The new islands arrested the progress of the winds and tides, while, on the summits, clouds, which had formerly been idly emptied into their parent sea, burst, full charged with the treasures of a more than tropical evaporation. By the joint action of wind and wave, the new-formed land sustained progressive encroachments. The ocean undermined its cliffs, and torrents swept along its mountains and plains, carrying a copious alluvium into the grand receptacle. These products of the destroying forces were spread along the bottom of the deep, till, consolidated by the incumbent pressure and subterranean heat, they were in their turn uplifted, either by partial protrusions of the underlying rock, or a simultaneous elevation of the mass, carrying with them, in their stratified arrangement, the indications of their derivative character, again to undergo a process of waste and decay. It was after some of the British mountains, among the oldest in the world, had been thus produced—to judge from the scanty specimens which have reached our day in their peculiar mode of preservation—that the shallows of the sea were first planted with an appropriate vegetation. Then came the race of fishes; and, while a gulf of the ocean rolled its waves where Birmingham, and Leicester, and Nottingham, and Derby, and Manchester now stand, they were the pasture-fields of such crustacea as the trilobite, furnished with a pair of eyes, each mounting four hundred spherical lenses, and turning on a peduncle like a telescope in a stand; of

fishes, allied to the Amblypterus, feeding on sea-weed and soft gelatinous substances, and sharks, which again made these their prey. The land lay waste no longer, but cherished by a heat such as the tropics scarcely know, and the moisture of its insular station, a giant herbage sprang into luxuriant development. Equisetaceæ rivalled "the mast of some great ammiral," in localities where their dwarfed representatives, the horse-tail and pipe-weed of our bogs, stand only a few inches high. Arborescent ferns, such as in our present earth demand the climate of the equinoctial islands, skirted the mountain-sides of Wales and Scotland. Lepidodendra, the club-mosses of that earlier era, attained the altitude of our loftiest forest trees; and coeval with these flourished plants of anomalous forms, to which our modern flora can supply no analogy, such as the Stigmaria, with its dome-shaped trunk more than a yard in diameter, whence shot out, in every direction, branches from twenty to thirty feet in length, to float in the marsh which formed its habitat. So that, to restore to our island the vegetation of the transition period, we must magnify the existing species on a scale of a hundred-fold, convert the meadow into an Indian jungle, and transfer to the Hebrides the forests of Oceanica. Were it not for the information handed down to us by the fossil flora—the self-registering thermometer of geology—who could have imagined that our coast once rejoiced in that temperature, which could we bring back again, and other things remain as they are, pine-apples might grow wild on the Grampians, and the lotus float upon the Tay?

When hurricanes and land-floods, and agents of slower effect had swept the forests of many successive seasons into the estuaries of such rivers as then flowed, depositing the future coal-fields of Wales, Northern England, and Scotland—the beds of vegetable origin alternating with strata of sand and mud, now familiar to us in their indurated forms of sandstone and shale; and an accession had been made to the habitable part of our extending shores, by the gradual emergence of this latter formation, the old races gave place to a new creation of plants and animals. We have now advanced to that grand epoch when the secondary series began, during which were formed the new red sandstone and magnesian limestone of Cheshire and Staffordshire, the lias of Lyme and Whitby, the oolite of Yorkshire and Oxford, the wealden beds of Surrey, Kent, and Sussex, the chalk of Wiltshire and Southern England generally. Could any necromancy recall that state of things, a journey through our island would reveal stranger sights than scared the subterranean wanderings of the heroes of the *Odyssey* or *Æneid*, with this advantage, that they would not, however strange, be *monstrous*. Should the adventurer be disappointed of that green carpeting, which gladdens our islands, he would find some compensation in the statelier features of the prospect. The Cycadites (whose nearest surviving kindred have found an asylum in China and the islands of the Southern Sea), with its short trunk and gorgeous crown of foliage—not a palm, for it has a solid stem; nor a pine, for the stem is simple; nor a fern, for it does not bear its fructification on expanded peduncles;

yet borrowing something of all the three, the tufted foliage of the palm, the exogenous growth of the pine, and circinate venation of the fern: the screw pine, with its branching head, laden with heavy drupes, and propping itself in the loose and shallow soil, by those aërial roots branching downwards from the stem, the type of which you may recognise in the Pandanus of Guinea and Japan; the Araucaria, mailed in closely imbricated foliage, and overtopping the thicket of bananas and tree-ferns, as far as a modern Norfolk Island pine excels his compeers of the forest. These shelter inhabitants of a character equally removed from the present tribes of animals. The opossum, bounding along on his hind legs, with the auxiliary tail, while the fore-paws dangle apparently useless, and defrauded of the fair proportions of other quadrupeds, was in these regions the sole representative of land mammalia. But at the same time might have been seen the Iguanodon, a lizard, twelve fathoms long, pioneering for himself a way amidst the crash of whole roods of Lycopododendrons, and ferns, and palms, with the horn of a rhinoceros, a process of horrid spines along his back, and legs thicker than the hugest elephant's; the Pterodactyle, with its membranous wings expanding full four feet, its elongated beak like the head of a crocodile, and furnished with sharp carnivorous teeth, and eyes of prodigious size, the legs and tail of a lizard, and the wing-fingers terminating in long hooked nails, fit for suspending it from rocks or trees; and in the water, the Ichthyosaurus, rising to the surface to breathe; whilst the Plesiosaurus, floating amongst the sea-weeds of the shallows, stretches his

serpent neck, if haply he may descry some unwary Pterodactyle within reach of his projectile snout. Shoals of the greedy Gyrodus are lazily devouring the decaying fuci, shell-fish, and such molluscs as may fall within their reach, themselves fattening for the sharks and sauroids. Every submerged rock is planted with encrinites and pertacrinites, vibrating their innumerable arms of curious articulation in quest of their appropriate food, while the beach is strewed with the shells of the nautilus and ammonite, and other allied families.

The next stage in our island's history is that when things began to assume the aspect which, with some modification, they retain to the present hour, when sauroids disappear from the deep, and gigantic herbivorous reptiles from the land, and cetacea took the place of the one class, and ruminant mammalia of the other; when our woods became gay with the plumage, and vocal with the melody of birds, and our meadows were decked with the lesser flowers, arranged in their own happy hues of golden, red, and green. Geology shows that the transition did not take place altogether *per saltum*, and that to the fauna and flora of the chalk, the last of the secondary, did not at once succeed the identical species of our existing zoology and botany. But to trace the steps of the successive transitions of the tertiary series is not requisite for our purpose; and such as desire to do it for themselves will find the most ample assistance from the recent work of one who has applied himself to the study of this particular period with all the enthusiasm and success of a man of one pursuit. We

refer to the fourth volume of Mr. Lyell's *Geology*—a work, of the former part of which an account has been already given in the pages of this Review. Suffice it here to mention, that since the tertiary strata began to be deposited, Great Britain has been the abode of animals, some of which are only found far to the southward, and others are no longer discoverable. Thus, in the famous Kirkdale cavern, which occasioned the appearance of Dr. Buckland's *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*, were found the bones of the hyæna, tiger, bear, wolf, elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, some of them belonging to species no longer recognised as living.

The great truth of natural religion, established by Geology more irrefragably than by any mere science, is the fact of a creation, and consequently the *existence* of God. Besides demonstrating this in a manner which has never before been equalled, it has a theological value from furnishing additional proofs of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the great Creator.

The first of these conclusions has been reasoned out with great perspicuity and copiousness of argument in a work with which we hope our readers are already acquainted. In a chapter of Dr. Chalmers's *Natural Theology* it is shown that if you only grant, with the nearly unanimous consent of all naturalists, that there is no such thing as equivocal generation, and that species do not run the one into the other, at the same time assuming the general truth of geological determinations, there is no possibility of evading the ultimate fact of a creation. Geology removes the only alternatives besides the ad-

mission of that fact; and these alternatives are by the learned Professor reduced to the two theories of spontaneous generation and gradual development; to which might be added, as a third, the doctrine of eternal successions, probably omitted by Dr. Chalmers as self-contradictory and seldom heard of at the present day. If it can only be proved that the races of animals at present existing have not existed from everlasting; that they are distinct and have been distinct all along; and that they were not self-produced at the beginning, we must assign their production to a creating hand. To geology we owe by far the most valuable data for determining these as questions on grounds of mere natural religion. The *experimentum crucis* which decided each was ended before the world was well aware that it was in the course of being made; or we may well imagine the eager interest with which the parties in the controversy would have watched the progress of the geological investigations which should conclusively decide it.

By far the most philosophical of the few modern advocates for the gradual transmutation of species is Lamarck. According to him, species have no real existence in nature, but all the diversities now observable may be accounted for by supposing a gradual development from some elementary type of organization—the successive generations of creatures, during indefinite ages, gradually acquiring new organs and faculties to meet their enlarging desires, and the organs thus acquired becoming permanent in certain races. The mollusc felt a desire to walk, and the nisus perpetuated during successive generations at last

produced feet. The quadruped, in its effort to rise from the ground, acquired a gradual extension of the anterior limbs, and these in time became wings. A bird which originally lived exclusively on land, saw certain advantages in being able to frequent a new element, and the attempt to swim gave rise to an expansion of the membrane between the toes, and the bird became a web-footed water-fowl. Each similar conatus had only to be prolonged throughout a sufficient number of generations to be rewarded with like results, and to occasion all those deviations from the primitive type which we recognise in the existing classes, genera, and species of animals. To sober-minded men such an hypothesis can only be interesting as a fact in the history of the human mind; but as it has been made a refuge for atheism it is worthy of a refutation, and geology makes its refutation easy. Geology proves that species have always existed, and that, retrace our steps as far as we may, we never find any tendency towards obliteration in the line that severs one from another,—that a species or a genus appears at once or disappears at once. And if this were not enough, it has also proved that so far from a progressive advancement from a rude and elementary type, we have instances of the more perfect preceding the less perfect. For example, "The Sauroid Fishes occupy a higher place in the scale of organization than the ordinary form of bony Fishes; yet we find samples of Sauroids of the greatest magnitude, and in abundant numbers, in the Carboniferous and Secondary formations, whilst they almost disappear, and are replaced by less perfect forms in the Tertiary strata,

and present only two genera among existing Fishes" (p. 294). Again, the Encrinites, which are "amongst the most ancient orders of created beings," present a more perfect development than anything with which we are acquainted in the existing Pentacrinites (431). In another department of the animal kingdom we have the most completely organized contemporary with those of a lower order. Turbinated shells are constructed by molluscs having heads and eyes, which the conchiferous molluscs, or constructors of bivalve shells, have not. But turbinated univalves occur along with bivalves and articulated and radiated animals in the most ancient strata of the transition period that contain any traces of organic life; whilst in the vegetable kingdom similar contradictions to the law of development are continually meeting us. Five fossil species of Chara, and at the most two fossil mosses, are all that have been yet discovered. No vestige of a fossil liverwort has yet been found. And though it might naturally be expected that stoneworts, had they ever existed, should still be found comparatively perfect, from the petrifying process they undergo in the last stage of their existence, they are only found above the chalk—so that, "notwithstanding the simplicity of their structure, their epoch of appearance is long, very long, after that of palms, pines, ferns, and other higher vegetables."[1] It is scarcely necessary to add that the animal structures brought to light by geology abound in the same sort of argument against this hypothesis, which has been so effectually employed by physiologists, and

[1] Burnett's *Outlines of Botany* (Lond. 1835), pp. 301-3.

particularly of late by Dr. Roget, in regard to existing species—that such structures contain many parts, which no mere necessity or effort of the animal itself could possibly originate. Thus in the Ichthyosaurus and Plesiosaurus, which had paddles exclusively fitted for progression in the water, the large bones of the arms and legs were solid, but in the Megalosaurus and Iguanodon, which had feet for moving on land, the same bones were hollow, and had their cavities filled with marrow (pp. 235-6). This fact Dr. Buckland adduces, with many of a similar nature, in proof of a designed adaptation; but they may be still further applied to disprove the theory of development; for although we should grant that the continued efforts of indefinite generations might expand the membrane of the pelican's lower mandible into a pouch—which, however, animal physiology and common sense reclaim against, —what possible desires, prolonged through unnumbered ages, could convert the solid bone of one animal into the hollow bone of another? This sort of reasoning, which admits of indefinite application, has been omitted by Dr. Buckland, probably because he deems it an *argumentum ex abundantiâ.*

But if geology be fatal to the gradual development of species, it is no less decisive against their eternal succession. Had each several race existed from everlasting, we should find the tokens of its presence in the remotest period towards which we can push back our investigations. Transition rocks should contain the vestiges of as many mammalia as we find in the tertiary beds, or as are now living on the earth. Or to state the

case more accurately: if *the present* species have all existed for ever, whatever other species may have become extinct in past ages, the existing species must have preceded their extinction, and consequently must be found wherever such extinct species occur. If, as some of the older atheists maintained,—such as those against whom Bentley so acutely reasons in his Boyle Lectures,—the human species existed by an eternal succession, then the bones of man should occur with the bones of every animal—nay, wherever a fossil is found at all. How contrary to fact such a supposition is need not now be told. No geologist of the present day will venture to assign to the race a more remote existence than a few thousand years. Nor is there a plant or animal at this moment living which can be traced back to the oldest formations wherewith geology has to do; whilst there are older formations still, which, from the utter absence of every vestige of organized existence, appear to have preceded the first development of life altogether.

Nor can geology admit the third and last alternative of a miserable atheism which would supersede the miracle of a creation by that greater miracle of its own invention, the spontaneous production of the vegetable and animal tribes. It has been observed with truth, that "of almost all our living races, it may be said that we do not perceive so much as a rudimental or abortive tendency to it; whereas, had there been an equivocal generation, and had our present animal and vegetable races originated in such a lucky combination as favoured their complete development, we should for one instance that succeeded

have witnessed a thousand frustrated in the progress—all nature teeming, as it were, with abortions innumerable; and for each new species brought to perfection under our eyes, we should have beheld millions falling short at the incipient and at all the progressive stages of formation, with some embryo stifled in the bud, or some half-finished monster checked by various adverse elements and forces in its path to vitality."[1] So much truth is there in this reasoning that atheists have themselves acknowledged it, and the hypothesis in question proceeds upon its virtual admission. Before the lucky combination which produced the perfect animal, they assume—in the infinite ages which they claim for the fair working of this theory—a thousand frustrated tendencies and partially developed forms of life, and, what is not a little amusing, those very organic remains which have been demonstrated to belong to the perfect structures of extinct races, have been appealed to as the imperfect embryos of the present—the rude essays of the plastic power of nature. So that geology has left atheism without her last excuse, in proving that of all her "half-finished monsters and abortions innumerable," the vestiges are nowhere to be found, and that wherever we detect the trace of organization there we also detect organization in its perfect development and functions all consummated. On the supposition of a spontaneous, and consequently casual production, were it possible to imagine the occasional appearance of a new individual, it would remain still as perplexing to account for the sudden appearance, not of an insulated

[1] Chalmers's *Natural Theology*, vol. i. pp. 262-263.

species, but of whole genera, orders, and classes at once. What inconceivable fortuity brought the many hundred species of the carboniferous flora into sudden existence—the thousands and thousands of molluscs of the secondary period, or the hundred mammalia which all at once make their appearance in the Eocene tertiary—all at the period best fitted for them, and all without a single failure? The chance which achieved this could only have been an all-wise CREATOR.

Those who have been accustomed to view geology as a mere record of catastrophes, and the crust of the earth as a chaotic wreck, will be astonished at the cumulative evidence for the superintending power and wisdom of the Almighty Author of all, with which this science, as it were, labours and is oppressed. For our own part, there is no province of scientific contemplation from which we have returned with the enraptured emotion more irrepressible: "How manifold are thy works, O Lord! in wisdom hast thou made them all; *the earth is* FULL *of thy riches:*" words to which geology has given a new signification.

Does the fractured and contorted surface suggest the idea of disorder, anarchy, and ruin?—a world which, like a vessel whose commander is asleep and cares not that it perish, has been abandoned in its course, to be run foul of and shattered by the collision of other worlds as uncared for and ungoverned as itself.[1] Perhaps when first launched in its pathway, the surface of our globe was

1 The disturbances of stratification have been sometimes referred to the impinging of a comet against the earth.

smooth and unbroken; and had its Creator pleased, it might have remained smooth and unbroken to the present day. And what would have been the consequence? To make the case for the other side the strongest possible, we shall suppose that all the existing strata have been deposited in the order of their present superimposition, with this difference, that there are no denudations, no breaks nor outcroppings; but that all lie in concentric layers around the nucleus, and all are covered with an uninterrupted deposit of the tertiary formation. Now, beneath this thick covering what treasures lie buried, all as unbetokened and unsuspected as the sword and sandals of Ægeus under the rock of Troezen! There are in the secondary series, stores of limestone and chalk to enrich and attemper the tough clay of the surface; but of what avail? for there they must remain for ever. The same beds are laden with mineral salt,—"so let it lie,"—the chalk above and the red sandstone below. Still lower, what mines of unprofitable fuel are lost to use, too deeply buried to be discovered, or, if discovered, to be wrought! While, lower still, protected by miles of impenetrable rock, each gem and precious ore of the primary formations elude the rapacity and the necessities of man. With such an order of things, and supposing that man could have existed, it is inconceivable how he could have derived any advantage from the treasures hid in the deep recesses of the earth. It is that oblique and contorted arrangement of the strata which brings the lowest to the surface, that has given the miner his hint to penetrate still further and explore the profundities of the formation for what the

superficial outcrop furnishes only in the sample. Had surface presented one uniform aspect from pole to pole, we can scarcely imagine what inducement could have led any one to perforate the crust, at least to the depth necessary for finding the most precious things beneath it. But even supposing the chance-medley aperture to have been drilled, and by a lucky coincidence to have pierced a bed of salt or coal, how vast must have been the labour of working such a mine! In Cornwall, tin is now extracted from a depth of 300 fathoms; but were all the transition and secondary rocks of England piled in parallel layers on the top of the granite, the shaft which would reach the stanniferous region must be several miles in depth. And what is true of tin is true of every metal of which a primary rock is the matrix; and, excepting iron, few are found in any other. But we are all along reasoning on the supposition that man could be the inhabitant of such a world; while the truth of the matter is that, under such an arrangement, there could be no men, for there could be no dry land. It is to the same disturbing forces which have dislocated all the strata, and brought to the light of day the magazines of subterranean wealth, that we owe the elevation of our mountain chains, of our continents and islands—consequently our own abode on the earth. When, therefore, the author of the Bridgewater Treatise tells us that under the concentric arrangement of the strata, "the inestimably precious treasures of mineral salt and coal, and of metallic ores, confined as these latter chiefly are to the older series of formations, would have been wholly inaccessible" (p.

98), he tells less than he might. For, had that arrangement been perpetually maintained, and—without the elevating forces which have actually operated—had a chaotic ocean of uniform depth, something like the Wernerian primitive sea, deposited from its turbid waters one concentric layer after another, where would have been the terra firma for the insular vegetation that formed the coal? Again, almost every metallic ore of any value is found in veins; and whence are these? Werner referred them to deposition from an aqueous solution infiltrating from above; Hutton to igneous injection from below; whilst two hypotheses, one pronouncing them the products of metallic vapours sublimed from a subjacent heated mass, the other attributing them to the decomposing energy of electricity, divide the philosophers of the present day. In whichever theory we acquiesce, one thing is tolerably certain, that without fissures we could have had no metallic veins; for, from the state in which the ores are generally found, there can be little doubt that the rents existed long before they were filled with the foreign mineral matter. But if we adopt the theory last mentioned, and it has received the most striking confirmations from the experiments announced by Mr. Cross since Dr. Buckland's work was printed,—we shall find another final cause of the irregularities of stratification. On the principle of *segregation*, the strata are so many plates of a vast voltaic pile, in slow but constant action, depositing in the fissures of rocks the metallic particles which lie diffused through the whole of their substance. Were it not for this, or some equivalent action, all the metals

might exist without being of any advantage to our species. Were they to continue disseminated through the entire mass of rock in minute traces, only appreciable to chemical analysis, the smelting of ores would be literally impracticable. The rock would be all equally an ore throughout, and all equally poor. This inconvenience is prevented by the process performed in nature's laboratory, and the result is presented to us in rich and available ores, which can be reduced at little cost, or even in the solid metal, of sufficient purity to be turned into immediate use. To say nothing, then, of the palpable uses of hill and valley in augmenting and irrigating the surface, and of a mixture of earths in producing a fertile soil, and which are the undoubted effects of the disturbing agency; we are indebted for our fuel, our metals, our houses, our comforts, and in a certain sense our very existence, to those underground convulsions that at first sight appear to have made nothing but havoc of our globe. It is not enough to say that all these shiftings and upturnings of strata are not irreconcilable with a powerful and presiding intelligence. We do injustice to the premisses,—we do worse, we do injustice to the wisdom and goodness of our most gracious Creator,—if we do not add, that all these preparations of the abode which man was afterwards to fill, and the bringing of man into his habitation just at the time when all its accommodations had been completed and put full within his reach, are a resistless demonstration of His contriving foresight, "who seeth the end from the beginning;" and of His love who has condescended to say that "His delights are with the sons of men."

Here we may allude to some of those "adaptations of external nature to the constitution of man," which we think derive a fresh force and beauty from the facts disclosed by geology. Though it should have proved nothing else, it has at least proved by universal consent that the existing is not the only possible order of things, and that the presence of such arrangements as we are now conversant with, is not indispensable to the well-being of *some* world. But it is equally demonstrable that the present is better fitted for man than any bygone order of things, and that, had he been introduced into any former world, he could either not have continued to exist, or could not have existed in comfort. But under the *régime* of chance or a fatality, we can see nothing to account for his appearing now, rather than at any bypast period. We can easily conceive of a world existing with an atmosphere differently constituted from that which at this day encloses us; and geology yields the strongest presumption that the atmosphere was not always what it now is. The strata underlying the coal formation exhibit no traces of vegetable mould,—and yet there never was a more profuse vegetation than the flora of that era. Whence did it derive its solid materials—its carbon? It is well known that plants have the power of decomposing the carbonic acid gas contained in the atmosphere, absorbing the carbon, and disengaging the oxygen. Here, then, seems to be the source[1] that supplied the transition flora with that *pabulum* which has since been converted into the solid carbonaceous matter of the coal

[1] The above hypothesis was started by Adolphe Brongniart, whose name is

formation. But from the quantity thus subtracted from the air, and permanently reduced to the solid state, the proportion which it originally contained must have been very great. What strengthens this view of the subject is the fact that a considerable addition of carbonic acid to common air remarkably accelerates the growth of plants; whilst those which flourished at the period in question were precisely of the kinds that derive their food chiefly from the atmosphere, and are the most independent of the vegetable mould. But that which is the life of plants is the poison of warm-blooded animals; and it would need only a very slight addition to the carbonic acid already in the air to destroy all the land animals now living. And here is the interesting fact. It was not till after this alleged purification of the atmosphere that such animals began to appear. As the process had advanced a certain length, reptiles, to whom a large supply of oxygen is not indispensable, were introduced, and succeeded in due time by the warm-blooded vertebrata, birds, mammalia, and their sovereign man. Is there nothing of adaptation in all this?

But now that man has been brought into the world, he needs something more than mere oxygen. And here, again, the adaptation meets us. Man, and the materials best fitted for the food of man, are created together. We read in the ancient histories of whole races of Lotophagi, Balanophagi, and Ichthyophagi, each confining itself to

a high authority in all that relates to the fossil flora. A clear and compendious statement of the facts on which it rests will be found in Burnett's *Outlines of Botany*, pp. 343-345.

that one or other article of diet to which it owes its distinctive appellation. But comparative anatomy assures us that man was not formed for such restricted regimen, and geology makes known that at no period was the earth more abundantly stocked with every herb, and fish, and fowl, and beast, "good for the food of man," than in this its recent period. Had he been its denizen during the era of the transition, he might haply have found in some of its many palms, the type of the date or the cocoa, —or in a later age he might have become a fisher, and dredged for the mussels and oysters of the secondary seas. But when we recollect that the cerealia—the staff of human life since the years of the patriarchs—were then unknown, and that the pastures were occupied by reptiles, not ruminants, we shall have no reason, in this respect, to complain that our lot "has fallen on evil times," in falling on these days.

One other idea in this connection, though conjectural, we are inclined to venture, from a certain verisimilitude with which it suggested itself at first, and to which we know of nothing decidedly opposed. Does not geology, then, make it less presumptuous to say, that the petals of flowers were painted, and flowers themselves created, chiefly for the sake of man? Be this as it may, the fact seems next to certain, that the earth has put on her holiday attire precisely at the time when the eye of taste and intelligence was to be directed towards her loveliness. The flora with which the history of vegetable existence opened was stately and magnificent; but we question if, to our modes of judging and feeling, it would

not have appeared at the same time dull. From lycopodendrons, ferns, and palms, all stem and foliage, the mind fatigued by their very grandeur, turns, as for refreshment, to the lilies of the field. A tuft of moss, a daisy, or a green grass plot, has an aspect of simplicity and cheerfulness in contrast with forms, each of regal pomp and cyclopean stature; but neither moss, nor daisy, nor green grass was there. So that every time that our eyes are refreshed and our spirits enlivened by the gay variety of vegetable forms, and the joyous lustre of vegetable colours, we have reason to praise the Lord for something more than His universal love—even "for his goodness, and his wonderful works *to the children of men.*"

About three-fourths of the work before us are dedicated to a most luminous and eloquent demonstration of the evidences of design revealed in the structure of fossil animals, zoophytes, and vegetables. This part of the treatise will be generally regarded as the most triumphant, from being peculiarly rich in those decisive proofs which have been so happily termed *collocations;* and it is the part in which the author himself seems chiefly to rejoice, as in it he can bring to bear that powerful apparatus of oryctological anatomy, wherein his own great strength lies. And whether we regard the polished facility and graphic power of his style, the aptness of his illustration, his ingenious and precise inductions, or the spirit of his restorations of extinct structures, splendidly as these are exemplified in a suite of nearly a hundred beautiful engravings, it is not difficult to foresee that these volumes will be among the most popular of works in science, and

the most highly prized in the noble literature of our natural theology.

This department is fertile in the same proofs of unity of design pervading the entire workmanship of the animated creation which guided and rewarded the anatomical researches of Cuvier. So unfailingly does this unity obtain, that we often learn more of the age, and manner of formation, and relative position of a rock, from a fragment of bone or shell embedded in it, than from the most minute enumeration of its mineral characters, or scrupulous analysis of its chemical ingredients. Let two individuals land on an unknown coast, the one an accomplished geologist, the other a stranger to the science. To the latter, the rocks forming the line of coast present nothing remarkable, and that they are stone, like other rocks, is all that he can tell about them. But his companion stops to pick up a crumbling fragment of shell, projecting in the face of the cliff, which the other would have thought too worthless to notice; and immediately, from the mystic characters inscribed on it, he can read the whole story of the containing rock. "It has been deposited," he says, "in a deep sea, before the land was inhabited by warm-blooded animals. It is of the same age with the rocks of Sussex and Lyme in England; the harder sandstones and limestones will be found below, and beds of sand and clay above it." And further investigation verifies his statements. But how did he come to know all this? That fragment, of which you could scarcely say whether it was shell or stone, is part of an Ammonites rusticus, which the fossil conchologist knows to be confined to the

chalk formation—the same as in the south of England. He likewise knows that the chalk holds the same situation relatively to the subjacent and incumbent strata over all the world, and that all the remains of quadrupeds are found above it. And from the form of the shell, and the habits of the extant congenerous mollusc, as well as certain appearances in the rock itself, he infers its deposition under a deep sea.

Of all the specimens of contriving skill that meet us in our studies of nature, none strike us more readily and forcibly than what have been termed the anticipations of art. The desideratum which an invention in the arts of life supplies has been so long felt, the attempts to fill up the deficiency have so often proved abortive, and the accession of power and enjoyment which the contrivance at length brings with it are all so palpable, and shared by so many, that the happy discoverer is sure to find, in the gratitude and admiration of his fellows, the ample recompense of his sagacity or industry. But a rightly constituted mind will transfer with increase all that wonder and delight with which it has hailed the achievements of inventive genius, to the more marvellous, because perfect, manifestations of skill given forth by the Almighty Intelligence who has planned and done all things well. To the instances in which the mechanism of organization has anticipated the discoveries of art, geology has made a large, and, from the obscurity of the region in which its researches are conducted, an unexpected addition. In the following passage we have a description of the jaws of a common extinct marine animal :—

"The jaws of the Ichthyosauri, like those of crocodiles and lizards, which are all more or less elongated into projecting beaks, are composed of many thin plates, so arranged as to combine strength with elasticity and lightness, in a greater degree than could have been effected by single bones, like those in the jaws of mammalia. It is obvious that an under jaw so slender, and so much elongated as that of a crocodile or Ichthyosaurus, and employed in seizing and retaining the large and powerful animals which formed their prey, would have been comparatively weak and liable to fracture if composed of a single bone. Each side of the lower jaw was therefore made up of six separate pieces.

"This contrivance in the lower jaw, to combine the greatest elasticity and strength with the smallest weight of materials, is similar to that adopted in binding together several parallel plates of elastic wood or steel to make a cross-bow; and also in setting together thin plates of steel in the springs of carriages. As in the carriage spring, or compound bow, so also in the compound jaw of the Ichthyosaurus, the plates are most numerous and strong at the parts where the greatest strength is required to be exerted; and are thinner and fewer towards the extremities, where the service to be performed is less severe. Those who have witnessed the shock given to the head of a crocodile by the act of snapping together its thin, long jaws, must have seen how liable to fracture the lower jaw would be, were it composed of one bone only on each side; a similar inconvenience would have attended the same simplicity of structure in the jaw of the Ichthyosaurus. In each case, therefore, the splicing and bracing together of six thin flat bones of unequal length, and of varying thickness, on both sides of the lower jaw, affords compensation for the weakness and risk of fracture, that would otherwise have attended the elongation of the snout.

"Mr. Conybeare points out a further beautiful contrivance in the lower jaw of the Ichthyosaurus, analogous to the cross bracings lately introduced into naval architecture."—Pp. 175-177.

A single genus of fossil shells, the Ammonite, is so

abundant in such adjustments and contrivances, that there is scarcely an artificer who might not borrow thence suggestions for his peculiar craft. In the "transverse plates, nearly at right angles to the sides of the external shell," the ship-carpenter would see a contrivance "analogous to that adopted in fortifying a ship for voyages in the arctic seas, against the pressure of icebergs, by the introduction of an extraordinary number of transverse beams and bulk-heads" (p. 323). In the ribbed structure of the shell, the silversmith, the tinsmith, and blacksmith, might recognise the flutings employed in order to give strength to utensils manufactured from sheet metals, and "the recent application of thin plates of *corrugated* iron to the purpose of making self-supporting roofs, in which the corrugations of the iron supply the place, and combine the power of beams and rafters" (p. 340); and the glass-blower would see the type of the spiral flutings with which he fortifies flasks of thin glass, when lightness must be combined with strength (vol. ii. p. 59); whilst the same ribs, divided and subdivided, would remind an architect of the "divisions and subdivisions of the ribs beneath the *groin work,* in the flat vaulted roofs of the florid Gothic architecture" (p. 341). And, lastly, to this shell might the mechanical philosopher go for the model of a hydraulic engine more ingenious than Archimedes ever planned.

Every one is aware that a permanent cutting edge is secured for a good hatchet by inserting a plate of hard steel between two plates of softer iron—a contrivance from which a double advantage results: "first, the instrument

is less liable to fracture than if it were entirely made of the more brittle material of steel; and, secondly, the cutting edge is more easily kept sharp by grinding down a portion of exterior soft iron, than if the entire mass were of hard steel." But every one may not be aware that this is the very contrivance employed for maintaining two cutting edges on the crown of the molar teeth of the Megatherium, with this difference, that three substances are combined to produce the desired effect, and this other difference, that it is "accompanied by a property, which is the perfection of all machinery, namely, that of maintaining itself perpetually in perfect order, by the act of performing its own work" (p. 149). In the Iguanodon we have a somewhat different, but equally beautiful, application of the same principle. The front teeth of this animal had to perform the office of pincers, in wrenching off the tough bark and roots of trees. For this purpose they required a shape and structure analogous to what may be seen in the incisors of Rodentia. To give the tooth of this reptile its adze-like edge, the anterior portion was coated with hard enamel, which, wearing more slowly than the osseous substance within, kept the teeth continually sharp, whilst a constant succession of new teeth was at hand to supply the waste of the old. Is there nothing interesting in the consideration, that thousands of years before a cutting instrument had been fashioned on the forge of Tubal-Cain, the tooth of the Iguanodon and Megatherium owed its cutting edge to a combination of a soft with a hard material?

We rightly regard it as a proof of consummate skill

when contrivances of every sort are selected from engines of every construction, and all made available to a piece of machinery which has some new purpose to subserve. Thus, Mr. Babbage's calculating engine would be deemed a paragon of mechanical ingenuity, although it contained nothing which, taken singly, could be called a new device, from the multitude of former inventions which have been laid under contribution to effect its unprecedented design. Nor is it a less proof of contriving wisdom when we see the parts and organs of various animals transferred to one —when that one has new functions to fulfil—the structure, for example, of a fish, wrought into the framework of a land animal, when that animal is to become an aquatic. Of such complicated adjustments we have a specimen in the Ichthyosaurus.

"Having the vertebræ of a fish, as instruments of rapid progression, and the paddles of a whale and sternum of an Ornithorhynchus as instruments of elevation and depression, the reptile Ichthyosaurus united in itself a combination of mechanical contrivances, which are now distributed among three distinct classes of the animal kingdom. If, for the purpose of vertical movements in the water, the sternum of the living Ornithorhynchus assumes forms and combinations that occur but in one other genus of mammalia, they are the same that co-existed in the sternum of the Ichthyosaurus of the ancient world; and thus, at points of time separated from each other by the intervention of incalculable ages, we find an identity of objects effected by instruments so similar as to leave no doubt of the unity of the design in which they all originated.

"It was a necessary and peculiar function in the economy of the fish-like lizard of the ancient seas, to ascend continually to the surface of the water in order to breathe air, and to descend again in search of food; it is a no less peculiar

function in the duck-billed Ornithorhynchus of our own days to perform a series of similar movements in the lakes and rivers of New Holland.

"The introduction, in these animals, of such aberrations from the type of their respective orders, to accommodate deviations from the usual habits of these orders, exhibits an union of compensative contrivances, so similar in their relations, so identical in their objects, and so perfect in the adaptation of each subordinate part to the harmony and perfection of the whole; that we cannot but recognise, throughout them all, the workings of one and the same eternal principle of Wisdom and Intelligence presiding from first to last over the total fabric of Creation."—Pp. 185, 186.

We can subject the works of man to no severer test than the microscope. Before it the softest velvet becomes a coarse fabric; not so the plumage of a butterfly. Before it productions of art seemingly so like as to be identical, cease to resemble; but in the works of nature the resemblance is enhanced. The proofs of unity in the purpose, and of skill in the execution which geology reveals, are not derived from a superficial and hasty inspection. The minute is as rich in evidence as the majestic. If Cuvier could say, "Show me a tooth, and I will tell you the animal which owned it," M. Agassiz can say, "Show me the scale, and I will show you the fish;" for on the markings of the scales that illustrious naturalist has reared a system which promises to place ichthyology, fossil and recent, on a footing of equal precision with the other departments of zoology. It was a microscopic examination of fossil woods that first led to the discovery of coniferæ in the beds of coal. And similar examinations have since brought to light the fact, that entire rock

formations are composed of nothing else than fragments of corallines and comminuted shells; whilst in other formations, microscopic testacea are found so minute that Soldani collected from less than an ounce and a half of stone found in the hills of Casciana, in Tuscany, 10,454 of them (p. 117). Yet these shells, so tiny that you might screen them through a sieve of the finest gauze, were as regularly, perhaps as beautifully, partitioned into chambers, as ammonites a yard in diameter. Nor does the path of downward discovery terminate here. Before Dr. Buckland could get his book out of the printer's hands, information reached him that Ehrenberg had discovered "the silicified remains of infusoria in the stone called Tripoli, a substance which has been supposed to be formed from sediments of fine volcanic ashes in quiet waters" (p. 599).

We could gladly multiply extracts from this interesting work, but must restrict ourselves to the following, in the first of which we have the conclusion of the author's sketch of the Megatherium:—

"The size of the Megatherium exceeds that of the existing Edentata, to which it is most nearly allied, in a greater degree than any other fossil animal exceeds its nearest living congeners. With the head and shoulders of a sloth, it combined in its legs and feet an admixture of the characters of the Ant-eater, and the Armadillo, and the Chlamyphorus; it probably also still further resembled the Armadillo and Chlamyphorus, in being cased with a bony coat of armour. Its haunches were more than five feet wide, and its body twelve feet long and eight feet high; its feet were a yard in length, and terminated by most gigantic claws; its tail was probably clad in armour, and much larger than the tail of any

other beast, among extinct or living terrestrial mammalia. Thus heavily constructed, and ponderously accoutred, it could neither run, nor leap, nor climb, nor burrow under the ground, and in all its movements must have been necessarily slow; but what need of rapid locomotion to an animal, whose occupation of digging roots for food was almost stationary? and what need of speed for flight from foes, to a creature whose giant carcase was encased in an impenetrable cuirass, and who by a single pat of his paw, or lash of his tail, could in an instant have demolished the couguar or the crocodile? Secure within the panoply of his bony armour, where was the enemy that would dare encounter this leviathan of the pampas? or, in what more powerful creature can we find the cause that has effected the extirpation of his race?

"His entire frame was an apparatus of colossal mechanism, adapted exactly to the work it had to do; strong and ponderous, in proportion as this work was heavy, and calculated to be the vehicle of life and enjoyment to a gigantic race of quadrupeds; which, though they have ceased to be counted among the living inhabitants of our planet, have, in their fossil bones, left behind them imperishable monuments of the consummate skill with which they were constructed; each limb, and fragment of a limb, forming co-ordinate parts of a well adjusted and perfect whole; and through all their deviations from the form and proportion of the limbs of other quadrupeds, affording fresh proofs of the infinitely varied and inexhaustible contrivances of Creative Wisdom."—Pp. 163, 164.

The next extract relates to the fossil footsteps of tortoises, first observed in our own end of the island, and described by a clergyman of our own Church :—

"The nature of the impressions in Dumfriesshire may be seen by reference to Pl. 26. They traverse the rock in a direction either up or down, and not across the surfaces of the strata, which are now inclined at an angle of 38°. On one slab there are twenty-four continuous impressions of feet, forming a regular track, with six distinct repetitions of the

mark of each foot, the fore-foot being differently shaped from the hind-foot; the marks of claws are also very distinct.

"Although these footsteps are thus abundant in the extensive quarries of Corn Cockle Muir, no trace whatever has been found of any portion of the bones of the animals whose feet they represent. This circumstance may perhaps be explained by the nature of the siliceous sandstone having been unfavourable to the preservation of organic remains. The conditions which would admit of the entire obliteration of bones, would in no way interfere with the preservation of impressions made by feet, and speedily filled up by a succeeding deposit of sand, which would assume, with the fidelity of an artificial plaster mould, the precise form of the surface to which it was applied.

"Notwithstanding this absence of bones from the rocks which are thus abundantly impressed with footsteps, the latter alone suffice to assure us both of the existence and character of the animals by which they were made. Their form is much too short for the feet of crocodiles, or any other known Saurians; and it is to the Testudinata, or tortoises, that we look, with most probability of finding the species to which their origin is due.

"The historian or the antiquary may have traversed the fields of ancient or of modern battles; and may have pursued the line of march of triumphant conquerors, whose armies trampled down the most mighty kingdoms of the world. The winds and storms have utterly obliterated the ephemeral impressions of their course. Not a track remains of a single foot, or a single hoof, of all the countless millions of men and beasts whose progress spread desolation over the earth. But the Reptiles, that crawled upon the half-finished surface of our infant planet, have left memorials of their passage, enduring and indelible. No history has recorded their creation or destruction; their very bones are found no more among the fossil relics of a former world. Centuries, and thousands of years, may have rolled away, between the time in which these footsteps were impressed by tortoises upon the sands of their native Scotland, and the hour when they are again laid bare, and exposed to our curious and admiring eyes.

Yet we behold them, stamped upon the rock, distinct as the track of the passing animal upon the recent snow; as if to show that thousands of years are but as nothing amidst eternity—and, as it were, in mockery of the fleeting perishable course of the mightiest potentates among mankind."—Pp. 260-263.

We cannot take leave of a subject which has been to ourselves a source of many pure delights, and, we trust, of some wholesome instruction, without expressing a regret that its rich treasures should be sorrowfully regarded by some as a magazine entirely at the disposal of any adventurer who shall volunteer in the unholy war against the Christian faith. Had we time, we do not think that there could be much difficulty in showing how futile are these fears, and that not an established fact in geology, any more than in the other sciences, comes in collision with one statement of Scripture rightly understood. We would in the meanwhile satisfy ourselves with indicating some of the sources of what may be called the religious prejudice against geology.

And first, it has suffered much from the rash attempts of geological divines and Scripture critics, who, whenever a new theory of the earth sprang up, were ready with a new exegesis to accommodate it, allegorizing or explaining away or wresting the meaning of the sacred narratives of the creation and deluge, to meet the demands of some hypothesis which might be disproved and abandoned by its own author before the lucubrations which were to explain all and harmonize all had left the press; and in this way an appearance of shifting and caprice has been given to Bible statements, which ought in fact to be

charged on the vagaries of Bible interpreters, or the comings and goings of an incipient science. From this cause the Bible has undergone a maltreatment, of which had the compositions of any merely human author been made the victims, enemies would have taken pity and flown to the rescue; and hence, men to whom every word of Holy Writ is precious, have conceived a prejudice against a science which has been the occasion of so much tampering with the sacred text.

Nor has anything more effectually injured geology in the eyes of serious men than that renegade and traitor character, which, from no fault of its own, has unhappily attached to it. As expounded long ago by Woodward, Burnett, Whiston, and Catcott, all its facts were pressed with a Hutchinsonian ingenuity into the interpretation and support of Scripture; and notwithstanding the protest of eminent theologians in our own day, a like procedure has been again and again followed, amongst the rest, by an author of no less note than the writer of the book before us.[1] And as it now appears that this is not the direct and legitimate use of all geological science, its former promises are contrasted with its later performances, and the memory of the pious zeal which actuated the cosmogonists of last century is recalled by the ill-disguised scepticism of some among their successors.

This reminds us of another cause of the jealousy with which some good men regard geology. It is a *new*

1 Dr. Buckland has abandoned, see p. 94 of his Treatise, a doctrine which he maintained in his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*, 1823, that the appearances there described were caused by the Mosaic deluge. He now thinks that they must be referred to an earlier period.

science, and disproves the received construction of some of those terms which had become amalgamated with our ordinary modes of expression, and were consequently familiar in religious discourse, or had even obtained the supposed sanction of Scriptural authority. In surrendering their rigid propriety, we feel as if giving up something more than words—as if called to forego the important truths with which long usage had associated the phraseology. Many a plain but pious man has found it a rude shock to his faith, when told that to speak of the sun "going down," as his Bible often does, is not philosophically correct; and even some of the most learned amongst the older divines, more zealously than wisely, impugned first the Copernican, and afterwards the Newtonian theories, on the ground of their fancied inconsistency with the language of inspiration. And from the Bible containing no express intimation that the world existed for a length of time betwixt the "beginning," when *it* was created, and the period when God in six days called into existence its present inhabitants—the absolute denial that there ever was such an interval has become, with many, an essential element of their belief. But if we now smile at the Biblical criticism and the mathematics of those who were ready to hurl the sun-dial of Ahaz, and a thousand texts of Scripture, at the head of the unhappy Copernican, may we not take the hint of caution to ourselves? Geology is not the first of the sciences which has been supposed to threaten injury to revealed religion. A reinforcement of allies may be mistaken for foes, at a distance, or in the dark; and some

of those sciences which, under the guidance of an enlightened theology, have become the powerful auxiliaries of sacred truth, presented themselves at first under the aspect of suspicion and hostility. So that, taught by experience, the friend of the Bible should hail every new discovery, assured that the God of nature and of the Bible being one, each new truth emanating from the region of the one, may do good service in the cause of the other.

One other cause of prejudice against this science, shared by many besides religious men, results from certain feelings deeply seated in the mind—a repugnance to contemplate long periods of time elapsed prior to our own creation, and a fallacy which makes us think progression incompatible with the forthgoing of creative energy. Both of these largely pervade a curious little book by Professor Moses Stuart, lately republished in this country, from which we beg to make the following extract:—

"'Sixty thousand years to cool in! 200,000 for plants, aquatic animals, and the formation of coal-beds!' as Monsieur Boubée gravely tells us. What an infinitude of labour, too, in order to make *fuel* for man! And then to think of 200,000 years for snails, and mussels, and lizards, and crocodiles, and alligators, and dragons, and the like! Thousands of ages, then, the world was without a lord or a head. The image of God, whom he constituted his vicegerent here below, for myriads of ages not created! His dominion put off for thousands of centuries before it began to exist! And who, all this time, were the actual lords of the creation? Lizards and alligators of more than Typhœan dimensions!

"When I think soberly of such a picture, I feel constrained

to turn away with unspeakable loathing. I am forced to exclaim, 'Is it true, then, Creator of heaven and earth, that in *wisdom* thou hast made all things?' Yea, I cannot help opening my Bible at the eighth chapter of Proverbs, and reading with intense delight the refreshing view there given of eternal Wisdom, which guided the counsels of the Almighty in his *creative* work. 'Before the mountains were brought forth, before the earth was, when there was no depths—Wisdom was with God, and was daily his delight. It was this which guided all his counsels,—this formed the earth, the fields, the highest part of the dust of the earth,—this prepared the heavens, and set a compass on the face of the deep.' All this Wisdom did, but for what purpose? To create a residence, during countless ages, for snails, and lizards, and iguanodons? Had eternal Wisdom, then, any joy in these? No: Solomon never once dreamed of its being so; for he declares that Wisdom 'rejoiced in the habitable parts of the earth, and her *delights were with the* SONS OF MEN.'" [1]

"What an infinitude of labour in order to make fuel for man!" exclaims the startled Professor—an ejaculation equally conclusive against the facts of every science. A naturalist demonstrates the existence of 14,000 facets and optic tubes in the eye of the libellula. "What an infinitude of labour to give vision to a fly!" Bonnet dissects a cockchafer grub and finds in it upwards of 400 pairs of muscles. "What an infinitude of labour to give motion to a worm!" Some islands in the Pacific have been entirely constructed by countless millions of polypes, hundreds of which could be comprised in a cubic inch. "What an infinitude of labour to rear a rock!" And in the same way the full force of the categorical objection

[1] *Philological View of the Modern Doctrines of Geology*, by Moses Stuart, Professor of Sacred Literature, Andover. Edinburgh, 1836.

might be brought to bear on the thousands of examples on which our natural theologians have delighted to expatiate as the proofs of a wisdom educing the most beneficent and apparently simple results from a multifarious and complicated apparatus.

"Thousands of ages the world was without a lord or a head." How many years or ages preceded the introduction of the present order of things we have no right in the present state of our knowledge to affirm; neither has Mr. Stuart any right to say that there can have been no world of which man was not the lord and head. The Bible nowhere intimates that man was vested with a dominion over any other creatures than those which were brought into being along with himself, any more than with a dominion over the inhabitants of the other worlds in the same system. Let us be thankful that we have such a "goodly heritage" as our present abode beyond all question is; nor repine if it should prove to have been the well-furnished habitation of other creatures before it was made a dwelling-place for us.

But Mr. Stuart feels a horror of a world peopled by "snails, and mussels, and lizards, and crocodiles, and alligators, and the like." He turns away with "unspeakable loathing" from the picture, and asks, "Had eternal Wisdom any joy in these?"

But has eternal Wisdom really assigned no residence to these? Has Mr. Stuart's philology enabled him to prove that the sixth day of creation was before the fifth, and that snails, lizards, etc., were not amongst the creeping

things of the creation which God pronounced to be very good? But if these "unspeakably loathsome" creatures were deemed fit to occupy the earth with man yet innocent and unfallen, may they not have been worthy of a place in a world which was only preparatory to our own? Though God has created all things for Himself, does it follow that He has created all things for man? If so, why have there been such islands as St. Helena, inhabited by many species of plants found nowhere else, for ages before a human eye ever rested on them? What of insects and animalcules, few of them discovered till within the last fifty years, and many of them perhaps to remain undiscovered to the end of time? And though such a world as geologists describe might have proved a very dull world to Mr. Stuart, had it been his lot to live in it, there may have been spectators to whom the tokens of power, and wisdom, and love with which it was replenished were a source of enraptured joy—even some of those morning stars who sang together when God "laid the foundations of the earth." And to this day there are those who feel, in their measure, like emotions in the study of that world's faded relics—philosophers who can speak of limestone rocks as the "monuments of the happiness of past generations." There are some who, with Mademoiselle Panache, instinctively crush to death the nasty ugly spider; but there are others who, like the venerable Dr. Carey, when he held in his hand some creature, which another reckoned very worthless, calmly observed, "It may surely be worth my while to look at a

thing which my Creator thought it worth his while to make."

There is one contribution which geology has, in our opinion, made to the evidences of revealed religion, different from those corroborations for which scriptural geologists have perpetually sought, inasmuch as it may be kept entirely apart from any consideration of the sacred text, and which we the rather adduce in this place, because we are not aware that it has been mentioned elsewhere. We have already shown the accession which this science has made to the grounds of natural theology, by proving the fact of a creation; and we come now to show that the fact thus established has a very important bearing on the grounds of the Christian religion.

One of the grand pillars on which the fabric of Christianity is sustained, is the evidence of miracles,—and that evidence, again, rests on the basis of human testimony. It has, therefore, been the main effort of infidel ingenuity to prove this foundation inadequate, and so to cast suspicion on the whole superstructure. The success with which the attempt, so variously made, has been more variously repelled, is cause of just congratulation to those who have earnestly contended for the faith. But even were it conceded that human testimony alone could not establish the reality of the Christian miracles, in conjunction with something else it might be more than sufficient. In geology we have this auxiliary evidence. Geology, independently of all human testimony, and by proofs of which each man may take cognizance by the use of his

own senses, has shown that our world has been at some former period the theatre of miraculous interference. And if it was once the scene of a miracle, where lies the impossibility of its witnessing a miracle again?

Our world is insulated from the interference of exoteric material agencies. There is no pathway betwixt it and other planets, along which new forms of life may transport themselves and become naturalized amongst us. The thousands upon thousands of miles of empty space encompassing us on every side, are as perfect a barrier as an impervious enclosure of brass or iron. The largest draught on time which the most slow-moving of geological theories can make, is insufficient for establishing the theory of development; all nature reclaims against equivocal production, and the very theory of original incandescence which one set of speculators has erected, cuts short the eternal successions of another. But this single world contains between one and two millions of organized beings,[1] for the origin of which we must betake ourselves, whether we will or not, to the interference of a Creative Power, to whose energy it was owing that what was one moment nothing, was the next a living and breathing and moving thing.

Here then is a wonder equalling any miracle by which the Christian revelation is accredited. Before you believe one of the Christian miracles, you tell us that we must furnish you with other miracles. Here they are. But

[1] Lyell's estimate, exclusive of microscopic animalcules.—*Geology*, 4th edition, vol. iii. p. 172.

you must have other attestations to these than the voice of human witnesses. Here is the attestation graven in the rock in lines which you cannot raze, and spoken by the voice of creation herself—an authoritative voice which clamour cannot drown, nor persecution silence, and from which ridicule dares not to turn away.

A GEOLOGICAL APOLOGUE.[1]

We see the world replenished with many distinct races of living things, and ask how came they hither? Revelation answers, "God created them." To refute its *declarations*, three *hypotheses* have been invented:—Spontaneous Generation, Gradual Development, and Eternal Successions. Some tell us that animals have sprung from the earth from time to time, much in the same manner as frogs were once said to come of their own accord from the mud of the Nile. Others allege that all the existing races have in indefinite ages been educed from a simple primordial type; by gradual improvements, advancing to the more perfect, so that the elephant is an improved edition of the oyster—just as in the progress of architecture, the Parthenon rose from the rude hut of the Pelasgi—with this difference, that the Athenians improved the hut, while the oyster had the merit of improving himself. A third and more irrefragable, because more unintelligible set, account for the various races of animals on the supposition that they have all existed, in their present distinctness, *from all eternity*. Geology renders every one of these hypotheses utterly untenable, and lands us in the

[1] Reprinted from the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor*, May 1838.

only remaining alternative, that there is an Almighty Creator whose workmanship all these races are.

There is another service which geology renders to Divine revelation. It shows an anterior possibility of the Christian miracles, by showing that other miracles have actually occurred. When God created these tribes of animals, He planted a world, which had, a moment before, been empty, with multiplied and curiously organized existences. Here was an interference *ab extra—out of* the ordinary course of nature and *above* it. But the most amazing miracle recorded in Scripture is nothing more than such an interference. Yet, some philosophers have assured us, that any such interposition is incapable of proof. "Human testimony cannot prove a miracle—nothing else will." Their philosophy, falsely so called, has deceived them. Here are the witnesses of one miracle at least. True, they have no speech nor language; their voice is not heard. They are the rocks that encrust our earth; but rather than that God should be left without a witness these "stones will cry out."

This twofold contribution to the evidences of our religion, will be best understood by those who are conversant with geological discoveries; and such will be able to apply the following apologue, and to charge anything extravagant in it upon its legitimate cause—the unreasonableness of scientific scepticism.

In a Grecian colony, two thousand years ago, lived a company of philosophers, whose time was devoted to the investigation of the laws of nature; and though each drew his own conclusions—and these were sometimes as opposite

as the independence of original thinkers demanded—they usually prosecuted their researches in common. What suggested the idea, or what was their object, cannot now be exactly ascertained; but once upon a time, their united wisdom resolved on the following experiment. They caused a large and strong chest of iron to be fabricated, and having polished the interior, and carefully brushed out every particle of dust, while yet empty they caused a covering of the same metal to be welded upon it so accurately that it became hermetically sealed. Being now nothing but a hollow air-tight cube of iron, they subjected it for some days to the heat of a powerful furnace, after which it was taken out and allowed to cool, being all the time carefully guarded, and no one allowed to approach it. At last, on a day previously determined, it was solemnly opened in the presence of the philosophers, and, no longer empty, disclosed an eagle, feathered and full grown. Sight is but a secondary sense, and an eager hand was extended to correct its fallacious impressions, when, resenting the rude grasp, the bird of fire, no less palpable than visible, unfolded his pinions and took refuge in the inaccessible ether. The phenomenon for a moment upset the composure of sages who usually remembered "to wonder at nothing;" but after a few exclamations, "O Jupiter! O Hercules!" with whose names they were the more free, like their modern representatives, from believing that they were nothing else than names—they mustered sufficient self-possession to proceed with their speculations on the cause of the prodigy; for it had not yet occurred to them to deny the fact. Autophytus

resolved the difficulty at once by saying that, for his part, he had no doubt that the eagle had produced himself, and sprung, just as they saw him, by Spontaneous Generation, from the substance of the chest. With a more refining philosophy, Monadogenes explained how they had before their eyes a beautiful illustration of his theory of Gradual Development—that the heat to which the box had been subjected had put into a vibratory motion certain attached atoms within it—that as the motion was continued, they gradually acquired a certain degree of animal irritability, and by an impulse of nascent vitality, were attracted towards each other, and coalesced into one animalcule—that as the iron coffer was slowly cooled, this animalcule acquired new appetencies adapted to its new circumstances. He very ingeniously traced its various metamorphoses till it became a salt-water mollusc, when, finding no element appropriate to its constitution as a shell-fish, it worked itself into one of the land mammalia. But having at last discovered a vacant space overhead, it took a fancy to explore it, and changed its fore-legs into wings. He complained that his theory was hampered by only one thing, the want of time; and if they would only allow that infinite ages had gone by since they had made the box, nothing, he maintained, could be more philosophical than his hypothesis. He did not know how to stigmatize the narrow-mindedness which would refuse so slight a concession to so plausible a theory. Aigenes said little, but muttered something to the effect that if he had foreseen this odd result, he never would have proposed the experiment. The fact is, he was the great champion of the

doctrine of Eternal Successions, and he felt perplexed, for the chest was once empty ; and, besides, though an eternal succession of eagles had been in it, they would scarcely have survived the red heat. After much time had been spent in starting and resolving difficulties in the conflicting hypotheses, one of the fraternity, named Theosebes, and who had the reputation of being a weak brother, if not a sheer δεισιδαίμων, interposed and said, "It is many years ago, when, on my return from Chaldea, I sojourned for some time in a certain city of Syria. In the course of frequent interviews with their aged men, I learned that an ancient tradition was preserved amongst them, and written in their sacred books, that the time was when our world did not exist—that then a being of incomprehensible greatness, but who had often appeared to their fathers, exerted his creative energy, formed the world out of nothing, and subsequently peopled it with every creature which it contains. And to confess the truth—to no other source have I ever been able to trace this visible frame of things—to no other can I trace this, which has now been wrought to pour contempt on speculations which would exclude his agency." The philosophers looked at one another for an instant, then burst into a loud laugh, and, Theosebes being thus refuted, the assembly broke up !

THE OPENING OF THE PRISON.

"The Lord hath anointed me to proclaim the opening of the prison to them that are bound."—Isa. lxi. 1.

There are more pleasing topics than prisons, bolts, and bars; but if it be unpleasant to hear of such things, it is worse to be the prisoner. I am going to speak of a prison-house more fearful than any tyrant ever constructed for the victims of his hate—the prison-house of sin. It is one of which we all know something, but which none know so well as they who have escaped from it. Those who are still in it little dream how thick are its walls, how watchful are its keepers, or how wretched are its inmates. The man who knows this is the man who, like Peter conducted by the angel, has been led through one ward after another, and seen the strong man armed stationed on its lofty battlements, and trembled to view its gates of ponderous brass, even as they flew open before him. These are sights which the men sleeping in the inner dungeon have not seen, and therefore they know not the full horrors of their prison-house.

We mean to speak of these things, and ask every

reader's attention, because we are sure that some would not be so contentedly Satan's prisoners, if they knew where they are, and for what purpose the STRONG ONE keeps them bound. And it will be good for those who have escaped from Satan's stronghold to look back. They will rejoice with trembling, when they think of the fearful bond of iniquity which once held them fast,—when the fetters were not only upon their limbs, but the iron had entered into their soul,—when Satan held them captive at his will. And yet it is good to remember the years of that cruel bondage; for, while it humbles the man, it magnifies his Mighty Deliverer. He who has been delivered is ashamed to remember the excess of riot to which he ran, and his soul is humbled within him to think of the dreary years when he lived without God in the world. But whilst confusion covers him, he cannot but exult in God his Saviour. Had it not been for Him, he had been Satan's prisoner to the present hour.

The natural state of every man is compared to a prison; and we mean to say something—

I. ABOUT THE PRISON.

II. ABOUT THE PRISONERS.

III. ABOUT THE OPENING OF THE PRISON.

I.—THE PRISON.

Now, that prison in which Satan has shut up all the sons of Adam is a very doleful place. Its walls are exceedingly strong; no man was ever able to pierce them; they are walls of brass. They are exceeding high; no man was ever able to scale them. Their foundations

are deeply laid; no man was ever able to undermine them. They are walls of brass, high as heaven. Their foundations are deep as hell. No man was ever able to surmount or burst through, or creep from under, the corruption of his own nature. That corruption is the prison in which Satan has shut you up.

But not only is the prison exceeding strong,—its situation is also very doleful. I must tell you where it lies. I once saw a prison built upon an ocean rock. It was in the dusk of a dreary evening that I passed it, but there was light enough to discover high overhead the narrow ledges, where only the sea-bird had her home, and those walls of black basalt, on which nothing but the bitter sea-weed grew, and which started sheer upward from the deep to such a height that the masts of a gallant ship looked little things beneath them. And on that rock stood the ruins of a famous keep, in which many a brave man had languished to his dying day without the possibility of escape, and with none to hear his cry.

Now, that rock, with its steep precipice on every side, and the deep gulf weltering at its base, and the storm-cloud blackening above, is just an image of the place where, for this present life, Satan keeps his prisoners. There is a great gulf betwixt it and the land where Christ's free subjects walk at liberty—a gulf which no man can of himself pass over. And like a gloomy cloud the wrath of God lours over it continually. Not a ray of sunshine ever looks through on that melancholy abode.

Christless sinner! though by some unheard-of effort you were to break through the prison walls of that corrup-

tion which now hems you in on every side, you would only be like the man who had escaped from his cell on the summit of the Bass Rock—you would be a prisoner still.

Could you, by some miraculous exertion, make yourself holy, and break asunder the bond of iniquity that holds you, you would still find yourself in a deplorable case. You would only have broken out of the dungeon of sin, and would find yourself the prisoner of misery and despair. You would still see hovering overhead the murky thunder-cloud of Divine indignation for past insults to the holy law, and the vials full of the wrath of God, which your past sins had charged to the very brim, ready to burst in a fiery deluge over you.

And though you might now view wistfully those ransomed ones whom you saw afar off, walking in the sunshine of Jehovah's love,—alas for you! a great gulf yawns betwixt you and them. That gulf is the sea of wrath—it is God's displeasure, because of your past offences—a gulf which all your efforts cannot cross, which all your good works cannot bridge over, and which all your vows and prayers cannot dry—a gulf which none can traverse but the Angel of the Covenant, and the sinners borne in his arms.

Such is the prison. Its walls are called Corruption, and its gates Sin, and the dismal gulf that separates between it and the land of Hope is called "the wrath of God."

And, before saying another word concerning it, I would ask, Is this a prison that you can break? Are you able to

knock down those adamantine walls of natural corruption that environ you on every side? Can you make yourself holy of heart? Can you hew down that mountain-steep of actual sin—those rocky heights of depravity on which you at present stand? Can you annihilate your past sins? Above all, can you pass over that shoreless sea of wrath which is at this moment rolling its deep dark waters on every side of you? Can you induce the holy and sin-hating One to look delightedly on your vileness and infirmity? Can you persuade Him to pass by, as a thing of no moment, the insults you have heaped upon His majesty, and the shocking freedoms you have taken with His law? Men are fast bound in the fetters of natural corruption and actual depravity, and are shut up under the wrath of God.

This is the prison, and the keeper of that prison is Satan. When you became a debtor to God's law, you were cast into this prison till you should pay the uttermost farthing. When will that be? When mankind rebelled against God, they were handed over to the strong one armed, and he shut them up in the chains of darkness. As born into the world, the devil is man's keeper; for, "like the Jewish children born in Babylon, the whole of our generation were captives at their birth." Satan's prison-house was our birthplace. We were born with a debt to God's law upon our heads, and we were born with rebellion against Him in our hearts; and all that we have done since then but aggravates the case, and makes our condemnation greater. Till grace sets us free we are all Satan's bondsmen.

II.—THE PRISONERS.

From this distant and outside view, let us draw a little nearer, and look not only at the prison, but at its inmates. These are not all of the same description, nor contained in one apartment, nor fettered with one chain. But just as in the state prison, of which we spoke, there were various cells, from the noisome dungeon up to the spacious chambers for prisoners of exalted rank, so the devil does not keep all his captives in the same fearful den. Some are forced down into the miry pits of divers lusts and passions, whilst some are locked up in the airy vaults of decency and outside morality, each in the place where he is most likely to remain peaceably, but all within the walls of brass and bars of iron. He loves to keep his goods in peace; and rather than let the prisoners go, he will move them from one cell to another, where they are more likely to remain contentedly.

Thus, when a man has begun to cry out in the miry clay, Satan will transfer him to the pit in which is no water. When a man has begun to be weary of wallowing in disgusting vice, he will persuade him to try something less abominable. "If you are sick of scandalous sins, try something less revolting. If you are too wretched to remain any longer in open intemperance, or in gross impurity and wantonness, be content to tell an occasional lie,—be content to pilfer some little article now and then. No harm, though you should take your freedom on the Lord's day—though you should say all manner of evil of your neighbour falsely—though you should force your

way forward to the Lord's Table with a token in one hand and a lie in the other."

So as he gets a man to crucify the Lord of glory, Satan little cares what be the sin; and so as he keeps him in his stronghold, he little cares in what quarter he takes up his abode. Satan's great fear is lest the man should cry to the Lord out of the horrible pit or miry clay, and so be delivered out of his hands altogether. Rather than allow this, that murderer of souls will promote the sinner to the painted chamber of moral virtue, and when he has placed him in that house, so spacious and garnished, he says, "Abide here, and you will do well. Be sober, and discreet, and industrious, and there is no fear of you." And then that father of lies goes on to say—"I do not wonder that you were uneasy yonder. It was no fit place for a man to live in. You were in danger of your life in yon foul atmosphere, and I do not wonder that a man of your fine feelings was miserable among such vile companions. But here you will find things according to your taste. You have turned a new leaf—you have set up for a well-living man—you pay your debts—you are kind to your neighbours—you are civil and obliging; and what more would you have? Why should you be righteous overmuch?"

But if, after all, the sinner becomes uneasy, even in the whited chamber of morality, the devil has one expedient more. "Well, if you will be gone, begone"—and he opens the door, and pretends to give the man his freedom, and lets him out into a fair garden. That garden is called "The FORM of godliness." It is taken as near as may be

from the pattern of the garden of God, though all about it is counterfeit and unreal. The walks in it are copied from the "path of new obedience,"—with this difference, that they end in hell. There is an avenue in it, called Self-righteousness, which is a very skilful copy from the "Highway of Holiness," though the noxious reptiles that crawl over it show it is not the way of Gospel holiness, for of God's way it is written, "The unclean shall not pass over it" (Isaiah xxxv. 8).

And this garden of formal godliness is planted over with what the devil calls "fruits of righteousness"—trees that at a distance seem pleasant to the eye, but which are only artificial things, with painted fruit and paper leaves, and stuck in without a root—dead works that do not grow from a root of living faith. And the garden where these dead works grow is quick-set all round with a close and high fence called Hypocrisy. It is into this enclosure, called "The Form of Godliness," that Satan allows those prisoners to go at large who are not content with the liberty they had in the cell of moral virtue. And oh, it is a dangerous thing to be allowed to wander here, for it has been noticed that fewer of the devil's captives have been delivered hence than even from the deep dungeon of divers lusts.

Reader, let me be plain with you. Satan's great object is to prevent men from going at once to Christ—for *that moment* they are lost to him. Now, there are some men wise enough to know that sobriety, and civility, and industry, and honesty, cannot save them. They still feel a want—and what should they do? Why, accept at once,

and in the first place, the righteousness of Christ; and when once they have put on that righteousness, all other things would follow. "Oh, no!" says Satan, "what right have you to that righteousness? Make out some claim to it before you assume it. Live a holy life—repent, pray, read your Bible; and then, if you be not able to dispense with Christ's righteousness altogether, you may be more likely to get it by living a religious life." "Take my righteousness," says Christ. "Use the means to get it," says Satan, thereby hinting that the good works of the sinner must be paid as a price to the Saviour. And under one specious pretext or other he prevails on a vast multitude to take up with the form of godliness in place of the Saviour. They go through a round of duty—they frequent ordinances—they pay an outward regard to the Sabbath—they go great lengths—the length, some of them, of maintaining family worship—the length, others, of discoursing on divine things, and all that—not because they are made "one spirit" with Christ, but because they are trying to do without Him, or trying to deserve Him. Sad, sad is the case of the self-deceiver!

You have read of the dungeon into which Jeremiah was cast. It was a loathsome place. When lowered into it, he found no water in it, and he sank down in the mire. That is the dreary dungeon into which Satan has cast many, very many, of his prisoners. They are involved in horrible iniquities. They riot in the day-time. They live in excess of wine—in open profanity and ill-hidden profligacy. Were their hearts unveiled, it would be frightful to see the evil thoughts, the "murders, fornica-

tions, thefts, false witness, blasphemies," that revel there. Satan keeps them in the most noisome cell of all his dreary prison-house. What a revolting spectacle they present to the God who abhors iniquity! And they are not more offensive to the eyes of His holiness than they are wretched in themselves.

Tell me, you men who are living in any of these abominations—indulging in any heart sin, or enjoying the stolen waters of any secret life sin, tell me if you are not wretched from time to time. You who have told a deliberate lie, and stubbornly adhered to it, does conscience never check you so very hard that you would give thousands of silver that you had never told it? You who have come dishonestly or doubtfully by some of your possessions, has such a fit of remorse never shaken you that, like Achan when the searchers were upturning the earthen floor of his tent, you would give your house full of gold that you had never touched ill-gotten gain?

You who have burst into a fit of passion, and stormed and raged till no wild beast of the forest could look more ferocious, and perhaps poured out blasphemies which a fiend of darkness would have hesitated to utter, did cooler moments bring no misery when you thought how you had wounded feelings which you could never heal, though the victim might try to hide the full extent of the mischief; and how you had scattered fire-brands which will all be gathered again, to heat the flames of Tophet for you? And you who have sat late at the wine, did the morning bring you no wretchedness? was the vexation of dearest friends, and the sensibly-lessened regard of more distant

friends, no source of vexation; and did you never feel dissatisfied with yourself, and therefore with all around you?

Every man in the gall of wickedness knows what I mean. There are intervals when he discovers some of the horrors of the miry pit,—when he finds himself in a worse dungeon than that in which Jeremiah sank. He is plunged in the mire, and his own clothes abhor him. He knows that God can have no pleasure in him, for he has no pleasure in himself. Ask liars, and swearers, and thieves, and Sabbath-breakers—ask the votaries of intemperance and impurity, if this be not true.

But, leaving the pit where these wretched ones wallow, let us go to a neighbouring cell. It is called the Dungeon of Despair.

I well remember the sensation of horror with which I surveyed the prison-keep from which George Wishart, and others of our Protestant fathers, were led forth to die. It was a dungeon scooped out of the living rock. Its mouth was just wide enough to admit a man; but, when a person was forced down into it, he found himself in a deep pit, wide enough to lie down in, but gradually closing in towards the summit. When you think that its walls were the solid rock—that it was very deep—that it gradually narrowed towards the opening at its top, and that that opening was closed over with a massy grating of iron—you can understand what a hopeless prisoner was he who languished in it, even though it had not been in Cardinal Beaton's castle, and though no guard of blood-thirsty men had watch above its entrance. The Dungeon of Despair is like it.

In this dungeon Satan often shuts great sinners, especially when it is drawing near their execution day; for it is very common for those who have lived in sin to die in despair. Satan tells them—"You have sinned past mercy. Pardon is not for such as you. There is a peculiarity about your case, so that the great atonement can never reach it. Repentance you shall never get, though you seek it earnestly with tears." And so saying, Satan lowers the heavy grating, and turns the massive key; and, as the ponderous bolt spring-locks into its socket, the man who used to grovel in the open pit of sin finds himself the prisoner of despair. What can he do? He cannot climb the pit, for its sides shelve inwards. He cannot force that awful lock which holds him in. No voice reaches him except the thunder of the surf which beats outside his midnight prison, and which he sometimes half-fears may, half-wishes would, burst in. There is none to whom he can call, for the fiends that guard him are callous to his cry. There must he wail, and pine, and look for judgment fearfully; nay (for sentence of death is passed already), there must he wait for fiery indignation. Ah, ye careless people that live at ease and are wanton, do you never think of the Prison of Despair? Many are immured in it on this side of time. *Before they die* they despair of God's mercy; and, before they alight in the lake that burneth, they have a foretaste of hell in their desolate and despairing souls. You are not in that prison yet, but its shadow of death may engulf you this self-same day.

There is one airy apartment in Satan's prison, which is perhaps the most populous of all: I mean the Tower of

Carnal Security. The prison-house of sin has many mansions. It does not all consist of dungeons. There are garnished rooms, furnished with much that is pleasant to the eye, and soft to the touch, and delicious to the taste, and melodious to the ear—and high above the rest is the capacious chamber called Carnal Security. It is the State-prison. It is reserved for the peerage and blood-royal of Satan's realm—for those who, by their privileges, are exalted to heaven, that they may be cast down to hell. None of the heathen are in it. They occupy a lower room. It is reserved for Gospel-hearers, who are at the same time Gospel-despisers.

At the present day it is much frequented—Satan's captives love it. Those who occupy it have great contempt for the prisoners in the miry pit, and great pity for the felons in the Dungeon of Despair. The windows of this upper room give such a goodly prospect that its inmates forget that they are captives. From its battlements they can descry so much of the better land, that they can talk of it as familiarly as the men who have walked through the length and breadth of it. They speak of reaching heaven as a matter of course, and there is nothing they resent more than any insinuation that they have to obtain pardon before they can get there. They so love the silken couches and soft carpeting with which Satan has furnished their abode—they are so pleased with its delicious odours, and lulling music, and indolent repose—that they would fain shut their eyes, and fancy that the top-storey of the devil's stronghold was the state-cabin of the vessel bound for Immanuel's land.

III.—THE OPENING OF THE PRISON.

Some fancy that a soul's salvation is easy work—that it was no difficult task to Him who wrought out salvation for it. And it would not have been difficult to our Immanuel had there been no bars of justice on our prison-house, and had it not been encompassed on every side by the ocean of the wrath of God. Jesus is divine, and it would have been a small thing for Him to carry by storm Beelzebub's stronghold, and shiver the sword of Apollyon, and break open all his fast places, and set all his captives free. Had our sin been our misfortune, and not our crime; like Lot, when carried away captive by Chedorlaomer, had we been led captive by the devil *against our will*, it would have been easy work for the Captain of the Lord's Host to bring us back.

But we sinned wilfully at first, and we sin wilfully still. It is not by accident, but from real wickedness of heart that you have sinned. It is the devil's language to speak of sin as an accident, as something that could not be helped. In the language of Satan it is said, such a man or such a woman "had the misfortune to do this or that;" in that of the Bible, he or she "had the wickedness to do it." In the Bible I find no sin spoken of as a mishap—it is always spoken of as a misdeed. And it was because our sin was our own deed—because we wilfully contracted a debt to God, and have all our lives been offering wilful insults to his Majesty, that the work of man's salvation became so arduous. Before the Lord Jesus could lay His arm on the strong one that kept us,

He was under a necessity of discharging all our debt, and atoning for all our guilt, and undergoing the wrath of God as we should have undergone it. Yes, blessed Jesus, this was all before Thee when Thou exclaimedst, "Deliver from going down to the pit—I have found a ransom." Ere He could make the proclamation before us, He had all this to do.

On the outer door of our prison-house were not only the bolts and bars which Satan had put on, but there was the adamantine lock of eternal justice also. Jehovah Himself had put it on. In the day that Adam sinned, Jehovah shut the sinner in, and justice locked the door, and flung the key into the ocean of the wrath of God. It sank into the mighty waters, and before Immanuel could open the brazen gates, He was seen to plunge headlong into that tide of wrath, and then emerging from its abyss, He went right up to the gates of the devil's stronghold; and as the wards of that inviolable lock recognised the long-lost key, the bolt of Justice flew back. That achievement cost Immanuel his life; for, in fathoming the sea of wrath, God's waves and billows rolled their surges over Him, and their bitter waters came in upon his soul, and His soul fainted within Him. But such an achievement did He deem the recovery of these keys of justice, that He now wears them at His girdle as a trophy of that day; and the name in which He now glories is—"I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death" (Rev. i. 18).

The lock of everlasting justice could not be broken or forced back; but thus, at last, being opened by Him who

had the key, it was easy work for Immanuel to burst asunder Satan's bolts and bars. And having now, in virtue of purchase and conquest, mastered the devil's fastness, and hung out his own blood-red banner from its topmost battlements, our victorious Immanuel passes from dungeon to dungeon, proclaiming liberty to its pining captives. Do you wish to go free? Behold, He has set before you an open door. He opened it, and none shall ever shut it. It stands open now. He does not proclaim that He will open it on some coming day. But, prisoners of hope, He proclaims that already He has opened the prison to them that are bound. But who will believe His report? Why, you would have expected that, as soon as the great outer door of Beelzebub's castle was flung open, there would have been a rush headlong of all its inmates; that each captive, in breathless eagerness, would have hasted away from that dwelling of doomed souls. Ah no! an occasional straggler leaves it; but its gloomy walls are still peopled with willing bondsmen, and he refuses to let them go.

The secret of the thing is this: Though the bar of justice be withdrawn, and the devil be disarmed, and the outer gate of his stronghold be thrown open, there is still more to be done; for each sinner is immured in a cell with its own appropriate bar, and bound with his own several chain. That cell must be thrown open, and that chain must be broken, before he can go free—before he pass through the open portals of the great outer gateway, and walk abroad in the glorious liberty of the sons of God. There is more for the mighty Deliverer yet to do, and our

complete Saviour does all; for of what avail is it to proclaim to fettered men that the door is open—to proclaim the opening of the prison to those who still are bound? The Lord Jesus is not content with passing along the various courts and gateways of the devil's fortress and proclaiming liberty; He does not merely take his station on some lofty pinnacle, and publish in the hearing of all the inmates, "This is the Lord's acceptable year; the prison is open, and the bound may go free;" but He comes to the door of every cell where a trammelled captive lies, and at that door He knocks and asks, "Wilt thou be made free?" Sinner, at thy door He knocks; answer, "Lord Jesus, I will," and thou art free.

But when the Deliverer knocks at the dungeon door, the sinner is sleeping and will not be awakened. But should a patient Saviour still tarry and take no refusal—should He knock so loud that the dream of stupidity is disturbed, what is the first thing that the startled dreamer does? Outside he hears a voice telling him, "Thou art a doomed man!" and speaking of wrath, and broken laws, and eternal death, and at the same time asking, "Wilt thou admit me and have thy freedom, or exclude me and die?" Words like these alarm him; they raise fearful images before his mind; and though Christ from without assures him that He has rent the fastenings from off his dungeon door, and that he has only to arise and come away, he is so terrified by those agitating words, "wrath, judgment, and eternal death," that his first impulse is to spring forward, and instead of opening the door to let his Deliverer in, he puts his shoulder against it to keep

danger out. He fears lest one whose words are so ominous comes on an evil errand. He is afraid lest what He say be true—lest the outer fastenings be forced away, and the awful Stranger enter.

But should the Saviour graciously persevere, in order to prevail with the sinner,—for in the Gospel economy there is no compulsory salvation; none are dragged to heaven against their will; Christ's people are all made willing,—in order to make the sinner willing to admit the Saviour, Christ will let a ray of light into his dark dungeon; and then, when the miserable slave of Satan sees where he is—when he looks to the walls of his cell, and sees them hung round with instruments of cruelty, and the enginery of death—when he looks to the floor of his dungeon, and sees the bones scattered of those whom the murderer of souls has slain before him, and sees the glaring eyes and hideous shapes of the doleful creatures that lurk and hiss in its recesses—and then, when he looks at himself, and sees how filthy are his prison garments, so tattered, and so squalid, that the King of Holiness, the Lord of Hosts, must abhor him, and sees also how the bonds of guilt do gall him to the quick, and the once-loved shackles of iniquity do hold him firm and fast—then the man takes another thought. He abhors his abode, and abhors himself; and if he feared the disturber of his peace before, he now is more afraid of the wrath to come, and trembles for the wrath begun. It is then that the sinner takes other thoughts of his Deliverer, who is still standing without. "Why should I tremble to let Him in? It is death to remain. And what if He be all that He says? What if

He have opened the prison doors, and do delight in giving liberty to the captives?"

And so thinking, the anxious sinner withdraws his shoulder from the door, and turns him around. A hand fairer than the sons of men is put in at the hole of the door. It drops sweet-smelling myrrh. This revives the troubled prisoner, for no enemy would do this. With a heart palpitating betwixt anxiety and hope, the door opens. All is well. It is Jesus. The chains fall from off the prisoner. The atoning blood has dissolved the adamantine fetters of guilt—the power of the Holy Ghost entering into him has burst the bonds of iniquity. His prison garments are taken from him, and the royal robe of Christ's righteousness is put upon him; and, conducted forth from the inner prison, and then through the outer wards, into the sunburst of a marvellous liberty, he "declares the name of the Lord in Zion, and his praise in the streets of Jerusalem."

Reader! has Christ opened your prison? Has He brought you forth? Are you free?

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE.

Amongst Christian men a "living epistle," and amongst Christian ministers, an "able evangelist," is rare. Mr. M'Cheyne was both; and for the benefit of our readers, and to the praise of that grace which made him to differ, we would record a few particulars regarding one of whom we feel it no presumption to say, that he was "a disciple whom Jesus loved."

God had given him a light and nimble form, which inclined him, in boyish days, for feats of agility, and enabled him in more important years to go through much fatigue, till the mainspring of the heart was weakened by overworking or disease. God had also given him a mind of which such a frame was the appropriate receptacle—active, expedite, full of enterprise, untiring and ingenious. He had a kind and quiet eye, which found out the living and beautiful in nature, rather than the majestic and sublime. Withal he had a pensive spirit, which loved to muse on what he saw; and a lively fancy, which scattered beauties of its own on what was already fair; and an idiom which expressed all his feelings exactly as he felt

them, and gave simplicity and grace to the most common things he uttered. Besides, he had a delicate sensibility, a singularly tender manner, and an eminently affectionate heart. These are some of the gifts which he received at first from God, and which would have made him an interesting character though the grace of God had never given more.

He was born at Edinburgh twenty-nine years ago, and received his education at its High School and its College. When it was that the most important of all changes passed upon him, we do not know; but the change itself is described in some stanzas on "Jehovah-Tsidkenu," which strikingly describe the difference between the emotions originating in a fine taste or tender feeling, and those which spring from precious faith. At the two periods of its history his own susceptible mind had experienced either class.

He was only one-and-twenty when he became a preacher of the Gospel; and his first field of labour was Larbert, near Falkirk, where he was assistant-minister about a year. That was the halcyon day of the Scotch Establishment, before the civil power had laid its arrest on the energies of the Church and the hopes of the people. In every populous or neglected district new places of worship were springing up, with a rapidity which made grey-haired fathers weep for joy, thinking the glory of our second temple would surpass the glory of the first, and which promised in another generation to make Scotland a delightsome land again. Among the rest a new church was built to the westward of Dundee

—a district which combines almost everything desirable in a parish—not a few of the more intelligent and influential citizens in the near neighbourhood of its industrious artisans, whilst the flax-spinners of one locality are balanced by the almost rural population of another. The church was no sooner opened than it was fully occupied; and in selecting a minister, Mr. M'Cheyne was the choice of a unanimous congregation. He entered on his labours in St. Peter's, Nov. 27, 1836; and, as an earnest of coming usefulness, his first sermon was blessed to the salvation of some souls. When he became more minutely acquainted with his people, he found a few that feared the Lord and called upon His name; but the great mass of his congregation were mere church-goers—under a form of godliness exhibiting little evidence of being new creatures in Christ; whilst he found throughout his parish such an amount of dissipation, and irreverence, and Sabbath-breaking, as plainly told that it was long since Willison had ceased from his labours. The state of his people pressed the spirit of this man of God, and put him on exertions which were not too great for the emergency, but which were far beyond his strength. He knew that nothing short of a living union to the second Adam could save from eternal death; and he also knew that nothing short of a new character would indicate this new relation. He was often in an agony till he should see Christ formed in the hearts of his people; and all the fertility of his mind was expended in efforts to present Christ and his righteousness in an aspect likely to arrest or allure them. Like Moses, he spent much time in cry-

ing mightily to God in their behalf; and when he came out to meet them, the pathos of Jeremiah and the benignity of John were struggling in his bosom, and flitting over his transparent countenance by turns; and though he had much success, he had not all he wished, for he had not all his people. Many melted and were frozen up again; and many sat and listened to this ambassador of Christ spending his vital energies in beseeching them, as if he himself were merely an interesting study—a phenomenon of earnestness. The vehemence of his desire and the intensity of his exertions destroyed his strength. It seemed as if the golden bowl were about to break; and, after two years' labour, a palpitation of the heart constrained him to desist.

Each step of a good man is ordered by the Lord. This "step"—the sickness of Mr. M'Cheyne—led to the visit of our Deputation to Palestine, and gave a great impulse to that concern for Israel which is now a characteristic of Scottish Christianity; and the temporary loss of their pastor was the infinite gain of St. Peter's Church. When, after twelve months' separation, Mr. M'Cheyne returned, it was like a husbandman who has lain down lamenting that the heavens are brass, and awakes amidst a plenteous rain. During his absence a singular outpouring of the Spirit had come down on his parish, and the ministry of his substitute was the means of a remarkable revival. Mr. M'Cheyne came back to find a great concern for salvation pervading his flock, and many, whose carelessness had cost him bitter tears, "cleaving to the Lord with full purpose of heart." We remember the Thursday even-

ing when he first met his people again; the solemnity of his re-appearance in that pulpit, like one alive from the dead; his touching address, so true,—"And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech;" and the overwhelming greeting which awaited him in the crowded street when the service was done—many, who had almost hated his ministry before, now pressing near to bless him in the name of the Lord. From that time forward, with such discouragements as the impenitence of the ungodly, the inconsistency of doubtful professors, and the waywardness of real disciples, occasionally caused him, his labours were wonderfully lightened. The presence of God was never wholly withdrawn; and besides some joyful communion-feasts, and several hallowed seasons of special prayer, almost every Sabbath brought its blessing. St. Peter's enjoyed a perennial awakening, a constant revival; and the effect was very manifest. We do not say that the whole congregation or the whole parish shared it. Far from it. But an unusual number adorned the doctrine; and it was interesting on a Sabbath afternoon to see, as you passed along the street, so many of the working people keeping holy the Sabbath, often sitting, for the full benefit of the fading light, with their Bible or other book at the windows of their houses; and it was pleasant to think how many of these houses contained their pious inmates or praying families. But it was in the church itself that you felt all the peculiarity of the place; and after being used to its heart-tuned melodies, its deep devotion, and solemn assemblies, and knowing how many souls had there been born to God, we

own that we never came in sight of St. Peter's spire without feeling "God is there;" and to this hour memory refuses to let go, wrapt round in heavenly associations, the well-known chime of its gathering bell, the joyful burst of its parting psalm, and, above all, that tender, pensive voice, which was to many "as though an angel spake to them."

On Sabbath the 12th of March, he met his people for the last time. He felt weak, though his hearers were not aware of it. On the Tuesday following, some ministerial duty called him out; and, feeling very ill on his way home, he asked a friend to fulfil an engagement for him, which he had undertaken for the subsequent day. He also begged his medical attendant to follow him home; and on reaching his house he set it in order, arranging his affairs, and then lay down on that bed from which he was never to arise. It was soon ascertained that, in visiting some people sick of the fever, he had caught the infection; and it was not long till the violence of the malady disturbed a mind unusually serene. At the outset of his trouble he seemed depressed, and once begged to be left alone for half an hour. When the attendant returned he looked relieved and happy, and said, with a smile—"My soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of a fowler;" and thenceforward, till his mind began to wander, he was in perfect peace. During those last painful days of unconsciousness, he fancied he was engaged in his beloved work of preaching, and at other times prayed in a most touching manner, and at great length, for his people. His people were also praying for him; and on

the evening of Friday se'nnight, when it became known that his life was in danger, a weeping multitude assembled in St. Peter's, and with difficulty were dissuaded from continuing all night in supplication for him. Next morning he seemed a little revived, but it was only the gleam before the candle goes out. At a quarter-past nine he expired; and all that day nothing was to be heard in the houses around but lamentation and great mourning, and, as a friend in that neighbourhood writes, "In passing along the high road you saw the faces of every one swollen with weeping." On Thursday last, his hallowed remains were laid in St. Peter's burying-ground, their proper resting-place till these heavens pass away.

If asked to mention the source of his abundant labours, as well as the secret of his holy, happy, and successful life, we would answer, "His faith was wonderful." Being rationally convinced on all those points regarding which reason can form conclusions, and led by the Spirit into those assurances which lie beyond the attainment of mere reason, he surrendered himself fully to the power of these ascertained realties. The redemption which has already been achieved, and the glory which is yet to be unveiled, were as familiar to his daily convictions as the events of personal history; and he reposed with as undoubting confidence on the revealed love of the Father, Son, and Spirit, as ever he rested on the long-tried affection of his dearest earthly kindred. With the simplicity of a little child he had received the kingdom of heaven; and, strengthened mightily by experience and

the Spirit's indwelling, he held fast that which he had received.

A striking characteristic of his piety was absorbing love to the Lord Jesus. This was his ruling passion. It lightened all his labours, and made the reproaches which for Christ's sake sometimes fell on him, by identifying him more and more with his suffering Lord, unspeakably precious. He cared for no question unless his Master cared for it; and his main anxiety was to know the mind of Christ. He once told a friend, "I bless God every morning I awake that I live in witnessing times." And in a letter six months ago he says, "I fear lest the enemy should so contrive his measures in Scotland as to divide the godly. May God make our way plain! It is comparatively easy to suffer when we see clearly that we are suffering members of Jesus." His public actings were a direct emanation from this most heavenly ingredient in his character—his love and gratitude to the Divine Redeemer. In this he much resembled one whose "Letters" were almost daily his delight, Samuel Rutherford; and, like Rutherford, his adoring contemplations naturally gathered round them the imagery and language of the Song of Solomon. Indeed, he had preached so often on that beautiful book, that at last he had scarcely left himself a single text of its "good matter" which had not been discoursed on already. It was very observable that, though his deepest and finest feelings clothed themselves in fitting words, with scarcely any effort, when he was descanting on the glory or grace of the Saviour, he despaired of transferring to other minds the emotions which

were overfilling his own; and after describing those excellencies which often made the careless wistful, and made disciples marvel, he left the theme with evident regret that where he saw so much he could say so little. And so rapidly did he advance in scriptural and experimental acquaintance with Christ, that it was like one friend learning more of the mind of another. And we doubt not that, when his hidden life is revealed, it will be found that his progressive holiness and usefulness coincided with those new aspects of endearment or majesty which, from time to time, he beheld in the face of Immanuel, just as the "authority" of his "gracious words," and the impressive sanctity of his demeanour, were so far a transference from Him who spake as no man ever spake, and lived as no man ever lived. In his case the words had palpable meaning, "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord."

More than any one whom we have ever known, had he learned to do everything in the name of the Lord Jesus. Amidst all his humility, and it was very deep, he had a prevailing consciousness that he was one of those who belong to Christ; and it was from Him, his living Head, that he sought strength for the discharge of duty, and through Him, his Righteousness, that he sought the acceptance of his performances. The effect was to impart habitual tranquillity and composure to his spirit. He committed his ways to the Lord, and was sure that they would be brought to pass; and though his engagements were often numerous and pressing, he was enabled to go through

them without hurry or perturbation. We can discern traces of this uniform self-possession in a matter so minute as his handwriting. His most rapid notes show no symptoms of haste or bustle, but end in the same neat and regular style in which they began; and this quietness of spirit accompanied him into the most arduous labours and critical emergencies. His effort was to do all in the Surety; and he proved that promise, "Great peace have they which love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them."

He gave himself to prayer. Like his blessed Master, he often rose up a great while before it was day, and spent the time in prayer, and singing psalms and hymns, and the devotional reading of that Word which dwelt so richly in him. His walks, and rides, and journeys were sanctified by prayer. The last time he was leaving London we accompanied him to the railway station. He chose a place in an empty carriage, hoping to employ the day in his beloved exercise; but the arrival of other passengers invaded his retirement. There was nothing which he liked so much as to go out into a solitary place and pray; and the ruined chapel of Invergowrie, and many other sequestered spots around Dundee, were the much-loved resorts where he had often enjoyed sweet communion with God. Seldom have we known one so specific and yet reverential in his prayers, nor one whose confessions of sin united such self-loathing with such filial love. And now that "Moses, my servant, is dead," perhaps the heaviest loss to his brethren, his people, and the land, is the loss of his intercessions.

He was continually about his Master's business. He used to seal his letters with a sun going down behind the mountains, and the motto over it, "The night cometh." He felt that the time was short, and studiously sought to deepen this impression on his mind. To solemnize his spirit for the Sabbath's services, he would visit some of his sick or dying hearers on the Saturday afternoon; for, as he himself once expressed it to the writer, "Before preaching he liked to look over the verge." Having in himself a monitor that his own sun would go early down, he worked while it was day; and, in his avidity to improve every opportunity, frequently brought on attacks of dangerous illness. The autumn after his return from Palestine many of his hearers were in an anxious state; and on the Sabbath before the labouring people amongst them set out for the harvest-work in the country, like Paul at Troas, he could not desist from addressing them and praying with them. In one way or other, from morning to midnight, with scarcely a moment's interval, he was exhorting, and warning, and comforting them; and the consequence was an attack of fever, which brought him very low. But it was not only in preaching that he was thus faithful and importunate. He was instant in every season. In the houses of his people, and when he met them by the wayside, he would speak a kind and earnest word about their souls; and his words were like nails. They went in with such force that they usually fastened in a sure place. An instance came to our knowledge long ago. In the course of a ride one day, he was observing the operations of the workmen in a quarry; when

passing the engine-house, he stopped for a moment to look at it. The engine-man had just opened the furnace-door to feed it with fresh fuel; when, gazing at the bright white glow within, Mr. M'Cheyne said to the man, in his own mild way, "Does that fire mind you of anything?" And he said no more, but passed on his way. The man had been very careless, but could not get rid of this solemn question. To him it was the Spirit's arrow. He had no rest till he found his way to St. Peter's Church, where he became a constant attendant; and we would fain hope that he has now fled from the wrath to come. His speech was seasoned with salt, and so were his letters. As was truly remarked in the discriminating and affectionate tribute to his memory, which recently appeared in the *Dundee Warder*, "Every note from his hand had a lasting interest about it; for his mind was so full of Christ that, even in writing about the most ordinary affairs, he contrived, by some natural turn, to introduce the glorious subject that was always uppermost with him." It was always quickening to hear from him. It was like climbing a hill, and, when weary or lagging, hearing the voice of a friend, who has got far up on the sunny heights, calling to you to arise and come away. The very subscriptions usually told where his treasure was:—"Grace be with you, as Samuel Rutherford would have prayed;" "Ever yours till we meet above;" "Ever yours till glory dawn, Robert M. M'Cheyne."

The tenderness of his conscience—the truthfulness of his character—his deadness to the world—his deep hu-

mility and exalted devotion—his consuming love to Christ, and the painful solicitude with which he eyed everything affecting His honour—the fidelity with which he denied himself, and told others of their faults or danger—his meekness in bearing wrong, and his unwearied industry in doing good—the mildness which tempered his unyielding firmness, and the jealousy for the Lord of Hosts which commanded, but did not supplant, the yearnings of a most affectionate heart—rendered him altogether one of the loveliest specimens of the Spirit's workmanship. He is gone, and in his grave has been buried the sermon which, for the last six years, his mere presence has preached to Dundee. That countenance, so kindly earnest—those gleams of holy joy flitting over its deeper lines of sadness—that disentangled pilgrim-look, which showed plainly that he sought a city—the serene self-possession of one who walked by faith, and the sequestered musing gait, such as we might suppose the meditative Isaac had—that aspect of compassion in such unison with the remonstrating and entreating tones of his melodious voice—that entire appearance as of one who had been with Jesus, and who would never be right at home till where Christ is there he should be also: all these come back on memory with a vividness which annihilates the interval since last we saw them, and with an air of immortality around them which promises that ere long we shall see them again. To enjoy his friendship was a rare privilege in this world of defect and sin; and now that those blessed hours of personal intercourse are

ended, we can recall many texts of which his daily walk was the easy interpretation. Any one may have a clearer conception of what is meant by a "hidden life," and a "living sacrifice," and may better understand the kind of life which Enoch led, who has lived a day with Robert Murray M'Cheyne.

April 3, 1843.

A LECTURE INTRODUCTORY TO A COURSE OF PASTORAL THEOLOGY.[1]

GENTLEMEN,—There never was a period richer in the bequests of its predecessors, or more restless in the consciousness of undeveloped power, than the period on which your lot is cast. The sciences are all teeming with so many new results, that even those which keep their old names have wholly changed their character. It matters little which way you turn your eyes,—wealth of observation and brilliancy of discovery on every side encounter you. Beginning with the most stupendous, and perhaps most primitive of all the sciences, what a revolution has befallen astronomy since the Wise Men of the East used to watch the sparkling heavens! An instrument of which they never dreamed has revealed neighbour worlds in our system, and dispersed into myriads of blazing suns those films of vagueness, those ghosts of light, which they called galaxies and nebulæ. And whilst that instrument suggests the thought, that immensity may yet contain systems whose messenger rays have not had time to bring us news of their creation, and is at this very moment endeavour-

[1] Delivered in the English Presbyterian College, November 12, 1844.

ing to telegraph, across the silent abyss of space, tidings from other worlds,—a balance, of which these ancients had no idea, has weighed each measured orb, and a calculus unknown to them has predicted their minutest movements for all time to come, and shown that, in all their intricate and tortuous paths, they can never err, nor ever stop, till the voice of the Eternal bid them. Returning to our earth, what strange traditions of forgotten times do we read on its rocky tablets! How suddenly have its stones begun to cry aloud, and what unexpected stories of creative wisdom and munificence, antedating the birth of man, have been heard from the sepulchre of worlds which long since ceased to be! Descending into the arcana of that great laboratory, whence the materials of each organic form are supplied in countless combinations and unerring proportions, what a change since the day when nature owned earth, air, fire, and water as its only elements! And ascending again to organized existence, how has the field of observation widened since the time when one sage could speak of all the plants, from the cedar to the hyssop, and knew all that could then be known of beasts, of fowls, and of fishes!

And what makes our age so wonderful, is the simultaneousness of all sorts of discoveries. Whilst the telescope of Herschel was discovering new worlds, the microscope of Ehrenberg was investigating a new animal kingdom in a drop of putrid water; and whilst the analytic prowess of Lagrange was demonstrating the perpetuity of the solar system, the sagacity of Dalton was bringing the elementary atoms of each simple substance

under the dominion of mathematical laws. And at the same time that the potent agencies of light and heat and electricity were disclosing the secret structure of substances the most recondite and enigmatical, these subtile agencies have in their own turn been subjected to a question as successful as ingenious; and what the sagacity of Franklin, and Volta, and Œrsted, has done for electricity, and what the intuitive wisdom of Black, and the poetic ardour of Leslie, and the careful experiments of Dulong and Petit have done for heat, the elegant expedients, the mathematical resources, and the inductive minds of Young, and Brewster, and Arago, have done for light, detecting new and surprising properties, or bringing properties already known to arrange themselves under the most beautiful principles. Lavoisier's decomposition of air and water into their unsuspected elements; the publication of the atomic theory in the *Manchester Memoirs;* the dazzling experiments of Davy, which proved that our globe is but a mass of metallic oxides, and a large portion of our bodily framework nothing more; Faraday's brilliant researches, to demonstrate that the mysterious force which holds a particle of oxygen and a particle of iron together in chemic union, is the same which trembles in the magnet, sweeps in the lightning, and roars in the conflagration; Liebig's investigations in the substances of which living organs are composed, and which have rendered the laboratory of Giessen the metropolis of a new science, by which it is hard to say whether the physician or the farmer will profit most; Cross's processes in his conjuring cave at Bristol, by which he can manufac-

ture the most costly gems—good as nature's own—from bits of flint, or coal, or clay;—all these, and many more, have rushed, one after another, with such exciting rapidity, that chemistry has not time to admire her own discoveries, in the impetuosity of fresh enterprise, and in the ardour of new revelations. Under the blowpipe of Berzelius, and the goniometer of Wollaston, in the diligent hands of Klaproth, and Mohs, and Hauy, and Jameson, and Thomson, mineralogy, from a confused handful of ores, and spars, and pebbles, in a dusty cupboard, has grown up to a graceful fane of goodliest stones and fairest hues,—a science as elegant as it is well defined. How Father Linnæus would rub his incredulous eyes, could he see the comely stature to which his favourite Flora, his *amabilis Scientia*, has attained in the fostering hands and under the faithful tutorship of Jussieu, and Smith, and Decandolle, and Hooker,—too tall a pet to dandle now. And entomology—its hawking eye has hunted out as many sorts of bees, for instance, or butterflies, as people once imagined there were of insects put altogether; and whilst the dissecting needle of Bonnet has shown the resources which Infinite Skill has lavished in making one caterpillar complete and comfortable, the arranging eye and busy fingers of Latreille, and Kirby, and Burmeister have shown that it takes nearly half a million different sorts of these forgotten minims to fill up the Creator's scheme, and give each plant its appropriate tenants, and each animal its congenial food. Time would fail to tell the labours of Cuvier, and Owen, and Fleming, in comparative anatomy,—the toils which in some departments have

left the zoologist little more to do. And though it might be pleasant to ramble with Wilson, and Audubon, and Charles Bonaparte, among the woods and waters of the western wilderness, or to visit, with Goold, the quaint old-fashioned birds of New Holland, or take a turn with Lamarck in his grotto of shells, or with Ellis in his coral cave, or grope with Buckland and Lyell, Brongniart and Agassiz, with Murchison and Miller, through the steaming forests, the muddy seas, the chaos-lighted fields of a world before the world—we forbear. We are content to say again,—what it would take too long time to prove by enumeration,—there never was a time when science was more wealthy, or the stimulated mind of man more certain of discovering yet greater things.

And it is our great advantage to live in this age of clear-seeing and clever working. Now that London is the city, and all England the suburb,—now that the brother in New York is nearer than the brother in Edinburgh once was,—every urgent letter that twinkles from the Land's End to the capital, and every anxious journey by which you dart like a volition to the distant scene of danger, is a gift from science, a favour done you by James Watt, the Glasgow engineer. The invalid who recovers from diseases once deemed fatal, or, instead of the rough and torturing remedies of a ruder age, finds health and vigour charmed back by the gentle treatment and elegant prescriptions of modern pharmacy, owes something to physiology and modern chemistry,—just as the man who escapes entirely the most dismal of diseases, may bless the memory of Edward Jenner. The sailor who can

traverse ten thousand miles of ocean with gay security, owes his steady track to a science of which he possibly never heard the name,—is guided to his haven by an Italian philosopher, who has been in his grave 200 years. The student who, for a few sovereigns, can surround himself with a store of books, such as it would once have needed the fortune of Mæcenas or Ptolemy to purchase, is much indebted to the man who first made paper, and to that other man who first printed on it. Gentlemen, I trust that your faith is too firm to fear any of the sciences, and that your minds are sufficently expanded to love them all. I trust that you will ever be ready to give honour to whom honour is due, and to acknowledge your obligations to living wisdom as well as to departed genius. I hope that you feel that the lines have fallen to you in pleasant places, when your lot was cast on this opulent age, with its quick running knowledge, its countless accommodations, its unprecedented discoveries, and its vigorous mind. And I am sure I wish you joy of your own high calling, destined in such an age to study and extend a science nobler than them all. I congratulate you who are now preparing to issue forth on the busiest and most intelligent generation which the world has ever seen, with a science and an art in your possession capable of making this busy age a blessed one, and this shrewd and inventive generation a truly wise one.

I am anxious that you should understand what a power for benefiting the world God in his providence is now giving you; and therefore I beg your thoughts for a little to the specific benefits which the science you are

now about to study is able to confer. But ere doing so, it may be well to glance at some of the indirect and incidental benefits which it has bestowed on the promiscuous world. Besides that smaller company to whom it has proved the power of God, and on whom its Divine energy has told downright, there is a wide multitude on whom it has impinged obliquely, and whom it has affected sensibly, though not sufficiently. Let us look for a moment at some of those benefits it has brought, even where it has not brought salvation.

Imagine, what is very nearly the case, that the world is an island in immensity, cut off from all communication with other worlds, except when some "ship of heaven," such as the Gospel is, touches at its shores; and imagine, further, that there were few who availed themselves of that "ship of heaven," to secure in it a passage for the better country; still it is possible that the world might be the better for the visit. The ship that anchored at Juan Fernandez, and released Alexander Selkirk from his long captivity on its desolate coast, did him an unspeakable service. Its arrival was to him a second birth, for it introduced him anew to the society of living men. But when it left on the shores a supply of esculent plants and domestic animals, it did a service to any future ship's crew which might visit the same harbour, and to any tribe of savage adventurers who might afterwards take up their abode in its recesses. To the wistful soul of the captive, that ship's arrival was everything. It was life from the dead; it was a sort of resurrection. But to any voyager who might afterwards visit it, or any colonist

who might afterwards settle in it, the good things which it left behind it would be a mighty comfort—a prodigious accommodation. Now, it is much the same with the Gospel. There are a few persons to whom it is everything. To their longing sin-wearied souls it is a second birth,—it is a first resurrection,—it is life from the dead, —it is immortality. But besides this happy few, there is an innumerable company to whom the Gospel is a great comfort—to whom it has become a source of unspeakable advantages. They do not care for a passage in the ship, but they are glad to get the pleasant fruits which grow—a memorial of its visit; and it may be well to enumerate some of these.

There is among mankind a widely diffused hope of immortality. It is not a "sure and certain hope," but, so far as it goes, it is a cheering hope. It is not possible for any man to be absolutely certain of a happy hereafter, unless Christ be his "hope of glory." None but the Christian can say, "Well, I know that worms will devour this body; but I also know that my Redeemer liveth, and that in my flesh I shall see God." Still, it is a comfort even to a careless world, that there *are* people who can say this. They will not come into the light, and yet they are glad that there is light. And some of them come near the light. They skirt its edge. They dwell in the ambiguous region, which is neither light nor dark; and it is surprising how much dim comfort men have got even in this twilight. It has been a source of much heroism. It has saved many from self-destruction. It has whispered like an angel-anthem among the churchyard weeds; and

it has burst a rainbow of radiant promise amidst the tears of agonizing nature. The sure and certain hope is everything; however, the dim and doubtful hope is much. It goes far to ennoble life, and very far to palliate human woe. The sure and certain hope is the direct blessing which the Gospel brings; the dim and doubtful hope is the indirect blessing which follows in widening wake wherever the Gospel has passed before. And though we know that hopes of immortality can be quoted from classic Pagans, and are found in different degrees in lands not Christian, we are strongly disposed to think that they are, in every case, the traditionary lingerings of a primeval Gospel, or the faint echoes of the Gospel of Jesus. In other words, were the traditional hints of God's first promise, and the confused reports of later preaching of prophets and apostles—were these deducted—were all traces of the Gospel filtered out of it, there would be left in the cup of human life none of that sweetest ingredient in it—a hope full of immortality.

Then the world is exceedingly indebted to the beneficence of the Gospel. There were no hospitals for sickness, no asylums for age and poverty and insanity, till the Gospel built them; no retreats for weeping orphanage or groping blindness till the Gospel opened them. Worldly men may patronize these things, but it was Christianity which invented them. They never occurred to mankind till they presented themselves as the natural corollaries from the benignant spirit of the Gospel of Christ. So was it with slavery. The world saw no harm in slavery. It seemed perfectly fair and natural that the

strongest should enthral the weak, and get their work done for the least possible wages, or for no wages at all, till the principle, "Do to others as ye would that they should do to you," working its silent way, has abolished slavery through nearly the whole of Christendom. And just as the Gospel has lifted Lazarus from the rich man's gate, and bid blind Bartimeus cease to sit by the wayside begging,—as it has extinguished *Sathi* along the banks of the Ganges, and is breaking the bondsman's fetters all over the world,—so, like its heavenly author, it has extended its mercies to the beasts of the field. And, as if conscious that the only hope for its emancipation hinges on the ascendancy of the Cross, the whole creation groans and travails till the sons of God be manifest, and the sceptre of Jesus be supreme.

The world is much beholden to the refining influence of Christianity. It is the true antidote to the natural cruelty of man.[1] The reason why we have not gladiatorial shows, is because we have the Gospel. It has softened the heart of Europe. It has all but banished bull-baiting and prize-fighting, and those diversions where flowing blood and cries of anguish supplied the sport. The Gospel is the true antidote to the surly selfishness of man. It is the parent of politeness. Working not on placid orientals, but on rude, cross-grained northerns, it has smoothed our Gothic gruffness into something like civility, and even at

[1] This lecture was in print before my attention was called to an article on Backhouse's *Travels*, in the *North British Review*, replete with acute and profound remarks on the civilizing influence of Christianity. It is no digression here to recommend to any reader who has not yet seen it, a periodical as remarkable for its vigorous and enlightened Christianity, as for the power and freshness of its literary and scientific contributions.

a period when its more palpable influence was lost, its refining influence effloresced strangely enough in the gallant and high-souled courtesy of the age of chivalry. And now it diffuses itself more widely in that conventional urbanity which makes intercourse so easy and society so pleasant. It is at least the wooden pavement, the sprinkled sawdust, over which the chariot-wheels of existence move more quietly than they were wont to do. And so is the Gospel the real remedy for the natural low-mindedness of man. Good taste and intellectual activity go along with the Gospel, vulgarity and mental torpor recede from before it; and though we dare not say that, but for the Gospel, there would have been no science, we fearlessly affirm, that but for the glad impulse which the Gospel gave to the mind of man,—but for the elation, and conscious strength, and healthy energy which the Reformation gave it, discovery would have advanced with drawling steps, if it had ever begun its modern march at all. The Gospel, with its constant mementoes of immortality, with its hints of realities greater than those we see, with its joyful suggestions, and its noble impulses, is the great dignifier of human nature, and so the great prompter to research, and the great guide to discovery. In the sense most eminent, the Gospel is light. Its bland halo encircles the cradle of man's infancy, and soon as he is ready to start in the career of active life, its guiding ray is ready to start before him; it hovers like the star of Bethlehem above the spot where any great discovery or glorious advent lies; and when that path is terminated, it settles down a watchfire of faithful promise on man's sepulchre. To this great

leading light we directly or indirectly owe most of the surprising discoveries and dazzling inventions of this modern time; for apart from the intellectual quickening which the Gospel has infused into the general mind of Christendom,—without this precursor to clear his path, and this preceptor to direct his thoughts, there would be no one philosopher the mighty man he this day is.

The Gospel is thus a public benefactor to mankind. Its saving benefits may be limited, but its humanizing, its comforting, and elevating influences, are abundantly catholic. It is much in the predicament of an opulent and open-hearted resident in some country-side. His stay may have been so long protracted, and his bounties may have become so customary, as to be almost conventional,—as to be a regular ingredient in the everyday life of the neighbourhood, and counted on as things of course. And it is not till he takes his departure,—it is not till they see the weeds growing in the untrodden avenue, and the raven perched on the smokeless chimney,—it is not till hungry families begin to miss the weekly dole, and weary invalids the frequent visit,—it is not till they find that their former comforts were something more than a mere peculiarity of their climate,—something more than a natural growth of their soil,—that they begin to connect their bypast privileges with the kind heart of their benefactor, and feel that they ought to have been grateful. Now that he and his family are off and away, and enjoying themselves in other scenes, and gladdening another home, it is ascertained how important their presence was. Were the Gospel to quit, not our kingdom, but the world,

and take with it all which, from time to time, it brought, —were it to soar away to its native skies, and take with it all that it has scattered on this abode of man, from the hour that, near the Forbidden Tree, God spake the primeval Gospel,—that promise which, in one form or another, has hitherto kept the world's heart from breaking,—were the Gospel to glean back into itself all that it ever gave,—it is not Sabbaths only, and Bibles, and sanctuaries, which would disappear, but civilisation would flee away,—freedom would flee away,—happy homes, and smiling villages, and peaceful neighbourhoods, would flee,—schools and colleges would vanish,—books and all the sciences would be annihilated; and in the universal blank of human joy, I question if "Hope, the charmer, would linger still behind."

But the benefits now enumerated are incidental and indirect. To see what the Gospel really is we must consider what it does, or is capable of doing, to its willing subjects,—to those who, not content with its reflected lights and indirect illumination, come joyfully under its immediate effulgence.

1. And first of all, it gives them peace with God. The most unnatural state of the creature is enmity against its Creator,—the most unnatural, and therefore the most wretched. The Gospel slays this enmity, and so neutralizes the most torturing element in human misery. The Gospel, when credited, reconciles the sinner to God, and sends him on his way rejoicing. It bids him eat his daily bread with alacrity, for God hath accepted him. The Gospel turns the sinner's confiding eye to a propi-

tious God, and snatching him from the fearful pit of alienation and antipathy, from the miry clay of guilty convictions and fearful forebodings, it puts a new song in his mouth, and with a firm footing on the Rock of Ages, gives him the upright bearing and elastic step and established goings of a freely-forgiven sinner. And it is here that you will see the superiority of your science to every other science. The Gospel alone is able to make men happy. Philosophy cannot do this. The utmost it can do is to gauge the mind of man, and tell how capacious it is—how much of the ingredient called happiness it needs to fill this greedy soul of ours. But philosophy is only a gauger of empty barrels, and can neither supply the new wine of consolation, nor tell you where to find it; and if you would know how much misery may co-exist with much philosophy, you have only to read the inner life of such a man as Mirabeau,—a man of universal knowledge, of gorgeous imagination, of exuberant eloquence, the idol of a people who, alas! had no gods but the like of him,—but himself without God, and so without a hope, at last almost without a motive; or of such a man as Rousseau, from whom nothing in the human heart seemed hidden, whose sentimental museum was stored with delicate casts and coloured delineations of the morbid anatomy of each affection, and the minutest branchings of each desire and feeling; whose mournful pathology wrought out the true conclusion, that the universal malady, the long life-fever, is a search of the impossible, a delirious determination to find joy in the joyless, infinite joy in the finite; but who with that induction stopped, a skilful pathologist but no

physician, and, ignorant of the remedy, found his nearest approach to happiness in melodious sighings after it. And, as mental science will not make you happy, so neither will the more tangible sciences which deal with matter. It is contagious, it is enough to make a man a chemist to accompany Davy in his investigations, and witness the poetic enthusiasm with which he prosecuted his midnight researches, and the boyish ecstasy with which he skipped about his laboratory in possession of some unprecedented prize. But it is heart-withering to read the records of wretchedness, the exclamations of ennui and dreariness with which his later journals abound. And neither can the arts of life make you happy Art has done its utmost to make the outer man easy and outer life amusing; but it all stops outside. You may put an aching heart into a balloon, and send it up into the fields of light and air, but it will come down the same bruised and broken heart which it first ascended. You may whirl a guilty conscience along the gleaming track of the merry railway some thirty miles an hour; but the cares, the remorse, and forebodings which went in at the one end of the line will all come out at the other, and haunt that conscience still. You may put a wounded spirit into a picture-gallery or a play-house, and regale it with the wondrous creations of genius; but the picture of joy is like the picture of fire, it makes nobody warm; and from the exhibition of some radiant landscape or blissful home-scene, or the rehearsal of some side-splitting comedy, the joyless worldling may walk out into the midnight of his habitual gloom, or wakening up to the drearier daylight

of a wretchedness all too real, may seek his guilty refuge from it in self-destruction.

2. It gives the sure and certain hope of eternal life. A man who does not believe the Gospel may have a wistful desire or an eager hope, but he cannot have the assured confidence of a glorious immortality. A thoughtful unbeliever may send a voice of plaintive inquiry into that dim future which lies before him; but no answer comes back from the unechoing void. It is the believer in Jesus who gets the answer from within that veil,—no dubious echo, but a distinct response. "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore. He that believeth in me shall never die." That believer knows that, within the veil, hidden from his view merely by the fogs of mortality, is one who has worn human nature for eighteen hundred years,—one who not only lives, but hath life's fountain within Himself, and one who has identified the believer's life with His own, by the omnipotent pledge, "As I live, ye shall live also." And so conscious, in the hours of his healthiest faith, is that believer that his eternal life is already begun, that he wearies till this life's mist shall melt, and he behold himself conclusively in the attire of his immortality.

3. The Gospel gives the believer an ever-living Friend. Many of the productions of art, the hook and its eye, the joint and its socket, the tenon and mortice, however exquisitely finished, are incomplete without their counterparts. Their perfection consists in their incompleteness,—consists in their being so formed, that they are not complete till they have received their complement. So is it with the

soul of man. Just as when you see the ball of the hinge, it suggests the socket in which it ought to play; just as when you see the tendrils of the vine, they suggest the prop to which they ought to cling; so when you see the outgoing affections of the soul of man, you see that it is formed for union with other minds,—that its completeness consists in a junction with reciprocal and congenial minds. Accordingly, you find that the usefulness and elevation of character greatly depend on fitting on to some superior mind, or associating affectionately and intimately with characters capable of elevating and ennobling your own. But when these characters are merely human,—helpful as they often are, they labour under certain drawbacks. They are imperfect. Even though they could transform us into their own likeness, we should still, in many things, fall short of the will of God. They are creatures. The love of them is apt to degenerate into idolatry. And they are mortal. They melt from our embrace,—they vanish from our view. But the Alpha and Omega does not change. We can never lift our eyes to where we used to meet His own and encounter vacancy. We can never send Him word of our griefs or our desires with any fear that the message will miscarry. We cannot love Him too much, for the more we love Immanuel the less idolatrous we are. We cannot be too like Him, for the more exactly we resemble Him the nearer shall we approach to perfection. Remember this, it is not a theological formula, nor a historical fact, which the Gospel offers to your acceptance, so much as an ever-living and all-sufficing Friend.

4. The Gospel gives a man a conscience. There is a natural conscience, but it is not good for much. It is easily tampered with. It may be bribed, and silenced, and perverted. There is scarcely anything to which a natural man may not reconcile his conscience. But a conscience which the love of God has mollified is a tender one. It is distressed about sin in the heart as others are about sin in the life. Its sensitiveness shuns the appearance of evil, and its filial instinct makes it a far surer index of right and wrong than the evasive, extenuating, and special-pleading conscience of the unconverted man.

5. The Gospel gives a man a heart. There are some people who look with a languid eye on everything; and there are others who have an interest in nothing which does not contribute to their own comfort. There are some absolutely joyless spirits from which every particle of zest has evaporated,—who lag through life so listlessly that nothing makes them smile, and nothing makes them weep, —and merely to look at them is enough to make you dreary for a summer's day. Then there are others who have some evident joy of existence, but who are as evidently their own all in all,—trim and tidy souls, like a clipped yew-tree,—not troubled with any tendrils,—any outgoing affections or redundant emotions,—snug, comfortable people, who carry their universe in a carpet bag, who love some people very dearly, but who also love with the same sort of love the velvet cushion, or the easy chair, which studies their dispositions, and adapts to their endless caprices. It is not good to have no heart at all, or a heart only for one's self. There is no need to be in such

ignoble case. The Gospel not only says, "My son, give me thine heart," but it gives the man a heart to give. The moment its joyous life wells up in a weary soul, the desert blossoms like the rose. Seeds of unsuspected gladness are quickened into life, and existence begins to wear a face of interest and gaiety, which perhaps it did not wear, even when viewed over the cradle's merry edge. And the churl's heart grows bountiful. The little self-contained soul of the worldling expands till it comes in contact with a broad surface of existence, and wonders to find so much that is kindly and forth-drawing in objects which he formerly dreaded or despised; and in the dilatation of his delighted heart,—in the ready rush of his benevolent and compassionate feelings, and in the newly-tasted luxury of doing good, he enters on a domain of enjoyment, whose existence he formerly regarded as a hyperbole or a fairy tale. But, above all, perfect peace casteth out selfishness. The joy of an ascertained forgiveness,—the happy outset on a Zionward pilgrimage,—the felt shining of God's uplifted countenance,—it gives the man all the generosity of excessive gladness, the comprehensive good-will of a peace which passeth understanding;—that eye-kindling, lip-opening gratitude, which relieves itself in doxologies of brotherly kindness, in deeds of tender mercy; and the love of God shed forth abundantly, teaches the man the new lesson—to love his brother also.

6. The Gospel gives a man a soul—a mind. There is no theme on which we could so eagerly expatiate as the mental emancipations which the Gospel has bestowed on the world at large. But we are now speaking, not of its

general services, but of its specific influence on the individual intellect. If that mind be a vigorous or wealthy mind before, the Gospel apprehended brings it at once fresh opulence and power. "The Gospel," says the greatest of modern historians, "is the fulfilment of all hopes,—the perfection of all philosophy,—the interpreter of all revolutions,—the key to all the seeming contradictions in the physical and moral world. It is life. It is immortality. Since I have known the Saviour, everything is clear; with Him there is nothing I cannot solve."[1] And just as it swept in a flood of sudden illumination over the wide page of universal history, as that page had long lain enigmatical before the philosophic eye of Müller, so has it proved an intellectual birth to many a humbler mind. That Gospel whose inspiration enabled the grovelling and besotted debauchee in the days of his moral renovation to write Olivers' "Hymn to the God of Abraham,"—that Gospel which taught the blaspheming tinker of Bedford to write *The Pilgrim's Progress*,—that Gospel which put the pen of a ready writer into the rough hand of the negro kidnapper, and enabled Newton to compose his letters of delectable wisdom and sunny benevolence, as well as the good matter of his spiritual songs,—that Gospel is indeed the power of God. It renovates the intellect. It can give all the perspicacity of a clear conscience,—all the discrimination and prudence of an honest heart, and all the animation and vivacious energy of an intellect quickened from on high. The Gospel path is so plain, that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein, but he will not

[1] Müller, quoted by D'Aubigné.

run in it long till he cease to be a fool. And so persuaded are we of the Gospel's enlightening efficacy, that when we meet with a Christian professor remarkably injudicious, silly, or senseless, we stand in doubt of him. We question, and question justly, if he can have received the truth in the full power of it; for, in every sense, it is light to the eyes, and makes wise the simple.

7. Perhaps it is saying the same thing over again, but we are disposed to add,—the Gospel gives a man an eye. An ignoble heedlessness characterizes the mass of worldly men. You point them to the stars,—but if King David had been of their opinion the eighth Psalm never had been written,—for they never *consider* the heavens, "the moon and stars, which the Lord our Lord ordained." You point them to the flowers, but so far as they are concerned, the Great Teacher said in vain, "Consider the lilies," for the lilies they will not consider. You send them to animated nature, but they refuse to go. The birds singing among the branches,—the high hills, with their wild goats, and the young lions in their darkling dens, are all alike to them. Their tuneless souls don't swing to the cadence of the hundred and fourth Psalm. You send them to the structure of the earth, and bid them view the marvels of creative skill entombed in its rocky caverns; but so indifferent are they to the sublime research, that had they been among the morning stars when earth's cornerstone was laid, and its foundation fastened, they would have refused to sing, and been offended with the sons of God for shouting so joyfully on such an occasion. And it is not so wonderful that men do not care to study mere

lumps of matter and cold material laws. But when a soul is visited by the day-spring from on high, a blush of joyous beauty spreads over the face of nature, and there is nothing tame, and nothing formidable, when, born from above, the beholder can say, "My Father made them all." Truly, the saints inherit the earth; for notwithstanding the strange frowning of some good men on the natural sciences, and all the unaccountable contempt which some eminent Christians have poured on the handiwork of Immanuel, they are the disciples of Jesus still who most admire and most enjoy the works of God. The eyes which have scanned the sparkling firmament, or dwelt on the ruby and sapphire dust of the insect's wing,—which have glistened over the laughing leagues of the golden harvest fields, or tingled as they gazed on some fairy flower,—the ears which have oftenest listened to ocean's "billowy chime," or to the grim cloud's thunder-psalm,—which have drunk the ravishment of multitudinous joys in the rich music of spring, or hearkened to the evening tune of the wilderness bee, and felt it like a hermit's orison, —those eyes and ears have been chiefly theirs to whom the brightness of each scene is the love of Jesus, and to whom the burden of every stanza in Nature's ode of countless voices and uncounted ages is, "In the beginning was the Word, and all (these) things were made by Him."

I might say more. I might go on to show how the Gospel gives to each one who receives it, and sufficiently avails himself of it, a pure morality, engaging manners, good taste, fitness for a higher and holier state of being, and above all, a peculiar charm, a beauty of outward

holiness and a gloriousness within, an exquisite attractiveness which, by the instinct of congenial sanctity, draws toward him who has it the love of each who has got the same new name, and the complacency of God himself. So far as the Gospel is credited, and its omnipotent resources for hallowing the family home, or the individual heart admitted, there is no limit to the beatific influence of a dispensation which transmits no joy to earth which is not at least an equal joy to heaven.[1]

And if it be matter of congratulation to enter the ministry of such a Gospel in any age, and especially in an age which has made its road so ready, and would make its triumphs so signal, as our own; it is no less matter of congratulation to commence the appropriate studies for that ministry at a time when the Gospel is so firmly established, so well understood, and so variously applied.

The Gospel is essentially a matter of fact, and its great FACT was never more fully ascertained than in the days in which we live. Not long ago the question might be raised, and the answer might occasion some anxiety, How do you know that the New Testament is not a forgery of the dark ages? And even if it were not, how do you know that the events it records are true? But, thanks to the progress of exact criticism, we are now as sure that the New Testament was written in the apostolic age, and by such men as itself alleges, as if we had seen the pen in the living hand of Matthew, Luke, and John; and thanks to the progress of the laws of evidence, we are now as

[1] Luke ii. 13, 14; xv. 6, 7; Isaiah liii. 10, 11.

sure that its main events took place, as if our actual eyes had seen the miracles, or our own ears had listened to its words of wonder. After the punctilious collation of manuscripts by Wetstein and Griesbach, and after the principles of internal criticism developed by Bentley and Marsh and Isaac Taylor in England, and a more numerous band in the United States and Germany, no man of the slightest pretence to scholarship will impugn the apostolic antiquity and textual genuineness of the New Testament Scriptures. And after the prodigious accumulations of Lardner, and the brief but resistless deductions of Paley, and the philosophic deliverances of Chalmers, few who pretend to common sense will question the historic truth of the events which these Scriptures record. It has come to this happy issue, that the intellect which is not too obtuse for understanding anything, or the judgment which is not too unstable for believing anything, must, if in earnest, be shut up to the faith of Jesus. We do not say too much when we aver, that to a serious mind the dilemma is now the simple one of believing the Scripture testimony concerning Jesus, or believing no testimony whatsoever. And just as the evidences of Christianity are now so redundant as to make new corroborations little more than matters of curiosity, so the essentials of Christianity are so well ascertained that few vital truths are the subject of longer controversy. After the unanswered arguments of Magee, the dispassionate statements and scriptural erudition of Smith, after the transparent reasoning and logical felicity of Wardlaw, and the candour, acuteness, and cogency of Moses Stuart, few who believe the Bible to be the Word

of God will deny that the pillar and ground of the truth is God manifest in flesh. And after the calm and dignified prelections of O'Brien, and the vigorous expositions of Haldane—perhaps too dogmatic in his tone, but nobly tenacious of the text—few will gainsay the Reformation doctrine of justification by faith alone. And though there are some fearful departures from the faith, and some keen debates among the faithful, we question if the Church of Christ has possessed the truths of Revelation more copiously, or realized them more vividly, or avowed them more unanimously since the apostles fell asleep, than now, when all are so agreed in looking on Immanuel as the Alpha and Omega in religion, the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of the Father's person, and in regarding the Gospel as the divinely contrived and divinely conducted scheme for reconciling sinners to the character of God, with a view to renewing them into the image of God; and when almost all are so agreed in believing that before men are convinced of sin and righteousness and judgment, the Holy Spirit must come, and that where He is come the living faith and the holy life, the fruits of His presence, will appear.

Besides, it is a distinction of these times that the Gospel has entered more largely than ever on its legitimate domain. MAN, IN HIS MIGHTIEST UNDERTAKINGS AND MINUTEST ACTIONS, IN HIS MOST ISOLATED STATE AND MOST COMPLICATED ASSOCIATIONS, IS THE GOSPEL'S RIGHTFUL SUBJECT. This truth, often forgotten, and still oftener perverted, is now beginning to be better understood, and notwithstanding all which "now letteth," is working its onward way to its

inherent and predicted vindication. Within the years of our own memory, several steps have been taken in advance towards the great conclusion, and several doors have been opened to let the Gospel in to the fields of its rightful occupancy; and whilst hitherto the Gospel has been kept almost entirely within the precincts of churches and closets, an attempt is now making to send it up into cabinets and down into workshops—to give it control over the kingdoms of this world, and the councils of nations, and to inscribe its mark of consecration on the horses' bells and bridles.[1] In other words, whilst it has heretofore been too common to reserve Evangelical religion for the upper room of Christian intercourse or the calm retreat of secret meditation, an attempt is now making to bring it down into the morning parlour, and out into the marketplace, as well as to give it a voice in the public prints and in the nation's Parliament. A literature, in which our American brethren have taken the unrivalled lead,[2] has introduced the Gospel into the large territory of daily life, and has shown how the slightest movement and the humblest meal come under the jurisdiction of the all-pervading Christianity. "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks unto God even the Father through him." And ascending from this to the highest territory—from the independent man in his isolated acts, to society in its miscellaneous interests and complicated movements,

[1] Zech. xiv. 20, 21; Isaiah lx.

[2] *E.g.* Abbot, Todd, and Finney in his earlier works.

we recognise one pre-eminent name[1] challenging for the Gospel the same ascendancy over communities and nations and universal man, which all concede in the case of the individual or the family. And whether he have stamped his impress on this age or not, the great philanthropist of our day can reckon on the establishment of those evangelized ethics, and that christianized political economy, for which his life has been the protest, and much temporary fame the sacrifice,—as not later than the final answer to the Lord's Prayer, and coeval with that time when God's kingdom having come, His will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Gentlemen, I trust that before you pass forth upon this ministry, you will find yourselves in possession of something which you will not only deem it important for the world to know, but so important that you would rather die attempting to make it known, than that the world should die without it. I hope you will be content with the old theology—the theology of the Bible—but that you will not be content till your own clear apprehensions and vivid experience give it all the zest of novelty. I hope that you will hold revealed truth so firmly, and survey the surrounding world so wisely, that you will be able to give your old theology fresh and effective applications every day. I trust that you will seek to give yourselves up in a joyful and exulting loyalty to the Lord Jesus, and in a meek-submission to His teaching and transforming Spirit. And thus issuing upon the world on the noblest errand and in the might which is alone resist-

[1] Dr. Chalmers.

less, I would not despair that the world should see in your persons a more devoted ministry, and should recognise in your preaching a more developed Gospel than these later times have been wont to witness; nor doubt that, ere going hence, you may do something to exalt and endear on earth that Name which is above every name, and in whose universal supremacy a consenting world at last will find the long-sought secret of its happiness.

TO THOSE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD WHO LOVE THE LORD JESUS IN SINCERITY :

AN ADDRESS

ON BEHALF OF THE PROPOSED

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

THE Church of Christ has all along been one. It is made up of all those, and only those, who in every place, and of every party, believe on the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, and obey Him as their Sovereign. One life pervades the whole band of discipleship—that life of which the regenerating Spirit is the source ; so that they are vitally one. And in the eye of Omniscience, one prevailing character marks them all—a character predominating over all singularities of creed, and peculiarities of temper and practice—the all-absorbing feature of oneness with Christ. Vitally one,—viewed from the highest of all standing-points, they are visibly one.

And there was once a time when nothing was more notorious than the Church's unity. From no peculiar garb, from no studious uniformity, but from the warmth of their affections and the depth of their sympathies, so obvious was their oneness that mere onlookers said,

"Behold these Christians, how they love one another!" Filled with the Holy Ghost, "the multitude of believers were of one heart and of one soul."

But these days have passed away, and for ages a divided Church has been the lamentation of the holiest men; and the healing of its divisions has been the anxious problem of many of the Church's wisest members. Various schemes have been suggested. Some have sought the remedy in vigorous legislation. They have recommended as the cure of discord a general council, followed up by the edicts of kings and emperors. They have said, "Let the most learned divines assemble and determine the true theology, and then let the rulers of the land enforce it; let royal proclamation or act of parliament enjoin one creed, one worship, and one polity throughout the country, and then we shall have unity." And it is with this view that the decrees of councils have so often been enforced by civil law, and that dissent from the legalized religion has so often been made a crime forbidden by the statute, and punished by the judge. But another and milder class, aware that compulsion is not concord, and that a forced concession is not faith, have tried another plan. They have taken up the points of difference, and have defined, and explained, and distinguished, and have attempted to show that after all there is no real diversity, but that Lutherans, and Calvinists, and Arminians mean the same thing, though they have an unfortunate way of expressing their mutual harmony; or if there really be some discrepancy, it is so slight that they might well consent to split the difference. On this system

Richard Baxter tried to reconcile the advocates of a limited and a universal atonement, and Archbishop Usher sought to unite the opposing forms of Episcopacy and Presbytery. But the usual upshot of these eclectic efforts is a new division, and the *via media* proves a *via tertia*. The difference is split, but the division is not healed. Another, and an increasing class, have, therefore, felt that Christian concord can never be effected by civil compulsion on the one hand, nor by a scheme of giving and taking on the other. They feel that Christian union is an affair of neither legislation nor logic, but, as in the beginning, must be the result of love. Intelligent enough to distinguish the outward differences of his brethren, but perspicacious enough, through all peculiarities, to discover their vital identity—magnanimous enough to overlook much that he may reckon odd or erroneous for the sake of more that he deems noble and right—full of that regenerate instinct which hails the Saviour's image rather than his own facsimile, and shining in those holy beauties which win each Christian heart—so amiable as to make his fellowship an object of desire, so cordial and catholic that he rejoices to give it, but, withal, so zealous for the truth, and so explicit in his conduct, that he can give it without suspicion of his personal soundness; his is the right attitude for Christian Union, whose personal piety is constantly attracting brotherly love, and whose prompt affection instantly reciprocates each overture of brotherly kindness. In healing the dissensions of a divided Church, legislation will fail and logic will fail, but LOVE will never fail.

For years there has existed, in almost all quarters of

Christendom, a strong desire to draw more closely together, and to show, in some overt and signal way, the actual oneness of the body of Christ. Both on the Continent, and in America and England, much has been written to clear away difficulties and expedite the issue. Repeated meetings have been held, not only to explain the truth, but to exhibit it; and whatever other effect the great assemblage of June 1, 1843, may have produced, it at least helped all present to understand the blessed oneness and joyful worship of the Upper Sanctuary. Not only was the name of Jesus so predominant that every other name was forgotten, but He Himself was so sensibly near, that no disciple could then and there have felt it difficult to die. That London meeting was followed up in Dublin, and elsewhere; and in the various forms of a dull discomfort at the present state of true religion, or a vehement yearning after better acquaintance and closer alliance with other Christians, or an intelligent perception of the mighty results likely to follow a large embodiment and striking manifestation of Christian oneness, the Union-spirit has been widely spreading. Last autumn, after many prayers and communings among themselves, ministers and members of seven denominations in Scotland issued a circular, inviting their friends in England and Ireland to a conference at Liverpool, on the first day of the bygone October. Though many most appropriate individuals, and even denominations, were unintentionally omitted in sending round the invitation, and many whose hearts were in it forbore to attend till they should see what form the movement took,

upwards of two hundred attended—representing the talent, zeal, and piety, of seventeen of the largest Christian Societies in the empire. To enumerate the names—illustrious in the history of modern evangelism there assembled, or to describe the heart-melting, the brotherly kindness and mutual confidence, the devotional enlargement and sacred joy of those ever-to-be-remembered days, is not the object of this address. It must suffice to say that the Lord was with us of a truth, and that, after ample consultation and prayer, it was resolved to convene a more extensive meeting in London next June,[1] to which Christians from all parts of the world should be invited. It was agreed that the persons invited to this great Conference should be persons holding what are usually understood to be evangelical views regarding such important doctrines as,—

"1. The Divine inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of Holy Scripture.

"2. The unity of the Godhead, and the Trinity of Persons therein.

"3. The utter depravity of human nature, in consequence of the fall.

"4. The incarnation of the Son of God, and His work of atonement for sinners of mankind.

"5. The justification of the sinner by faith alone.

"6. The work of the Holy Spirit in the conversion and sanctification of the sinner.

"7. The right and the duty of private judgment in the interpretation of Holy Scripture.

[1] The time was subsequently altered to the month of August.

"8. The Divine institution of the Christian ministry, and the authority and perpetuity of the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper."

It was, amongst other suggestions, agreed to recommend to this conference of œcumenical evangelism the formation of an institution, to be called THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, for carrying out the objects included in CHRISTIAN UNION.

In fulfilment of a duty devolved on them at the Liverpool Conference, the London Branch of the Provisional Committee have issued this brief Address, in order to convey to their brethren a general idea of the principles on which it is proposed to establish the intended Alliance, and to mention some of the objects which it might hopefully seek. And to prevent misconceptions, it may be well to state in the outset some of the things which it is not, and at which it does not aim.

1. The proposed Alliance asks no *surrender* of conscientious conviction. There is nothing which a good man values more than his religious belief. There are some things which it may cost him an effort to abandon, and some things which may cost him little. He may be called on to part with his money, and may be able to tell it down, and hand it over to its new possessor without a moment's pang or the most secret murmur. He may be constrained to part with some object of endeared affection, and may feel that in its vanishing his better and happier self has gone away; but when he feels that the Lord hath taken it, he feels a mournful blessedness, a sublime self-abdication, in letting it go. And he may be forced to

surrender some memorial of distant affection or departed friendship; and however brawny the arm which wrings it from his grasp, he almost feels that there is a sacrilege in not letting life go with it. But in all these cases, at the worst they are the natural feelings which are wounded; the conscience remains unhurt. It is far otherwise, however, when a man is called to abandon a truth which his Saviour has taught him to believe, or a duty which his Saviour has taught him to practise. The matter may be minute, but if he believes it to be his Saviour's will, he cannot sacrifice it without a dismal sense of delinquency. He feels that he is a traitor. His conscience is lacerated at the moment; and even should the deadly wound be healed—should he contrive to argue or cajole himself into subsequent self-complacency, the scar of such a wound, by making conscience more callous, leaves his religious vitality less. Hence many went to the Liverpool Conference with a painful misgiving. They felt that if, in order to union, they must surrender an iota of what they believed to be the truth in Jesus, they could not purchase even so great a blessing at such a perilous price. Looking over all the tenets in their creed, they could not find one so mite-like that they dared to buy even union with it. And in this they were right, for there is not a tenet in "the faith once delivered to the saints" so insignificant, but some saint has thought it worth while to be a martyr for it.

But such apprehensions were entirely chimerical. The Conference was no conspiracy to inveigle the members into a sanction of each other's opinions, or into a surrender

of their own. No man was asked to leave his peculiarities outside the door; and it was not the fault of the Conference if each did not carry back to London and Leeds, to Dublin and Edinburgh, all the theology which he brought to Liverpool.

It was felt and allowed that important diversities of sentiment exist among those who give every evidence of sincere discipleship; and it was also felt that it would be a happy day which witnessed the melting of these diversities into a blessed unanimity. But then it was equally acknowledged that some other things must first be effected, and it was for one of these anterior things that the Conference had now assembled. It was not met for the discussion of dogmas, but for the diffusion of brotherly love. It was not to sit as a reconciler of conflicting sentiments, but as the restorer of ancient affections. It did not arbitrate denominational differences, but it sought the outlet and increase of Christian charity. It rejoiced to find that the points were many and momentous on which all present agreed; but it neither said that the points on which they dissented were trivial, nor that these disagreements could be discussed and settled there. It allowed that all the members might be equally sincere in their creed, and honest in their peculiarities; and not wishing any man to abandon his convictions till he could abandon them *conscientiously*, it left all to keep intact and inviolate their respective opinions, till the flow of mutual love had increased their common Christianity.

2. But more than this: the Evangelical Alliance asks no one to *conceal* his religious convictions. A lover of

truth loves to proclaim it. When he finds it, he calls his friends and neighbours to rejoice with him. He invites them to share it with him; and to bid him be silent is to bid him be selfish. But if it really be truth which the man has discovered, and if it really be philanthropy which makes him proclaim it, he will neither emulate the roar of the lion, nor borrow the Pharisee's trumpet. Truth, as the Gospel conveys it, is benignant and mellowing; and the man who finds it in joy will speak it in love. He will also speak it at right times and right places, and in tones whose intensity shall bear some proportion to the intrinsic worth of the subject. But with such provisos—provisos which the Christian wisdom of many has already suggested to themselves—the Evangelical Alliance would concede to all who hold in common vital truth the utmost freedom of discourse. As it asks no man to surrender an iota of his creed, so it would ask no man to abate by a single atom his Christian "liberty of prophesying." As it is not a union of denominations, so neither is it a silencing of particular testimonies.

3. After this, we need scarcely add that the Evangelical Alliance does not ask any cessation of denominational effort, nor demand of any community to suspend its attempts at ecclesiastical development. Just as every individual disciple is in constant danger of seeking his own things more than the things of Jesus Christ, so every Christian society incurs the same hazard; and whether they be individuals or societies, they cease to be in a wholesome state when their own things become dearer

than the Church of Christ and its wide interests. It is a sad inversion of the apostolic spirit, when the transference of a conspicuous proselyte from one section of the Church to another is a source of higher exultation than the accession to the Church of the saved of some notorious sinner from an ungodly world. The one event excites rapture in heaven; perhaps the other is too trivial to attract any notice there. Still there is a limit within which denominational zeal might be innocent, and even salutary. In civil society we have often witnessed an honest rivalry between different families—a strife who should count up the largest list of worthies, and send out into the commonwealth the goodliest band of brave, or patriotic, or learned sons; and this competition occasioned no heart-burnings and no bloodshed—nothing but a higher style of family nobility. Would to God that the different clans and families in the Saviour's kingdom had the same loyalty and patriotism; and instead of wasting their strength in mutual extermination, were striving who should send out the noblest missions and the most devoted ministers—who should produce the holiest people and the most numerous converts—who should supply the largest contribution to the common Christianity, and achieve the greatest services for the common Saviour. To do this, the perfecting of denominational machinery, and the development of denominational resources, might be needful; but there would be no need to demolish our neighbour's implements, or abstract our neighbour's workmen. There need be no breaking into each other's fold, so long as there are so many sheep in the wilderness;

and there need be no strife between the herdmen, so long as each may dig his own well, and write over it REHOBOTH.

But it is time now to be telling what the Evangelical Alliance actually is, and what is its absolute aim.

Its objects are—

1. To promote a closer intercourse and warmer affection among the people of God now scattered abroad.

2. To exhibit before the world the actual oneness of the Church of Christ.

3. To adopt united measures for the defence and extension of the common Christianity. In other words, MUTUAL AFFECTION, MANIFESTED UNITY, and COMMON MEASURES, are the one, though threefold, object of the Evangelical Alliance.

I. The Evangelical Alliance seeks to extend and strengthen the mutual affection of the people of God, irrespective of the countries where they dwell, and the communities to which they belong. This object is specific, and of itself sufficiently important to merit all the effort. Love to the brethren is as much a duty as sobriety or the sanctification of the Sabbath, and it is a duty much forgotten. If it be worth while to form societies for the better observance of the fourth commandment, or the sixth, it is surely as legitimate, and at the present moment as needful, to establish one for the better observance of Christ's personal commandment,—"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another." And though the Alliance should turn out nothing more than a Peace Society for Christendom—a society for

softening asperities, and for healing deadly feuds between individual disciples—it would accomplish a sufficient end; one which would identify it with the Prince of Peace, and serve it heir to the seventh beatitude.

So precious are kindness and confidence and mutual endearment, that the intercourse of secular life is chiefly an effort to secure them. The visits of neighbours to one another—their friendly meetings and fireside communings, are an acknowledgment that love is a pearl of great price; and although the genuine pearl cannot be found in the field of secular society, it is well worthy of the most wistful search. The meetings of learned men—their literary re-unions and scientific conversaziones, imply not only that their frequenters are the devotees of science, but that their ardour for discovery has given them an affinity for one another. They are not content to read the researches of their brethren—the dry results in the Transactions of their several societies, but they long to see their associates face to face. And if Christians had as much brotherly love as worldly men have neighbourly kindness,—if they had as much zeal for Christianity as our philosophers have zeal for chemistry or natural history, they would long to find themselves in one another's company; and though they might differ on some questions of detail, like two astronomers on opposite sides of the nebular hypothesis, but on the same side of the Newtonian theory,—their large agreement and common ultimatum would make it a happy meeting, and supply materials for animated and long-remembered intercourse. And if at this moment there are Christians

so cold to Christianity, or so shy of one another, that they had rather never meet, it is an urgent reason for their coming together without longer loss of time. Nothing will so soon banish from their fancies the painted chimera as a sight of the living saint.

The Evangelical Alliance will therefore seek to "cherish in the various branches of the Church of Christ the spirit of brotherly love, and will open and maintain, by correspondence and otherwise, fraternal intercourse between all parts of the Christian world." Evangelic Christendom is at this moment in the predicament of a country which has suffered from repeated shocks of an earthquake. In its territory there are many flaws and fissures; but the great gulfs are few. So narrow are some of the separations, that they would long since have healed; the crevices would, of their own accord, have closed, had not party zeal driven down its wedges to make the gap perpetual; and even where the chasms are widest, they are not so wide but a lofty intellect or a loving spirit might easily cross them. The real barrier to intercourse is not the breadth of divisions, but the bitterness of controversy. It is not the separateness of the Church's different portions, but the sectarianism of the separate. It is the rancour of debate, the personal malignity, the *odium theologicum*, which, if not the grand perpetuation of party, is the stronghold of bigotry, and the great obstacle to Christian intercourse. It is this which into the narrower clefts forces the wedges which shall keep them for ever open. It is this which plants its sentinels along the obscure boundary, to prevent uninstructed feet from

overstepping it. It is this which seizes the gangways which conciliation or magnanimity has thrown across the wider rents, and hurls them indignant down into the deep. And it is this which flings from its Tarpeian rock the traitors who have been detected paying friendly visits beyond the interdicted line.

Now, controversy may for the present be needful; but there never was, and never will be, need for its rancour. We may have all its victories without its virulence—all its truths without its personal tragedies; and that will be the most wholesome state of the Church when discussions wax kindly, and controversies are conducted in the spirit, not of party feuds, but of friendly investigations. Iron sharpens iron; and the day may come, when, like honest experimenters in physics, earnest inquirers in theology will employ their respective acumen, not in perplexing one another, but in pursuing joint researches; and will find their full reward, not in a bewildered public, but in a text clearly interpreted and a doctrine finally demonstrated, in a long debate concluded, and a weary question for ever set at rest.

Dear brethren, the Evangelical Alliance is primarily a society for the increase and diffusion of Christian Love. Love is a noble grace, and any pains expended in fostering and spreading it will be well bestowed. The magnanimity which bears the infirmities of the weak, the charity which receives one another as Christ also received us, the considerateness which denies itself and pleases a neighbour for his good, the love which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth

all things"—*this* love is as rare as it is Christ-like—as difficult as it is divine. To our proud carnality there may be something more commanding in the boisterous and belligerent attributes; but to a sanctified apprehension there is something more sublime in his brave charity who quells a feud, or subdues his own offended spirit. He may be a valiant man who points the gun in the hour of battle; but he is a bolder man who lifts the shell from the crowded deck and flings it hissing into the surge. He may be a valiant spirit who, muzzle to muzzle, plies his roaring artillery on a belaboured and reluctant Church, and waves his victorious stump as he sees the hostile flag come down; but he is the truest hero who, espying an explosive mischief on the deck—a bomb fraught with foolish questions and wordy strifes,—contrives to pitch it timely overboard. There may be something august in the dark thunder-cloud as it frowns and grumbles over quaking fields; but there is something mightier and more wondrous in the lightning-rod which is gradually stealing from that cloud its fiery elements, and converting its dingy wrath into harmless vapour. And there is something commanding in the flashing zeal and muttering orthodoxy of the surcharged disputant—something that calls a rueful attention to himself in the wilful spirit as he heaves his lowering bulk between a happy Church and the smiling firmament; but there is something nobler in that wise and quiet spirit, that lightning-rod whose gentle interference and noiseless operation are drawing off the angry sparkles, and thinning the gloomy mischief into azure and daylight again. And there may be

grandeur in the hail-storm which hurls its icy boulders over a dismantled province—which strews the battered sod with dead birds and draggled branches, and leaves the forest a grisly waste of riven trunks and leafless antlers. But who does not rather bless the benignant rain as it comes tenderly down on the mown grass, or the rainbow as it melts in fragrant drops and glowing flowers, and then from grateful fields and laughing hills glides back into its parent sun? Even so there may a terrible importance attend the rattling zealot who sends a storm of frozen dogmas through Christendom, or through his particular society, and leaves it a desolation—who certainly kills some weeds, but demolishes each radiant flower and annihilates the season's crop. Yet who does not rather pray that his may be the brotherly kindness which dissolves in mild enchantment on sullen natures, and in genial invigoration on such as are drooping or dying—a transforming love, like His whose calm descending is forthwith followed by the flourishing of righteousness, and the abundance of peace?

II. A second object of the Evangelical Alliance is to manifest the large agreement which actually subsists between the genuine members of the Church of Christ; *i.e.*, to exhibit as far as possible the existing oneness of the Christian Church. It may sometimes be a mere pretext for carelessness, but we believe it is often a real stumbling-block to earnestness, that Christians are so divided; and though it may be very just to argue that amid all this diversity there is an actual identity, it would be more convenient to exhibit it. The Communion of Saints is a

tenet in every creed, and a matter of regenerate consciousness with every Christian; but to a worldly man it is a thing so recondite, an affair of such delicate induction, and contradicted by so many appearances, that he may well be excused for overlooking it. As a source of comfort to Christians, this latent unity is valuable; but before it can become an argument and an element of influence on those who are without, this latent unity must be made obvious and palpable, and, if possible, notorious.

And does not this unity exist? Independently of the outward character which they exhibit, are there not certain great *facts* which all Christians credit, and certain *feelings* which all Christians share in common? That the Bible is the Word of God—that our earth was visited eighteen centuries ago by the Son of God incarnate—that in His sufferings and death He effected an atonement for sinners of mankind—that this atonement is available to the entire and instant justification of the sinner who believes in Jesus—that Christ now lives and reigns the Head of His ransomed Church—and that the Holy Spirit is sent forth into the world to convince of sin, and to conduct souls to the Saviour, and to sanctify the children of God: truths like these every Christian credits. There may be favourite ways of stating them, and there may be different ways of systematizing and arranging them; but there is no variance as to their revealed reality and historic verity; they are *facts* which have the suffrage of consenting Christendom. And even so there are certain *feelings* which distinguish the whole family of the faithful —complacency in the revealed character of the living

God, love to His holy law, hatred of sin, a desire to do their Heavenly Father's will and possess His conscious favour, zeal for His honour, love to His people, and delight in His worship: these affections, whether constant or intermitting, whether vivid or more vague, every disciple of Jesus knows them. Every man is a Christian who rests on the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, who obeys Him as his Lord, and who rejoices in Him as his all-sufficient Friend. And as these are their common characteristics, why should they not unite in proclaiming to the world that LOVE AND LOYALTY TO THE LORD JESUS, in which they are all agreed?

The *basis* of the projected union comprehends a body of doctrine, regarding which the Evangelical Alliance might send forth, if needful, its united testimony. Should a controversy arise respecting the composition of some mineral, and should ten chemists all agree in discovering gold and silver in it, whilst some detected traces of other metals, would there be any harm in the ten subscribing a declaration regarding the two ingredients, which they all alike had ascertained—leaving it to the rest to send forth their separate statements regarding those additional substances which they believed to be also present? And when the question is asked, What saith the Scripture? and the further question, What doth it mean by these sayings? if there be certain paramount doctrines which we all alike discover in these sayings, but others regarding which we are not absolutely unanimous, is our disagreement regarding the latter sufficient reason for not signing a joint declaration regarding the former? The Evangeli-

cal Alliance asks no man to abandon the amplitude of his denominational articles; but if in his own more copious confession he has already included certain vital doctrines, we beg his suffrage in the general testimony. And should he belong to a society which owns no confession but the Bible, we do not ask him to impose our basis on his society;—but if he has found these truths in his Bible, we ask him to join his name to ours, in telling the world that these things are so. And thus, in some form which may meet the views of all, we hope to be able to tell the world some truths of surpassing moment, in which we are all agreed; and when the Jew, or the sceptic, or the Romanist asks, What is Evangelical Christianity? we shall find in our basis of Union the materials of an answer —the Manifesto of Evangelic Christendom.

But even though no doctrinal statement were prepared, we might exhibit, in the cordiality of our meetings, in the promptitude of our sympathy, in the simultaneousness of our movements, and the oneness of our aims, such a spectacle of vital and inward identity as would answer every purpose. We do not wish to dogmatize on the best means of accomplishing the object. We would rather leave it to the thoughts and prayers of the Church meanwhile, and to the Lord's teaching when we meet next summer, to decide the most excellent way. We are content to mention it as one object of the Evangelical Alliance—an embodiment, or visible exhibition of the actual oneness of the Church of Christ.

III. The third object of the proposed Alliance is to

adopt united measures for the defence and extension of the common Christianity.

Even now there are many Antichrists. There are systems which make the sinner his own Saviour, and others which reserve what the Saviour revealed, and shut those Scriptures which He bids us search. And whilst His supremacy is rejected by a lawless world and a large amount of licentious professorship, every office of our blessed Lord is assailed by Socinianism on the one hand, and by Romanism on the other. There are many adversaries; and it is time that right-hearted men were striving together in the defence of the Gospel. To meet the insidious infidelity and atheistic blasphemy of some—the soul-deluding superstition of others—the profligacy and flagrant immorality of many more—to meet the entire ungodliness of this Bible-burning and Bible-wresting age, demands the united energies of all to whom the Bible is inspiration and the Saviour Divine.

The victims of persecution are, in many lands, pining away unbefriended and forgotten; localities which bloomed like the garden of God are given over to the beast of the field and the boar of the forest; the Lord's day is losing its sacredness, and usages of olden piety are melting in the flood of a furious secularity; whilst the religious silence of our more decent literature supplies no counteractive to the grossness and ribaldry of the more outrageous press. Two-thirds of our world's population have never heard the Saviour's name; and if a majority of minds enlightened in saving truth, and influenced by Scriptural motives, be needful to constitute a Christian community,

there yet exists no Christian land. To exalt the standard of personal piety, to retrieve the interests of public morality, to diffuse through Christendom the conviction that no member shall hereafter suffer but all the members shall suffer with him—to stem the encroachments of superstition and infidelity, and diffuse the light and joy of the Gospel,—in objects like these there is ample room for division of labour and union of effort. Without devouring one another, the martial spirits amongst us may find outlet for all their chivalry, and use for all their logic, in fighting the battles of the faith; and those whose milder dispositions and less athletic mould are more inclined for peaceful exercises, may find abundant scope in the angelic errands and benignant applications of the Gospel of the grace of God.

The small progress and scanty triumphs of that Gospel are not owing to its inherent weakness, nor to the fewness of its friends. The Gospel is mighty. The truth of eternity—the power of God is in it: and its believers are many—perhaps never so numerous as now; and their aggregate resources are immense. It is astonishing, when you consider the amount of learning, and intellectual opulence, and social influence—it is delightful to recount the various accomplishments and talents which, in one form or another, and within this living age, have been laid at the Saviour's feet. And whilst the Church is numerous and powerful, there is no lack of zeal. There is vitality, and there is energy, and sometimes stupendous exertion; but the misery is that so much of it is zeal misspent—that so much of it is energy devoted to mutual

destruction. The elastic vapour which murmurs in the earthquake, or explodes in the mud-volcano, if properly secured and turned on in the right direction, might send the navy of an empire all round the world, or clothe with plenty an industrious realm. And the zeal which has hitherto rumbled in ecclesiastical earthquakes, and left no nobler mementoes than so many steaming cones—so many mud craters, on the sides of the great controversial Jorullo,—if rightly directed, might long before this time have sent the Gospel all over the globe, and covered a rejoicing earth with the fruits of righteousness. The river which Ezekiel saw was a tiny rill when it first escaped from the temple, but a course of a thousand cubits made it ankle-deep, and a few more furlongs saw it a river that he could not pass over—the waters were waters to swim in. And this is the course of the Gospel, when Christians do not hinder it. But instead of clearing the common channel, and strengthening the main embankments for its universal and world-gladdening flow, the effort hitherto has been to divert it all into denominational reservoirs. Each one has gone with his spade and his pickaxe—has breached the grand embankment, and tried to tempt the mighty stream into his own more orthodox canal. And the consequence of these sectarian efforts—these poor attempts to monopolize the Gospel—the consequence is, that like a certain river in the southern hemisphere, which has only been known to reach the ocean once during the last thirty years—betwixt the scorching secularity overhead, and the selfish interruptions of the stream, it is only now and then that the Gospel is allowed to flow far

enough to fertilize new territory, and gladden weary souls. But a better day is coming, and in these movements we hail its dawn. Instead of monopolizing or dividing the stream—instead of breaking its banks, or interrupting its course—our individual and our united efforts shall hereafter seek to clear its channel and deepen its flow; and the work of our different denominations shall be, not to pierce the bank or dig diverting canals, but each to strengthen the enclosing mounds, and remove the interrupting rocks as it sweeps alongside of their respective territories. Thus acting, thus seeking not our own things, but the things of Jesus Christ, we shall soon behold the little stream which welled up at Jerusalem eighteen hundred years ago, holding on in its prosperous course. We shall see life leaping in its sunny ripple, and a joyful world resorting to its genial current; we shall see one fold reposing on its green margin, and beside its still waters One Shepherd leading them. And best of all, on its teeming brink we shall again behold the long exotic Tree of Life—its laden branches mirrored in the tranquil tide, and showering on the azure amplitudes its leaves of heavenly healing.[1]

[1] The Address, in its original form, concluded with some practical suggestions which are now superseded by the formation of the Alliance.

November 25, 1845.

SIMEON AND HIS PREDECESSORS.[1]

SENT from Heaven, but little thought of—locked up in that trite small-printed book, the Bible—lies the germ of moral renovation—the only secret for making base spirits noble, and fallen spirits holy. Received into the confiding heart, and developed in congenial affections, it comes forth in all the wonderful varieties of vital Christianity; and, according as the recipient's disposition is energy or mildness, activity or contemplation, it creates a bold reformer or a benign philanthropist—a valiant worker or a far-seen thinker. In bolts that melt as well as burn, it flashes from Luther's surcharged spirit; and in comprehensive kindliness spreads its warm atmosphere round Melanchthon's loving nature. In streams of fervour and fiery earnestness, it follows Zuingle's smoking path, and in a halo of excessive brightness encircles Calvin's awful brow. In impulses of fond beneficence it tingles in Howard's restless feet, and in a blaze of in-door gladness welcomes Cowper's friends. But whether its manifestations be the more beauteous, or the more majestic, of all the influences which can alter or ennoble man, it is beyond comparison the most potent and pervasive. In the sunny

[1] Reprinted from the *North British Review*, vol. vii., being a review of the *Memoirs of the Rev. Charles Simeon, M.A., late Senior Fellow of King's College, and Minister of Trinity Church, Cambridge.* Edited by the Rev. William Carus, M.A.

suffusion with which it cheers existence, in the holy ambition which it kindles, and in the intensity which it imparts to character, that Gospel is "the power of God."

And just as its advent is the grand epoch in the individual's progress, so its scanty or copious presence gives a corresponding aspect to a nation's history. When its power is feeble—when few members of the community are up-borne by its joyful and strenuous force—when there is little of its genial infusion to make kindness spontaneous, and when men forget its solemn future, which renders duty so urgent and self-denial so easy—the public virtues languish, and the moral grandeur of that empire dies. It needs something of the Gospel to produce a real patriot; it needs more of it to create a philanthropist; and, amidst the trials of temper, the seductions of party, and the misconstructions of motive, it needs it all to give that patriot or philanthropist perseverance to the end. It needs a wide diffusion of the Gospel to fill a Parliament with high-minded statesmen, and a country with happy homes. And it will need its prevailing ascendancy to create peace among the nations, and secure the good-will of man to man.

The world has not yet exhibited the spectacle of an entire people evangelized; but there have been repeated instances where this vital element has told perceptibly on national character; and in the nobler tone of public acting, and higher pulse of popular feeling, might be recognised a people nearer God. In England, for example, there have been three evangelic eras. Thrice over have ignorance and apathy been startled into light and wonder;

and thrice over has a vigorous minority of England's inhabitants felt anew all the goodness or grandeur of the ancient message. And it is instructive to remark, how at each successive awakening an impulse was given to the nation's worth which never afterwards faded entirely out of it. Partial as the influence was, and few as they were who shared it, an element was infused into the popular mind, which, like salt imbibed from successive strata by the mineral spring, was never afterwards lost, but, now that ages have lapsed, may still be detected in the national character. The Reformers preached the Gospel, and the common people heard it gladly. Beneath the doublet of the thrifty trader, and the home-spun jerkin of the stalwart yeoman, was felt a throb of new nobility. A monarch and her ministers remotely graced the pageant; but it was to the stout music of old Latimer that the English Reformation marched, and it was a freer soil which iron heels and wooden sandals trode as they clashed and clattered to the burly tune. This Gospel was the birth of British liberty. Its right of private judgment revealed to many not only how precious is every soul, but how important is every citizen; and as much as it deepened the sense of religious responsibility, it awakened the desire of personal freedom. It took the Saxon churl, and taught him the softer manners and statelier spirit of his conqueror. It "mended the mettle of his blood;" and gave him something better than Norman chivalry. Quickening with its energy the endurance of the Saxon, and tempering with its amenity the fierceness of the Gaul, it made the Englishman.

Then came the Puritan awakening—in its commencement the most august revival which Europe ever witnessed. Stately, forceful, and thrilling, the Gospel echoed over the land, and a penitent nation bowed before it. Long-fasting, much-reading, deep-thinking—theology became the literature, the meditation and the talk of the people, and religion the business of the realm. With the fear of God deep in their spirits, and with hearts soft and plastic to His Word, it was amazing how promptly the sternest requirements were conceded, and the most stringent reforms carried through. Never, in England, were the things temporal so trivial, and the things eternal so evident, as when Baxter, all but disembodied, and Howe, rapt in bright and present communion, and Alleine, radiant with the joy which shone through him, lived before their people the wonders they proclaimed. And never among the people was there more of that piety which looks inward and upward—which longs for a healthy soul, and courts that supernal influence which alone can make it prosper; never more of that piety which in every action consults and in every instance recognises Him in whom we move and have our being. Perhaps its long regards and lofty aspirations, the absence of short distances in its field of view, and that one all-absorbing future which had riveted its eye, gave it an aspect too solemn and ascetic—the look of a pilgrim leaving earth rather than an heir of glory going home. Still it was England's most erect and earnest century; and none who believe that worship is the highest work of man can doubt that, of all its predecessors, this Puritan generation lived to the

grandest purpose. Pity that in so many ears the din of Naseby and Marston Moor has drowned the most sublime of national melodies—the joyful noise of a people praising God. The religion of the period was full of reverence and adoration and self-denial. Setting common life and its meanest incidents to the music of Scripture, and advancing to battle in the strength of psalms, its worthies were more awful than heroes. They were incorruptible and irresistible men, who lived under the All-seeing eye and leaned on the Omnipotent arm, and who found in God's nearness the sanctity of every spot and the solemnity of every moment.

Then, after a dreary interval—after the boisterous irreligion of the latter Stuarts and the cold flippancy which so long outlived them, came the Evangelical Revival of last century. Full-hearted and affectionate, sometimes brisk and vivacious, but always downright and practical, the Gospel of that era spoke to the good sense and warm feelings of the nation. In the electric fire of Whitefield, the rapid fervour of Romaine, the caustic force of Berridge and Rowland Hill, and the fatherly wisdom of John Newton and Henry Venn—in these modern evangelists there was not the momentum whose long range demolished error's strongest holds, nor the massive doctrine which built up the tall and stately pile of Puritan theology. That day was past, and that work was done. For the Christian warfare these solemn iron-sides and deep-sounding culverines were no longer wanted; but, equipped with the brief logic and telling earnestness of their eager sincerity, the lighter troops of this modern

campaign ran swiftly in at the open gate, and next instant huzza'd from the walls of the citadel. And for spiritual masonry the work was too abundant and the workers too few to admit of the spacious old temple style. Run up in haste and roofed over in a hurry, its earlier piety too often dwelt in tents; and before the roaming architect could return, his work would sometimes suffer loss. But when growing experience urged more pains, and increasing labourers made it possible, the busier habits of the time could still be traced in the slighter structure. The great glory of this recent Gospel is the sacred element which it has infused into an age which, but for it, would be wholly secular, and the sustaining element which it has inspired into a community which, but for its blessed hope, would be toil-worn and life-weary. No generation ever drudged so hard as this, and yet none has worked more cheerily. None was ever so tempted to churlish selfishness, and yet none has been more bountiful, and given such strength and wealth away. And none was ever more beset with facilities for vice and folly, and yet none has more abounded in disinterested characters and loving families full of loveliness. Other ages may surpass it in the lone grandeur and awful goodness of some pre-eminent name; but in the diffusion of piety, in the simplicity and gladness of domestic religion, and in the many forms of intelligent and practical Christianity, it surpasses them all. With "GOD IS LOVE" for the sunny legend in its open sky, and with Bible-texts efflorescing in every-day duties round its agile feet, this latter Gospel has left along its path the fairest specimens of talents consecrated and industry

evangelized. Nor till all missionaries like Henry Martyn and John Williams, and all sweet singers like Kirke White and Jane Taylor, and all friends of humanity like Fowell Buxton and Elizabeth Fry, have passed away; nor till the Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies have done their work, will it be known how benign and heart-expanding was that Gospel largess which a hundred years ago began to bless the land. Three evangelic eras have come, and two of them are gone. The first of these made its subjects Bible-readers, brave and free. The second made them Bible-singers, full of its deep harmonies and high devotion, and from earthly toil and tumult hid in the pavilion of its stately song. The third made them Bible-doers, kind, liberal, and active, and social withal—mutually attractive and mutually confiding—loving to work and worship together. The first found the English commoner little better than a serf; but it gave him a patent of nobility, and converted his cottage into a castle. The second period saw that castle exalted into a sanctuary, and heard it re-echo with worship rapt and high. And the third blended all the rest and added one thing more: in the cottage, castle, sanctuary, it planted a pious family living for either world—diligent but tranquil, manly but devout, self-contained but not exclusive, retired but redundant with blithest life; and in this creation it produced the most blessed thing on earth—a happy Christian English Home.

Would our readers care for the short story how this last era began? Have they leisure for a flying sketch of the principal personages to whom, under God, it owes its rise?

Never has century risen on Christian England so void of soul and faith as that which opened with Queen Anne, and which reached its misty noon beneath the second George—a dewless night succeeded by a sunless dawn. There was no freshness in the past, and no promise in the future. The memory of Baxter and Usher possessed no spell, and calls to revival or reform fell dead on the echo. Confessions of sin, and national covenants, and all projects towards a public and visible acknowledgment of the Most High were voted obsolete, and the golden dreams of Westminster worthies only lived in *Hudibras*. The Puritans were buried, and the Methodists were not born. The philosopher of the age was Bolingbroke, the moralist was Addison, the minstrel was Pope, and the preacher was Atterbury. The world had the idle discontented look of the morning after some mad holiday; and like rocket-sticks and the singed paper from last night's squibs, the spent jokes of Charles and Rochester lay all about, and people yawned to look at them. It was a listless, joyless morning, when the slip-shod citizens were cross, and even the merry-andrew joined the incurious public, and, forbearing his ineffectual pranks, sat down to wonder at the vacancy. The reign of buffoonery was past, but the reign of faith and earnestness had not commenced. During the first forty years of that century, the eye that seeks for spiritual life can hardly find it; least of all that hopeful and diffusive life which is the harbinger of more. "It was taken for granted that Christianity was not so much as a subject for inquiry, but was at length discovered to be fictitious. And men treated it as if this were an agreed

point among all people of discernment."[1] Doubtless there were divines, like Beveridge and Watts and Doddridge, men of profound devotion and desirous of doing good; but the little which they accomplished only shows how adverse was the time. And their appearance was no presage. They were not the Ararats of an emerging economy. The zone of piety grew no wider, and they saw no symptoms of a new world appearing. But like the Coral Islands of the Southern Pacific, slowly descending, they were the dwindling peaks of an older dispensation, and felt the water deepening round them. In their devout but sequestered walk, and in their faithful but mournful appeals to their congregations and country, they were the pensive mementoes of a glory departed, not the hopeful precursors of a glory to come. Remembrance and regret are feeble reformers; and the story of godly ancestors has seldom shamed into repentance their lax and irreverent sons. The power which startles or melts a people is zeal fresh warmed in the furnace of Scripture, and baptized with the fire of Heaven—that fervour which, incandescent with hope and confidence, bursts in flame at the sight of a glorious future.

Of this power the splendid example was WHITEFIELD.[2] The son of a Gloucester innkeeper, and sent to Pembroke College, Oxford, his mind became so burdened with the great realities, that he had little heart for study. God and eternity, holiness and sin, were thoughts which haunted every moment, and compelled him to live for the salvation

[1] Bishop Butler. [2] Born 1714. Died 1770.

of his soul; but, except his tutor Wesley and a few gownsmen, he met with none who shared his earnestness. And though earnest, they were all in error. Among the influential minds of the University there was no one to lead them into the knowledge of the Gospel, and they had no religious guides except the genius of the place and books of their own choosing. The genius of the place was an ascetic quietism. Its libraries full of clasped schoolmen and tall fathers, its cloisters so solemn that a hearty laugh or hurried step seemed sinful, and its halls lit with mediæval sunshine, perpetually invited their inmates to meditation and silent recollection; whilst the early tinkle of the chapel-bell and the frosty routine of winter matins, the rubric and the founder's rules, proclaimed the religious benefits of bodily exercise. The Romish postern had not then been re-opened; but with no devotional models save the marble Bernards and de Wykhams, and no spiritual illumination except what came in by the North windows of the past, it is not surprising that ardent but reverential spirits should in such a place have unwittingly groped into a Romish pietism. With an awakened conscience and a resolute will, young Whitefield went through the sanatory specifics of A Kempis, Castanza, and William Law; and in his anxiety to exceed all that is required by the Rubric, he would fast during Lent on black bread and sugarless tea, and stand in the cold till his nose was red and his fingers blue, whilst in the hope of temptation and wild beasts he would wander through Christ-Church meadows over-dark. It was whilst pursuing this course of self-righteous fanaticism that he was seized with alarm-

ing illness. It sent him to his Bible, and whilst praying and yearning over his Greek Testament, the "open secret" flashed upon his view. The discovery of a completed and gratuitous salvation filled with ecstasy a spirit prepared to appreciate it, and from their great deep breaking, his affections thenceforward flowed, impetuous and uninterrupted, in the one channel of love to the Saviour. The Bishop of Gloucester ordained him, and on the day of his ordination he wrote to a friend, "Whether I myself shall ever have the honour of styling myself 'a prisoner of the Lord' I know not; but indeed, my dear friend, I can call heaven and earth to witness that when the Bishop laid his hand upon me, I gave myself up to be a martyr for Him who hung upon the cross for me. Known unto Him are all future events and contingencies. I have thrown myself blindfold, and, I trust, without reserve, into his almighty hands; only I would have you observe, that till you hear of my dying for or in my work, you will not be apprised of all the preferment that is expected by George Whitefield." In this rapture of self-devotion he traversed England, Scotland, and Ireland, for four-and-thirty years, and crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, proclaiming the love of God and his great gift to man. A bright and exulting view of the atonement's sufficiency was his theology; delight in God and rejoicing in Christ Jesus were his piety; and a compassionate solicitude for the souls of men, often rising to a fearful agony, was his ruling passion; and strong in the oneness of his aim and the intensity of his feelings, he soon burst the regular bounds, and began to preach on commons and village

greens, and even to the rabble at London fairs. He was the Prince of English preachers. Many have surpassed him as sermon-makers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. Many have outshone him in the clearness of their logic, the grandeur of their conceptions, and the sparkling beauty of single sentences; but in the power of darting the Gospel direct into the conscience he eclipsed them all. With a full and beaming countenance, and the frank and easy port which the English people love—for it is the symbol of honest purpose and friendly assurance—he combined a voice of rich compass, which could equally thrill over Moorfields in musical thunder, or whisper its terrible secret in every private ear: and to this gainly aspect and tuneful voice he added a most expressive and eloquent action. Improved by conscientious practice, and instinct with his earnest nature, this elocution was the acted sermon, and by its pantomimic portrait enabled the eye to anticipate each rapid utterance, and helped the memory to treasure up the palpable ideas. None ever used so boldly, nor with more success, the highest styles of impersonation. His "Hark! hark!" could conjure up Gethsemane with its faltering moon, and awake again the cry of horror-stricken Innocence; and an apostrophe to Peter on the holy Mount would light up another Tabor, and drown it in glory from the opening heaven. His thoughts were possessions, and his feelings were transformations; and if he spake because he felt, his hearers understood because they saw. They were not only enthusiastic amateurs, like Garrick, who ran to weep and tremble at his bursts of passion, but even the colder

critics of the Walpole school were surprised into momentary sympathy and reluctant wonder. Lord Chesterfield was listening in Lady Huntingdon's pew when Whitefield was comparing the benighted sinner to a blind beggar on a dangerous road. His little dog gets away from him when skirting the edge of a precipice, and he is left to explore the path with his iron-shod staff. On the very verge of the cliff this blind guide slips through his fingers, and skims away down the abyss. All unconscious, its owner stoops down to regain it, and stumbling forward—"Good God! he is gone!" shouted Chesterfield, who had been watching with breathless alarm the blind man's movements, and who jumped from his seat to save the catastrophe. But the glory of Whitefield's preaching was its heart-kindled and heart-melting gospel. But for this all his bold strokes and brilliant surprises might have been no better than the rhetorical triumphs of Kirwan and other pulpit dramatists. He was an orator, but he only sought to be an evangelist. Like a volcano where gold and gems may be darted forth as well as common things, but where gold and molten granite flow all alike in fiery fusion, bright thoughts and splendid images might be projected from his flaming pulpit, but all were merged in the stream which bore along the Gospel and himself in blended fervour. Indeed, so simple was his nature, that glory to God and goodwill to man having filled it, there was room for little more. Having no church to found, no family to enrich, and no memory to immortalize, he was the mere ambassador of God; and inspired with its genial piteous spirit—so full of heaven reconciled, and humanity

restored—he soon himself became a living gospel. Radiant with its benignity, and trembling with its tenderness, by a sort of spiritual induction a vast audience would speedily be brought into a frame of mind—the transfusion of his own; and the white furrows on their sooty faces told that Kingswood colliers were weeping, or the quivering of an ostrich plume bespoke its elegant wearer's deep emotion. And coming to his work direct from communion with his Master, and in all the strength of accepted prayer, there was an elevation in his mien which often paralysed hostility, and a self-possession which only made him, amid uproar and fury, the more sublime. With an electric bolt he would bring the jester in his fool's-cap from his perch on the tree, or galvanize the brick-bat from the skulking miscreant's grasp, or sweep down in crouching submission and shame-faced silence the whole of Bartholomew Fair; whilst a revealing flash of sententious doctrine or vivified Scripture would disclose to awe-struck hundreds the forgotten verities of another world, or the unsuspected arcana of their inner man. "I came to break your head, but, through you, God has broken my heart," was a sort of confession with which he was familiar; and to see the deaf old gentlewoman, who used to mutter imprecations at him as he passed along the street, clambering up the pulpit-stairs to catch his angelic words, was a sort of spectacle which the triumphant Gospel often witnessed in his day. And when it is known that his voice could be heard by 20,000, and that ranging all the empire, as well as America, he would often preach thrice on a working-day, and that he has received in one week as

many as a thousand letters, from persons awakened by his sermons; if no estimate can be formed of the results of his ministry, some idea may be suggested of its vast extent and singular effectiveness.

The following codicil was added to Whitefield's will: "*N.B.*—I also leave a mourning ring to my honoured and dear friends, the Rev. John and Charles Wesley, in token of my indissoluble union with them, in heart and Christian affection, notwithstanding our difference in judgment about some particular points of doctrine."

The "points of doctrine" were chiefly the extent of the atonement and the perseverance of the saints; the "indissoluble union" was occasioned by their all-absorbing love to the same Saviour, and untiring efforts to make His riches known. They quarrelled a little, but they loved a great deal more. Few characters could be more completely the converse, and in the Church's exigencies, more happily the supplement of one another, than were those of George Whitefield and JOHN WESLEY;[1] and had their views been identical, and their labours all along coincident, their large services to the Gospel might have repeated Paul and Barnabas. Whitefield was soul, and Wesley was system. Whitefield was a summer-cloud which burst at morning or noon in fragrant exhilaration over an ample tract, and took the rest of the day to gather again; Wesley was the polished conduit in the midst of the garden, through which the living water glided in pearly brightness and perennial music, the same vivid stream from day to day. After a preaching paroxysm, Whitefield lay panting on

[1] Born 1703. Died 1791.

his couch, spent, breathless and death-like; after his morning sermon in the Foundry, Wesley would mount his pony, and trot and chat and gather simples, till he reached some country hamlet, where he would bait his charger, and talk through a little sermon with the villagers, and remount his pony and trot away again. In his aërial poise, Whitefield's eagle eye drank lustre from the source of light, and loved to look down on men in assembled myriads; Wesley's falcon glance did not sweep so far, but it searched more keenly and marked more minutely where it pierced. A master of assemblies, Whitefield was no match for the isolated man;—seldom coping with the multitude, but strong in astute sagacity and personal ascendancy, Wesley could conquer any number one by one. All force and impetus, Whitefield was the powder-blast in the quarry, and by one explosive sermon would shake a district, and detach materials for other men's long work; deft, neat, and painstaking, Wesley loved to split and trim each fragment into uniform plinths and polished stones. Or, taken otherwise, Whitefield was the bargeman or the waggoner who brought the timber of the house, and Wesley was the architect who set it up. Whitefield had no patience for ecclesiastical polity, no aptitude for pastoral details; with a beaver-like propensity for building, Wesley was always constructing societies, and, with a king-like craft of ruling, was most at home when presiding over a class or a conference. It was their infelicity that they did not always work together; it was the happiness of the age and the furtherance of the Gospel that they lived alongside of one another. Ten years older than his pupil,

Wesley was a year or two later of attaining the joy and freedom of Gospel-forgiveness. It was whilst listening to Luther's Preface to the Romans, where he describes the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, that he felt his own heart strangely warmed; and finding that he trusted in Christ alone for salvation, "an assurance was given him that Christ had taken away his sins, and saved him from the law of sin and death." And though in his subsequent piety a subtle analyst may detect a trace of that mysticism which was his first religion, even as to his second religion, Moravianism, he was indebted for some details of his eventual church-order,—no candid reader will deny that "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit" had now become the Religion of the Methodist; and for the half century of his ubiquitous career, his piety retained this truly evangelic type. A cool observer, who met him towards the close, records, "so fine an old man I never saw. The happiness of his mind beamed forth in his countenance. Every look showed how fully he enjoyed 'the gay remembrance of a life well spent;' and wherever he went, he diffused a portion of his own felicity. Easy and affable in his demeanour, he accommodated himself to every sort of company, and showed how happily the most finished courtesy may be blended with the most perfect piety. In his conversation, we might be at a loss whether to admire most his fine classical taste, his extensive knowledge of men and things, or his overflowing goodness of heart. While the grave and serious were charmed with his wisdom, his sportive sallies of innocent mirth delighted even the young

and thoughtless; and both saw, in his uninterrupted cheerfulness, the excellency of true Religion."[1] To a degree scarcely paralleled, his piety had supplanted those strong instincts—the love of worldly distinction, the love of money, and the love of ease. The answer which he gave to his brother, when refusing to vindicate himself from a newspaper calumny, "Brother, when I devoted to God my ease, my time, my life, did I except my reputation?" was no casual sally, but the system of his conduct. From the moment that the Fellow of Lincoln went out into the highways and hedges, and commenced itinerant preacher, he bade farewell to earthly fame. And perhaps no Englishman, since the days of Bernard Gilpin, has given so much away. When his income was thirty pounds a year, he lived on twenty-eight, and saved two for charity. Next year he had sixty pounds, and still living on twenty-eight, he had thirty-two to spend. A fourth year raised his income to a hundred and twenty pounds, and steadfast to his plan the poor got ninety-two. In the year 1775, the Accountant-General sent him a copy of the Excise Order for a return of Plate:—"Rev. Sir,—As the Commissioners cannot doubt but you have plate, for which you have hitherto neglected to make an entry," etc.; to which he wrote this memorable answer:—"Sir,—I have two silver tea-spoons at London, and two at Bristol. This is all the plate which I have at present; and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, John Wesley." And though it is calculated that he must have given more than twenty

[1] Alexander Knox.

thousand pounds away, all his property, when he died, consisted of his clothes, his books, and a carriage. Perhaps, like a ball burnished by motion, his perpetual activity helped to keep him thus brightly clear from worldly pelf; and when we remember its great pervading motive, there is something sublime in this good man's industry. Rising every morning at four, travelling every year upwards of 4000 miles, and preaching nearly a thousand sermons, exhorting societies, editing books, writing all sorts of letters, and giving audience to all sorts of people, the ostensible president of Methodism and pastor of all the Methodists, and amidst his ceaseless toils betraying no more bustle than a planet in its course, he was a noble specimen of that fervent diligence which, launched on its orbit by a holy and joyful impulse, has ever afterwards the peace of God to light it on its way. Nor should we forget his praiseworthy efforts to diffuse a Christianized philosophy, and propagate useful knowledge among religious people. In the progress of research most of his compilations may have lost their value; but the motive was enlightened, and the effort to exemplify his own idea was characteristic of the well-informed and energetic man. In Christian authorship he is not entitled to rank high. Clear as occasional expositions are, there is seldom comprehension in his views, or grandeur in his thoughts, or inspiration in his practical appeals; and though his direct and simple style is sometimes terse, it is often meagre, and very seldom racy. His voluminous Journals are little better than a turnpike-log—miles, towns, and sermon-texts—whilst their authoritative tone and self-centering

details give the record an air of arrogance and egotism which, we doubt not, would disappear could we view the venerable writer face to face. Assuredly his power was in his presence. Such fascination resided in his saintly mien, there was such intuition in the twinkle of his mild but brilliant eye, and such a dissolving influence in his lively, benevolent, and instructive talk, that enemies often left him admirers and devotees. And should any regard the Wesleyan system as the mere embodiment of Mr. Wesley's mind, it is a singular triumph of worth and firmness. Never has a theological idiosyncrasy perpetuated itself in a Church so large and stable. But though every pin and cord of the Methodist tabernacle bears trace of the fingers, concinnate and active, which reared it, the founder's most remarkable memorial is his living monument. Wesley has not passed away; for, if embalmed in the Connexion, he is re-embodied in the members. Never did a leader so stamp his impress on his followers. The Covenanters were not such facsimiles of Knox; nor were the imperial guards such enthusiastic copies of their little corporal, as are the modern Methodists the perfect transmigration of their venerated Father. Exact, orderly, and active; dissident but not dissenters; connectional but catholic; carrying warmth within, and yet loving southerly exposures; obliging without effort, and liberal on system; serene, contented, and hopeful—if we except the master-spirits, whose type is usually their own—the most of pious Methodists are cast from Wesley's neat and cheerful mould. That goodness must have been attractive as well as very imitable, which has survived in a million of living effigies.

Whilst a college tutor, Mr. Wesley numbered among his pupils, along with George Whitefield, JAMES HERVEY.[1] To his kind and intelligent teacher he owed superior scholarship, and along with a knowledge of Hebrew, a taste for natural science; but at Oxford he did not learn theology. Pure in his conduct and correct in his clerical deportment, his piety was cold and stiff. It had been acquired among the painted apostles and sculptured martyrs, the vitrified gospels and freestone litanies of Alma Mater, and lacked a quickening spirit. Talking to a ploughman who attended Dr. Doddridge, he asked, "What do you think is the hardest thing in religion?" "Sir," said the ploughman, "I am a poor man, and you are a minister; will you allow me to return the question?" "Well," said Mr. Hervey, "I think the hardest thing is to deny sinful self;" and enlarged at some length on the difficulties of self-mortification. At last the ploughman interposed—"But, Mr. Hervey, you have forgotten the most difficult part of self-denial, the denial of righteous self." Though conscious of some defect in his own religion, the young clergyman looked with disdain at the old fool, and wondered what he meant. Soon afterwards, however, a little book, on "Submission to the righteousness of God," put meaning into the ploughman's words; and Mr. Hervey wondered how he could have read the Bible so often and overlooked its revelation of righteousness. When he saw it he rejoiced with exceeding joy. It solved every problem and filled every void. It lit up the Bible, and it kindled Christianity. It gave emancipa-

[1] Born 1714. Died 1758.

tion to his spirit and motion to his ministry; and whilst it filled his own soul with happiness it made him eager to transmit the benefit. But his frame was feeble. It was all that he could do to get through one sermon every Sabbath in his little church of Weston-Flavel; and the more his spirit glowed within, the more shadowy grew his tall and wasted form. He could not, like his old tutor and his college friend, itinerate; and so he was constrained to write. In Indian phrase, he pressed his soul on paper. With a pen dipped in the rainbow, and with aspirations after a celestial vocabulary, he proceeded to descant on the glories of his Redeemer's person, and the riches of his great salvation. He published his *Meditations*, and then the *Dialogues between Theron and Aspasio;* and then he grew too weak even for this fire-side work. Still the spirit burned, and the body sank. "You have only a few minutes to live," said the doctor; "spare yourself." "No, doctor, no; you tell me that I have but a few minutes—O let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer!" And then he began to expatiate on the "all bliss" which God has given to those to whom He has given Christ, till, with the words "precious salvation," utterance ceased. He leaned his head against the side of the easy-chair, and shut his eyes, and died, on the Christmas afternoon. Taught by the poor, and then their teacher, he wished his body to be covered with the paupers' pall; and it lies beneath the communion-table of his beloved sanctuary, till he and his parishioners rise to meet again.

Last century was the first in which pious people cared for style. The Puritans had apple-trees in their orchard,

and savoury herbs in their kitchen-garden, but kept no green-house, nor parterre; and, amongst evangelical authors, Hervey was about the first who made his style a study, and who sought, by planting flowers at the gate, to allure passengers into the garden. It is not, therefore, surprising that his ornaments should be more distinguished for profusion and brilliant hues than for simplicity and grace. Most people admire tulips and peonies, and martagon-lilies, before they get on to love store-cups, and mosses, and ferns. We used to admire them ourselves, and felt that summer was not fully blown till we saw it sure and certain in these ample and exuberant flowers. Yes, and even now we feel that it would make a warmer June could we love peonies and martagons once more. Hervey was a man of taste equal to his age, and of a warmth and venturesomeness beyond it. He introduced the poetical and picturesque into religious literature, and became the Shenstone of theology. And although he did what none had dared before him, the world was ready, and his success was rapid. The *Meditations* evangelized the natural sciences, and the *Dialogues* embowered the old divinity. The former was philosophy in its right mind and at the Saviour's feet; the other was the Lutheran dogma relieved from the academic gown, and keeping healthful holiday in shady woods and by the mountain stream. The tendency of his writings was to open the believer's eye in kindness and wonder on the works of God, and their effort was to attract to the Incarnate Mystery the heart surprised or softened by these works. We cannot, at the distance of a century, recall the fas-

cination which surrounded them when newly published—when no similar attempts had forestalled their freshness, and no imitations had blown their vigour into bombast But we can trace their mellow influence still. We see that they have helped to make men of faith men of feeling, and men of piety men of taste. Over the bald and rugged places of systematic orthodoxy, they have trained the sweetest beauties of creation and softest graces of piety, and over its entire landscape have shed an illumination as genial as it is growthful and clear. If they be not purely classical, they are perfectly evangelical and singularly adapted to the whole of man. Their cadence is in our popular preaching still, and may their spirit never quit our Christianity! It is the spirit of securest faith, and sunniest hope, and most seraphic love. And though it may be dangerous for young divines, like Samuel Parr, to copy their descriptive melody, it were a blessed ambition to emulate their author's large and lightsome piety—his heart "open to the whole noon of nature," and through all its brightness drinking the smile of a present God.

In the middle of last century evangelical religion derived its great impulse from the three now named. But though there were none to rival Whitefield's flaming eloquence, or Wesley's versatile ubiquity, or the popularity of Hervey's gorgeous pen, there were many among their contemporaries who, as one by one they learned the truth, in their own department or district did their utmost to diffuse it. In Cornwall, there was Walker of Truro; in Devon, Augustus Toplady; in Shropshire, was Fletcher of Madeley; in Bedfordshire, there was Berridge of Everton;

in Lincolnshire, Adam of Wintringham; in Yorkshire, were Grimshaw of Haworth, and Venn of Huddersfield; and in London was William Romaine—besides a goodly number who, with less renown, were earnest and wise enough to win many souls.

In the summer of 1746, SAMUEL WALKER[1] came to be curate of the gay little capital of Western Cornwall. He was clever and accomplished—had learned from books the leading doctrines of Christianity, and whilst mainly anxious to be a popular preacher, and a favourite with his fashionable hearers, had a distinct desire to do them good—but did them none. The master of the grammar-school was a man of splendid scholarship, and the most famous teacher in that county, but much hated for his piety. One day Mr. Walker received from Mr. Conon a note, with a sum of money, requesting him to pay it to the Custom-house. For his health he had been advised to drink some French wine, but on that smuggling coast could procure none on which duty had been paid. Wondering whether this tenderness of conscience pervaded all his character, Mr. Walker sought Mr. Conon's acquaintance, and was soon as completely enchained by the sweetness of his disposition, and the fascination of his intercourse, as he was awed and astonished by the purity and elevation of his conduct. It was from the good treasure of this good man's heart that Mr. Walker received the Gospel. Having learned it, he proclaimed it. Truro was in uproar. To hear of their general depravity, and to have urged on them

[1] Born 1714. Died 1761.

repentance, and the need of a new nature by one who had so lately mingled in all their gaieties, and been the soul of genteel amusement, was first startling, and then offensive. The squire was indignant; fine ladies sulked and tossed their heads; rude men interrupted him in the midst of his sermon; and the rector, repeatedly called to dismiss him, was only baffled by Mr. Walker's urbanity. But soon faithful preaching began to tell; and in Mr. Walker's case its intrinsic power was aided by his insight into character, and his ascendancy over men. In a few years upwards of 800 parishioners had called on him to ask what they must do for their soul's salvation; and his time was mainly occupied in instructing large classes of his hearers who wished to live godly, righteous, and sober in this evil world. The first-fruits of his ministry was a dissolute youth who had been a soldier, and amongst this description of people he had his greatest success. One November, a body of troops arrived in his parish for winter quarters. He immediately commenced an afternoon sermon for their special benefit. He found them grossly ignorant. Of the seven best instructed, six were Scotchmen, and the seventh an English dissenter. And they were reluctant to come to hear him. At first, when marched to church, on arriving at the door they turned and walked away. But when at last they came under the sound of his tender but energetic voice, the effect was instantaneous. With few exceptions, tears burst from every eye, and confessions of sin from almost every mouth. In less than nine weeks no fewer than 250 had sought his private instructions; and though at

first the officers were alarmed at such an outbreak of Methodism among their men, so evident was the improvement which took place—so rare had punishments become, and so promptly were commands obeyed—that the officers waited on Mr. Walker in a body, to thank him for the reformation he had effected in their ranks. On the morning of their march many of these brave fellows were heard praising God for having brought them under the sound of the Gospel, and, as they caught the last glimpses of the town, exclaimed, "God bless Truro!" Indeed, Mr. Walker had much of the military in his own composition. The disencumbered alertness of his life, the courage, frankness, and through-going of his character, the firmness with which he held his post, the practical valour with which he followed up his preaching, and the regimental order into which he had organized his people, bewrayed the captain in canonicals; as the hardness of his services, and his exulting loyalty to his Master, proclaimed the good soldier of Jesus Christ.

In the adjacent county of Devon, and in one of its sequestered parishes, with a few cottages sprinkled over it, mused and sang AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.[1] When a lad of sixteen, and on a visit to Ireland, he had strolled into a barn where an illiterate layman was preaching, but preaching reconciliation to God through the death of his Son. The homely sermon took effect, and from that moment the Gospel wielded all the powers of his brilliant and active mind. He was very learned. Universal his-

[1] Born 1740. Died 1778.

tory spread before his eye a familiar and delightful field; and at thirty-eight he died, more widely read in Fathers and Reformers than most academic dignitaries can boast when their heads are hoary. He was learned because he was active. Like a race-horse, all nerve and fire, his life was on tip-toe, and his delight was to get over the ground. He read fast, slept little, and often wrote like a whirlwind; and though the body was weak it did not obstruct him, for in his ecstatic exertions he seemed to leave it behind. His chief publications were controversy. Independently of his theological convictions, his philosophizing genius, his up-going fancy, and his devout dependent piety, were a multiform Calvinism; and by a necessity of nature, if religious at all, the religion of Toplady must have been one where the eye of God filled all, and the will of God wrought all. The doctrines which were to himself so plain, he was perhaps on this account less fitted to discuss with men of another make; and betwixt the strength of his own belief, and the spurning haste of his over-ardent spirit, he gave his works a frequent air of scorning arrogance and keen contemptuousness. Perhaps, even with theologians of his own persuasion, his credit has been injured by the warmth of his invective; but on the same side it will not be easy to find treatises more acute or erudite—and both friends and foes must remember that to the writer his opinions were self-evident, and that in his devoutest moments he believed God's glory was involved in them. It was the polemic press which extorted this human bitterness from his spirit; in the pulpit's milder urgency nothing flowed

but balm. His voice was music, and spirituality and elevation seemed to emanate from his ethereal countenance and light unmortal form. His vivacity would have caught the listener's eye, and his soul-filled looks and movements would have interpreted his language, had there not been such commanding solemnity in his tones as made apathy impossible, and such simplicity in his words that to hear was to understand. From easy explanations he advanced to rapid and conclusive arguments, and warmed into importunate exhortations, till consciences began to burn and feelings to take fire from his own kindled spirit, and himself and his hearers were together drowned in sympathetic tears. And for all the saving power of his preaching dependent on the Holy Spirit's inward energy, it was remarkable how much was accomplished both at Broad Hembury and afterwards in Orange Street, London. He was not only a polemic and a preacher, but a poet. He has left a few hymns which the Church militant will not readily forget. "When languor and disease invade," "A debtor to mercy alone," "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "Deathless principle, arise :" these four combine tenderness and grandeur with theological fulness equal to any kindred compositions in modern language. It would seem as if the finished work were embalmed, and the lively hope exulting in every stanza; whilst each Person of the glorious Godhead radiates majesty, grace, and holiness through each successive line. Nor is it any fault that their inspiration is all from above. Pegasus could not have borne aloft such thoughts and feelings; they are a freight for Gabriel's

wing; and if not filigreed with human fancies, they are resplendent with the truths of God, and brim over with the joy and pathos of the heaven-born soul. However, to amass knowledge so fast and give out so rapidly not only thought and learning, but warm emotion, was wasteful work. It was like bleeding the palm-tree; there flowed a generous sap which cheered the heart of all who tasted, but it killed the palm. Consumption struck him, and he died. But during that last illness he seemed to lie in glory's vestibule. To a friend's inquiry, with sparkling eye he answered, "Oh, my dear sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that He leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul." And within an hour of dying, he called his friends, and asked if they could give him up; and when they said they could, tears of joy ran down his cheeks as he added, "Oh, what a blessing that you are made willing to give me over into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and part with me; for no mortal can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul."

At Everton in Bedfordshire, not far from the spot where John Bunyan had been a preacher and a prisoner, lived and laboured a man not unlike him, the most amusing and most affecting original of all this school—JOHN BERRIDGE.[1] For long a distinguished member of Clare Hall, Cambridge, and for many years studying fifteen hours a

[1] Born 1716. Died 1793.

day, he had enriched his masculine understanding with all sorts of learning, and when at last he became a parish minister he applied to his labours all the resources of a mind eminently practical, and all the vigour of a very honest one. But his success was small—so small that he began to suspect his mode was wrong. After prayer for light it was one day borne in upon his mind, "Cease from thine own works; only believe;" and consulting his Concordance he was surprised to see how many columns were required for the words *Faith* and *believe*. Through this quaint inlet he found his way into the knowledge of the Gospel and the consequent love of the Saviour; and though hampered with academic standing and past the prime of life, he did not hesitate a moment to reverse his former preaching, and the efficacy of the Cross was soon seen in his altered parish. His mind was singular. So predominant was its Saxon alkali, that poetry, sentiment, and classical allusion, whatever else came into it, was sure to be neutralized into common sense—pathetic, humorous, or practical as the case might be; and so strong was his fancy that every idea in re-appearing sparkled into a metaphor or emblem. He thought in proverbs, and he spake in parables; that granulated salt which is so popular with the English peasantry. And though his wit ran riot in his letters and his talk, when solemnized by the sight of the great congregation and the recollection of their exigencies, it disappeared. It might still be the diamond point on the sharp arrows; but it was then too swift and subtile to be seen. The pith of piety—what keeps it living and makes it strong—is love to the Saviour.

In this he always abounded. "My poor feeble heart droops when I think, write, or talk of anything but Jesus. Oh that I could get near Him, and live believingly on Him! I would walk, and talk, and sit, and eat, and rest with Him. I would have my heart always doating on Him, and find itself ever present with Him." And it was this absorbing affection which in preaching enhanced all his powers, and subdued all his hazardous propensities. When ten or fifteen thousand people were gathered on a sloping field, he would mount the pulpit after Venn or Grimshaw had vacated it. A twinkle of friendly recognition darted from some eyes, and a smile of comic welcome was exchanged by others. Perhaps a merry thought was suspected in the corner of his lips, or seen salient on the very point of his peaked and curious nose. And he gave it wing. The light-hearted laughed, and those who knew no better hoped for fun. A devout stranger might have trembled and feared that it was going off in a pious farce. But no fear of Father Berridge. He knows where he is, and how he means to end. That pleasantry was intended for a nail, and see, it has fastened every ear to the pulpit-door. And now he proceeds in homely colloquy, till the bluntest boor is delighted at his own capacity, and is prepared to agree with what he says who makes so little parade and mystery. But was not that rather a home-thrust? "Yes, but it is fact; and sure enough the man is frank and honest;" and so the blow is borne with the best smile that can be twisted out of agony. "Nay, nay, he is getting personal, and without some purpose the bolts would not fly so true." And just

when the hearer's suspicion is rising, and he begins to think of retreating, barbed and burning the arrow is through him. His soul is transfixed and his conscience is all on fire. And from the quiver gleaming to the cord these shafts of living Scripture fly so fast that in a few minutes it is all a field of slain. Such was the powerful, impact, and piercing sharpness of this great preacher's sentences—so suited to England's rustic auditories, and so divinely directed in their flight, that eloquence has seldom won such triumphs as the Gospel won with the bow of old eccentric Berridge. Strong men in the surprise of sudden self-discovery, or in the joy of marvellous deliverance, would sink to the earth powerless or convulsed; and in one year of "campaigning" it is calculated that four thousand have been awakened to the worth of their souls and a sense of sin. He published a book, *The Christian World Unmasked,* in which something of his close dealing and a good deal of his drollery survive. The idea of it is, a spiritual physician prescribing for a sinner ignorant of his own malady. "Gentle reader, lend me a chair, and I will sit down and talk a little with you. Give me leave to feel your pulse. Sick, indeed, sir, very sick of a mortal disease, which infects your whole mass of blood." After a good deal of altercation the patient consents to go into the matter, and submits to a survey of his life and character.

"Let me step into your closet, sir, and peep upon its furniture. My hands are pretty honest, you may trust me; and nothing will be found, I fear, to tempt a man to be a thief. Well, to be sure, what a filthy place is here! Never swept

for certain, since you were christened! And what a fat idol stands skulking in the corner! A darling sin, I warrant it! How it simpers, and seems as pleasant as a right eye! Can you find a *will* to part with it, or *strength* to pluck it out? And supposing you a match for this self-denial, can you so command your heart, as to hate the sin you do forsake? This is certainly required: truth is called for in the inward parts: God will have sin not only cast aside, but cast aside with abhorrence. So he speaks: ye that love the Lord, see that you hate evil."

Many readers might think our physician not only racy but rude. They must remember that his practice lay among farmers and graziers and ploughmen; and if they dislike his bluntness they must remember his success.

Of the venerable THOMAS ADAM[1] little is recorded, except that he commenced his religious life a disciple of William Law, and was translated into the marvellous light of the Gospel by reading the first six chapters of the Epistle to the Romans in Greek. He was exceedingly revered by his like-minded contemporaries; and some idea of his preaching may be formed from his printed discourses. They are essentially sermons on the heart, and are remarkable for their aphoristic force and faithful pungency. But his most interesting memorial is a posthumous volume of *Private Thoughts on Religion.* These "Thoughts" are detached but classified sentences on "God" and "Christ," on "Human Depravity," "Faith," "Good Works," "The Christian Life," and kindred subjects, and though neither so brilliant nor so broad as the *Thoughts* of Pascal, they are more experimental and no less made for

[1] Born 1701. Died 1784.

memory. "The Spirit's coming into the heart is the touch of Ithuriel's spear, and it starts up a devil." "Christ is God, stooping to the senses, and speaking to the heart of man." "Christ comes with a blessing in each hand; forgiveness in one, and holiness in the other, and never gives either to any who will not take both." "Mankind are perpetually at variance by being all of one sect, viz., selfists." "A poor country parson fighting against the devil in his parish, has nobler ideas than Alexander had." "Not to sin may be a bitter cross. To sin is hell." "'Wilt thou be made whole?' is a trying question when it comes to be well considered." Those who love laconic wisdom will find abundant specimens in this pithy manual. But it is not all pemmican. Besides the essence of food it contains extracts from bitter herbs; and some who might relish its portable dainties will not like its wholesome austerity.

In some respects the most apostolic of this band was William Grimshaw.[1] Like many in his day, he struggled through years of doubt and perplexity into that region of light and assurance where he spent the sequel of his fervent ministry. His parish, and the radiating centre of his ceaseless itinerancies, was Haworth, near Bradford, in Yorkshire—a bleak region, with a people as wild and almost as ignorant as the gorse on their hungry hills. From the time that the love of Christ took possession of his soul, Mr. Grimshaw gave to His service all the energies of his ardent mind and powerful frame. His health was

[1] Born 1708. Died 1763.

firm, his spirit resolute, his understanding vigorous and practical, and having but one object, he continually pursued it, alike a stranger to fatigue and fear. With a slice of bread and an onion for his day's provision, he would trudge over the moors from dawn to summer-dusk in search of sheep in the wilderness, and after a night's rest in a hay-loft would resume the work. In one of his weekly circuits he would think it no hardship to preach from twenty to thirty times. When he overtook a stranger on the solitary road, if riding, he would dismount and talk to him, and rivet his kind and pathetic exhortation with a word of prayer; and into whatsoever company thrown, with all the simplicity of a single eye and the mild intrepidity of a good intention, he addressed himself to his Master's business. It was he who silenced the infidel nobleman with the frank rejoinder, "The fault is not so much in your Lordship's head as in your heart;" and many of his emphatic words haunted people's ears till they sought relief by coming to himself and confessing all their case. When his career began, so sottish were his people, that it was hardly possible to draw them out to worship, but Mr. Grimshaw's boldness and decision dragged them in. Whilst the psalm before sermon was singing, he would sally forth into the street and the ale-houses to look out for loiterers, and would chase them into the church; and one Sabbath morning a stranger riding through Haworth, and seeing some men bolting out at the back windows and scrambling over the garden-wall of a tavern, imagined that the house was on fire, till the cry, "The parson is coming!" explained the panic. By

dint of pains and courage, he conquered this heathenish parish; and such was the power which attended his preaching, that, in later life, instead of hunting through the streets for his hearers, when he opened his church for a short service at five in the summer mornings, it would be filled with shopmen and working people ready to commence their daily toil. And so strong was the attraction to his earnest sermons, that besides constant hearers who came from ten or twelve miles all around, the parsonage was often filled with Christian worthies who came on Saturday nights from distant towns. And when they crowded him out of his house into his barn, and out of the church into the churchyard, he was all in his glory, and got up on Monday morning early to brush the shoes of the far-come travellers. He was a gallant evangelist of the Baptist's school. Like the son of the desert, he was a man of a hardy build, and like him of a humble spirit, and like John, his joy was fulfilled when his Master increased. At last, in the midst of his brave and abundant exploits, a putrid fever, which, like Howard, he caught when engaged in a labour of love, came to summon him home. And when he was dead his parishioners came, and —fit funeral for a Christian hero—bore him away to the tomb amidst the voice of psalms.

But perhaps among all these holy men the completest and most gracious character was HENRY VENN[1] of Huddersfield. Certainly we have learned to contemplate him with that patriarchal halo which surrounded and

[1] Born 1725. Died 1797.

sanctified his peaceful old age—and we have listened to him only in his affectionate and fatherly correspondence; but, so far as we can gather, his piety was of that winsome type, which, if it be not easy to record, it were blessed to resemble. Simeon loved him dearly, and tried to write his life; but in the attempt to put it upon paper it all seemed to vanish. This fact is a good biography. No man can paint the summer. Venn's was a genial piety, full of fragrant warmth and ripening wisdom, but it was free from singularity. And his preaching was just this piety in the pulpit—thoughtful, benignant, and simple, the love of God that was shed abroad in his heart often appearing to shine from his person. But there were no dazzling passages, no startling nor amusing sallies. A rugged mountain, a copsy glen, a riven cedar, will make a landscape, but it is not easy to make a picture of a field of wheat. Mr. Venn had a rich and spontaneous mind, and from its affluent soil the crop came easily away, and ripened uniformly, and, except that it yielded the bread of thousands, there is little more to tell. The popularity and power of his ministry are still among the traditions of the West Riding—how the Socinian Club sent its cleverest member to caricature the preacher, but amidst the reverential throng, and under the solemn sermon, awed into the feeling, "surely God is in this place," he remained to confess his error and to recant his creed—how the "droves" of people came from the adjacent villages, and how neighbours would go home for miles together, so subdued that they could not speak a word. He published one book, *The*

Complete Duty of Man. It is excellent; but like Wilberforce's "View," and other treatises of that period, it has fulfilled its function—the world needs something fresh, something older or something newer, something which our immediate predecessors have not common-placed. Still, it is an excellent treatise, a clear and engaging summary of practical divinity, and it did much good when new. Some instances came to Venn's own knowledge. Soon after its publication he was sitting at the window of an inn in the west of England. A man was driving some refractory pigs, and one of the waiters helped him, whilst the rest looked on and shouted with laughter. Mr. Venn, pleased with this benevolent trait, promised to send him a book, and sent him his own. Many years after, a gentleman staying at an inn in the same part of England, on Saturday night asked one of the servants if they ever went to a place of worship on Sunday. He was surprised to find that they were all required to go at least once a day, and that the master of the house not only never failed to attend, but maintained constant family prayer. It turned out that he was the waiter who had helped the pig-driver—that he had married his former master's daughter, and that he, his wife, and some of their children, owed all their happiness to *The Complete Duty of Man.* The gentleman told the landlord that he knew Mr. Venn, and soon intended to visit him, and in the joy of his heart the host charged him with a letter detailing all his happy history. And once at Helvoetsluys, when waiting for a fair wind to carry him to England, he accosted on the shore a gentleman

whom he took for an Englishman; he was a Swede, but having lived long in England, knew the language well. He turned out to be a pious man, and asked Mr. Venn to sup with him. After much interesting conversation he opened his portmanteau, and brought out the book to which he said that he owed all his religious impressions. Mr. Venn recognised his own book, and it needed all his humility not to bewray the author.

William Romaine[1] began his course as Gresham Professor of Astronomy, and editor of the four folios of Calasio's Hebrew Concordance. But after he caught the evangelic fire he burned and shone for nearly fifty years —so far as the Establishment is concerned—the light of London. It needed all his strength of character to hold his ground and conquer opposition. He was appointed Assistant Morning Lecturer at St. George's, Hanover Square; but his fervent preaching brought a mob of people to that fashionable place of worship, and on the charge of having vulgarized the congregation and overcrowded the church, the rector removed him. He was popularly elected to the Evening Lectureship of St. Dunstan's; but the rector there took possession of the pulpit in the time of prayer, so as to exclude the fanatic. Lord Mansfield decided that after seven in the evening Mr. Romaine was entitled to the use of the church; so, till the clock struck seven, the churchwardens kept the doors firm shut, and by drenching them in rain and freezing them in frost, hoped to weary out the crowd.

[1] Born 1714. Died 1795.

Failing in this, they refused to light the church, and Mr. Romaine often preached to his vast auditory with no light except the solitary candle which he held in his hand. But "like another Cocles"—a comparison already fairly applied to him—" he was resolved to keep the pass, and if the bridge fell to leap into the Tiber." Though for years his stipend was only eighteen pounds, he wore home-spun cloth and lived so plainly that they could not starve him out. And though they repeatedly dragged him to the courts of law they could not force him out. And though they sought occasion against him in regard to the canons, they could not get the Bishop to turn him out. He held his post till, with much ado, he gained the pulpit of Blackfriars', and preached with unquenched fire till past fourscore, the Life, the Walk, the Triumph of Faith. For a great while he was one of the sights of London, and people who came from Ireland and elsewhere to see Garrick act, went to hear Romaine discourse; and many blessed the day which first drew their thoughtless steps to St. Dunstan's or St. Ann's. And in his more tranquil evening there was a cluster of pious citizens about Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's Churchyard who exceedingly revered the abrupt old man. Of all the churches in the capital, his was the one towards which most home-feeling flowed. It shed a sabbatic air through its environs, and the dingy lanes around it seemed to brighten in its religion of life and hope. Full of sober hearers and joyful worshippers, it was a source of substantial service to the neighbourhood in times of need; and whilst the warm focus to which provincial piety and travelled

worth most readily repaired, it was the spot endeared to many a thankful memory as the Peniel where first they beheld that great sight, CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Beside the London Mansion House there is a church with two truncated square towers—the stumps of amputated steeples—suggesting St. Mary Woolnoth, and St. Mary Wool-Church-Haw. What is transacted in it now we cannot tell; but could the reader have visited it fifty years ago, he would have seen in the heavy pulpit a somewhat heavy old man. With little warmth he muttered through a pious sermon—texts and trite remarks—till now and then some bright fancy or earnest feeling made a stiff animation overrun his seamy countenance, and rush out at his kind and beaming eyes. From the Lombard Street bankers and powdered merchants who lolled serenely at the end of various pews, it was evident that he was not deemed a Methodist. From the thin North-country visage which peered at him through catechetic spectacles, and waited for something wonderful which would not come, it was likely that he was a Calvinist, and that his fame had crossed the Tweed. And from the fond up-looking affection with which many of his hearers eyed him, you would have inferred that himself must be more interesting than his sermon. Go next Friday evening to No. 8 Coleman Street Buildings; and there, in a dusky parlour with some twenty people at tea, will you meet again the preacher. He has doffed the cassock, and in a sailor's blue jacket, on a three-legged stool, sits in solitary state at his own little table. The tea is done,

and the pipe is smoked, and the Bible is placed where the tea-cup was. The guests draw nearer the oracular tripod, and the feast of wisdom and the flow of soul begin. He inquires if any one has got a question to ask; for these re-unions are meetings for business as well as for friendship. And two or three have come with their questions cut and dry. A retired old lady asks, "How far a Christian may lawfully conform to the world?" And the old sailor says many good things to guide her scrupulous conscience, unless, indeed, she asks it for the sake of the young gentleman with the blue coat and frilled wrist-bands across the table. "When a Christian goes into the world because he sees it is his *call*, yet while he feels it also his *cross*, it will not hurt him." Then guiding his discourse towards some of his City friends: "A Christian in the world is like a man transacting business in the rain; he will not suddenly leave his client because it rains; but the moment the business is done he is gone; as it is said in the Acts, 'Being let go, they went to their own company.'" This brings up Hannah More and her book on the *Manners of the Great;* and the minister expresses his high opinion of Miss More. Some of the party do not know who she is, and he tells them that she is a gifted lady who used to be the intimate friend of Johnson, Horace Walpole, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the idol of the West-end grandees, and the writer of plays for Drury Lane; but who has lately come out with some faithful appeals to her aristocratic acquaintances on the subject of heart-religion, and which are

making a great sensation. "Aweel," says a Scotch elder from Swallow Street, "Miss Moore is very tawlented, and I hope has got the root of the matter; but I misdoubt if there be not a laygal twang in her still." And in this remark he is heartily seconded by the spectacled Calvinist from Lesmahagow, who has been present all the time, but has not ventured to speak till he found in front this Ajax with his Westminster shield. And the minister smiles quaintly in acknowledgment that they are more than half right, but repeats his admiration and his hope for the accomplished authoress. And then he opens his Bible, and after singing one of the Olney hymns, reads the eighteenth chapter of the Acts. "You see that Apollos met with two candid people in the Church; they neither ran away because he was *legal*, nor were carried away because he was *eloquent*." And after a short but fervent prayer, catholic, comprehensive, and experimental, and turning into devotion the substance of their colloquy, it is as late as nine o'clock, and the little party begins to separate. Some are evidently constant visitors. The taciturn gentleman who never spoke a word, but who, at every significant sentence, smacked his lips, as if he were clasping a casket over a gem, and meant to keep it, occupied a prescriptive chair, and so did the invalid lady who has ordered her sedan to Bedford Row. In leave-taking the host has a kind word for every one, and has a great deal to say to his north-country visitor. "I was a wild beast on the coast of Africa; but the Lord caught me and tamed me, and now you come to see me

as people go to look at the lions in the Tower." Never was lion so entirely tamed as JOHN NEWTON.[1] Commencing life as a desperado and dreadnought, and scaring his companions by his peerless profanity and heaven-daring wickedness, and then by his remarkable recovery signalizing the riches of God's grace, you might have expected a Boanerges to come out of the converted bucanier. But never was transformation more complete. Except the blue jacket at the fireside, and a few seafaring habits—except the lion's hide, nothing survived of the African lion. The Puritans would have said that the lion was slain, and that honey was found in its carcass. Affable and easy of access, his house was the resort of those who sought a skilful spiritual counsellor, and knowing it to be the form of service for which he was best fitted, instead of fretting at the constant interruption, or nervously absconding to some calm retreat, his consulting-room, in London's most trodden thoroughfare, was always open. And though he was sometimes disappointed in those of whom his confiding nature hoped too soon, his hopefulness was the very reason why others turned out so well. There was a time when Christian principle was a smoking flax in Claudius Buchanan and William Wilberforce; but on Newton's hearth, and under the afflatus of God's Spirit, it soon burst forth in flame. And if his conversation effected much, his correspondence accomplished more. His narrative is wonderful, and his hymns are very sweet; but his letters make him eminent. Our

[1] Born 1725. Died 1807.

theology supplies nothing that can rival them; and it is when we recollect how many quires of these epistles were yearly issuing from his study, that we perceive what an influential and useful man the rector of St. Mary's was. Many volumes are in print, and we have read others in manuscript. All are fresh and various, and all distinguished by the same playful sincerity and easy wisdom, and transfusive warmth. All are rich in experimental piety, and all radiant with gracious vivacity. The whole collection is a "Cardiphonia:" they are all the utterance of the heart. And they will stand comparison with the happiest efforts of the most famous pens. For example, take up the Life and Correspondence of Hannah More, and how artificial does everything appear alongside of John Newton! Here is one of her own best specimens, religious and sparkling, a jet of spiritual champagne. And there is the effusion of some laudatory bishop, slow and sweet, like a cascade of treacle or a fall of honey. But here, amidst labour and painful art, is the well of water surrounded with its native moss; nature, grace, wisdom, goodness—John Newton and nothing more. Except his own friend, Cowper, who was not a professed divine, no letters of that stiff century read so free, and none have preserved the writer's heart so well.

We might have noticed others. We would gladly have found a place for the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan, a name still dear to Reading, and another illustrious exception to the "not many noble." We should have sketched John

William Fletcher, that saintly man and seraphic minister. And it would have been right to record the services of Joseph Milner at Hull, and his brother Isaac at Cambridge. It was by his Church History that the former served the cause of the Gospel; and it was a great service to write the first history not of Popes and Councils, but vital Christianity, and write it so well. Isaac brought to the defence of the Gospel a name which was itself a tower of strength. The "Incomparable" Senior Wrangler, and gifted with a colossal intellect, he was nervous and indolent. In the cathedral of Carlisle he preached from time to time powerful sermons, which made a great impression, and the known identification of the Vice-chancellor with the evangelical cause, lent it a lofty sanction in Simeon's university. But he was remiss and shy, and seldom came out publicly. He ought to have been a Pharos; but he was a lighthouse with the shutters closed. A splendid illumination it was for his niece and Dr. Jowett, and a few favoured friends in the light-keeper's parlour; but his talents and principles together ought to have been the light of the world. Nor have we enumerated the conspicuous names in Wesleyanism, and the old English Dissent, and the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion—any one of which would have supplied a list as long, and in some respects as remarkable, as that now given. Nor have we specified the services of eminent minds among the laity—such as Cowper, who secured for evangelism an exalted place in English literature; and Wilberforce, who introduced it into Parliament; and Hannah More, who

obtained an audience for it in the most sumptuous drawing-rooms, and by her tracts pioneered its entrance into countless cottages. These all fulfilled a function. Cowper was the first to show how purest taste and finest genius could co-exist with warmest love to Jesus Christ. His Task, and Hymns and Letters, were the several arches of a bridge which has since been traversed by Foster, Hall, and other pilgrims, who showed plainly inspiration in their steps and heaven in their eye. Wilberforce, by the combined movements for the Reformation of Morals and the Abolition of Slavery, set the example to the great philanthropic institutions of our day; and the ascendancy won by his personal worth and enchanting eloquence, supplied the nucleus round which Bible and other Societies were easily gathered. And the moralist of Barley Wood, by the sensible tone of her "Cheap Repository," and her educational victories among the young savages of Cheddar, gave an active and useful direction to feminine piety. Besides all which, her clever and pointed essays helped to expose hollow profession, and turn on evangelical motives in channels of self-denying industry. The connecting isthmus betwixt the old *Duty of Man*, and Romaine's *Life of Faith*, may be found in the *Practical Piety* of Hannah More.

It was on the close of a century thus prepared, and in the University in fullest contact with English mind, that God raised up CHARLES SIMEON.[1] The son of a Berkshire squire, and educated at Eton, he was sent to King's Col-

[1] Born 1759. Died 1836.

lege. Being warned that he would be expected to communicate on the first Sabbath after his arrival in the University, and shocked at his own obvious unfitness, he instantly purchased *The Duty of Man*, and strove to prepare himself. With little success. But subsequently an expression of Bishop Wilson, in his book on the Lord's Supper,—"the Jews knew what they did when they transferred their sin to the head of their offering," suggested to his mind the possibility of transferring guilt to another. The idea grew in his mind till the hope of mercy became strong, and on Easter Sunday he awoke with the words,—"Jesus Christ is risen to-day; Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" After this vivid dawn, the hope of salvation continued strong with him; but he was three years without finding a single friend like-minded. On the eve of his ordination, he had serious thoughts of putting in the papers an advertisement, "That a young clergyman, who felt himself an undone sinner, and who looked to the Lord Jesus Christ alone for salvation, and desired to live only to make him known, was persuaded that there must be some persons in the world whose views and feelings accorded with his own; and that, if there were any minister of that description, he would gladly become his curate, and serve him gratis." Soon after this purpose had been passing through his mind, through the influence of his father he found himself minister of Trinity Church, one of the largest places of worship in Cambridge, and where, for upwards of fifty years, he proclaimed the salvation which he himself had found. The career of opposition and obloquy which he ran passing off into universal

esteem and homage, from the time that a gownsman would blush to cross the quadrangle in his company, till bishops were calling on him, three together, and till that bleak November day, when the mourning University bore him to his tomb, beneath the stately roof of King Henry's Chapel—the triumph of faith and energy over long hostility, may encourage other witnesses for obnoxious truth, and is amply detailed in Mr. Carus's bulky volume. We only wish to indicate the particular work which we believe that Mr. Simeon did. Filling, and eventually with great ascendancy, that commanding pulpit, for more than half a century, and meeting in his own house weekly scores of candidates for the Church of England ministry—we do not hesitate to say, that of all men Simeon did the most to mould the recent and existing evangelism of the Southern Establishment. And in his first and most fervent days—untrammelled, because persecuted and unflattered, he did a noble work. The impulse which he then gave was purely evangelistic, and men like Thomason, and Henry Martyn, and Daniel Wilson, were the product. But as he got older and more honoured, when he found that in the persons of his friends and pupils, and through his writings, he had become an important integral of the Established Church, if he did not become less evangelical he became more hierarchical. He still loved the Gospel; but the Church was growing kind, and he was coaxed into a more ardent episcopacy and more exact conformity, The Church was actually improved, and personal acquaintances mounting the bench put a still more friendly face on it. He began to hope that evangelism would prevail

among the clergy, and that they might prove, if not the sole, the most successful agency for diffusing the Gospel. And strong in this belief, he began to blush at the excesses of his youthful zeal, and inculcate on his student-friends reverence for the Rubric and obedience to the Bishop. He bought patronages and presentations, and bestirred all his energies to form a ministry evangelical but regular, episcopal but earnest. Volunteering his services and accepted by the undergraduates, he became virtual Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology to the University of Cambridge.

In fulfilment of this task he inspired no grand ideas. His mind was not telescopic. He did not look to the Church universal's long future, nor to the position of his own Church relatively to Christendom. But he looked to England as it then was, and as he assumed that it ever would be; and he looked out for new Bishops and advowsons in the market, and present openings for an Evangelical clergy—the painstaking overseer of his own repairs, but not prophetic enough to foretell the alterations that would be eventually needed, nor creative enough to suggest them. The minds of his respectful listeners were not stimulated by the proposal of great schemes and noble purposes; even as they were not invigorated by fresh and sublime presentations of familiar truth. And he taught no system. He loved every text and dreaded none, and gloried in laying on each successively an equal stress. According to his text, a hearer might imagine him either Calvinist or Arminian, High Churchman or Low. To evade no text and exaggerate none was his

object; and this was well: but we rather suspect that the Bible contains pervasive principles, prepollent and overmastering truths, and that a firm hold of these is very needful for the interpretation of the individual texts. And of this we are very sure, that no energetic ministry nor wide reformation has ever arisen without one or other of these cardinal truths as its watchword and rallying-cry. In Simeon's theology there was nothing equivalent to Luther's Jehovah-Tsidkenu, nor Wesley's golden sentence, "God is Love."

But if not grand he was earnest, and if not comprehensive he was orderly and methodical. A man of routine rather than of system, he was a pattern of punctuality and neatness in his person, and a model of clear and accurate arrangement in his sermons. He liked to see work well done, and was therefore tempted to do too much himself. To insure the preaching of a good sermon, whatever the text might be, he actually printed, for the guidance of ministers, twenty dense volumes of Helps to Composition. Only think of it! and only think of the parishes which get these spectral Helps as regular sermons! This Homiletic Bone-house contains no fewer than twenty-five hundred "skeletons," and however vigorous or affecting they might be when Simeon himself lived in them, they are now too many and exceeding dry.

As presiding over a school of the prophets, Simeon's great defects were a want of grandeur in his views, and the absence of a gravitation-centre for his creed. His pupils might come forth sincere and painstaking parsons; but, overladen with truism and shackled by routine, they were

not likely to prove venturesome missionaries or bold and original evangelists. His own propensity was more for well-divided sermons than for a theology newly inspired and anew adapted to the times. He loved to *open* texts; and it was rather to the sermon-fishery than to the field of battle that he sent his young divines. His outfit-present was not a sword but an oyster-knife; and if the "evangelicals" whom Arnold met were Simeonites, we do not wonder that they failed to command his reverence.

One thing must not be forgotten as shedding lustre on his Christian memory. He had continual heaviness, and great solicitude for Israel; and as he mightily helped to awaken throughout the evangelical Church a missionary zeal on their behalf, so in his dying thoughts, like the Lord himself, he earnestly remembered them still. And in the recollectedness and deep humility of that dying scene, there is something greater and more solemn than any obituary which we have read for many days. During his long and active life—disinterested, peremptory, and single-eyed, he approved himself a faithful servant of his blessed Master. But the greatest good which he effected, we are disposed to think, is what he did directly, and still more what he did early. To our judgment he is not one of those men who can be widely or long transmitted. Already is all that was impulsive in him dying out, and we fear that some who exceedingly admired him once are forgetting what he taught them. And his own last days, we fear, were not quite so impulsive as his first. An ancient University and a hierarchical Establishment are to a fervent Evangelism like those trans-

atlantic lakes which are lined with attractive gravel. A stout arm, starting in deep water, may row a good distance; but as it nears the banks or skims the shallows, the boat will be slowed or arrested by the spell in the water. It would appear that even Simeon at last had felt to some extent the influence of this magnetic mud.

THOMAS CHALMERS.[1]

To these powerful and affectionate tributes we would gladly refer our readers, and ourselves keep silence. By and bye the grief and panic so lately felt in our Northern Capital will subside into historic veneration, and legitimate Biography will bring to light the details of Dr. Chalmers's interior and most instructive life. And then it may be possible for most admiring and indebted friends to sketch his character with a pen that does not falter, and an eye that does not fill. He was too closely connected with this Review, and it owes him too much to permit his decease to pass without the earliest record; but so close was that connection, and so great were these obligations, that our readers will not wonder if the earliest notice is but short.

THOMAS CHALMERS was born at Anstruther, in Fife, on the 17th of March 1780, and was early sent to study at St. Andrews University. From traditions still plentiful in the North, his college career must have been distinguished by some of his subsequent peculiarities—energy, good-humour, companionableness, and ascendancy over others. And it was then that his passion for the physical sciences was first developed. He studied mathematics,

[1] Reprinted from the *North British Review*, vol. vii. The allusion in the first sentence is to the list of funeral sermons which preceded the article.

chemistry, and some branches of natural history with more than youthful enthusiasm, and with such success, that besides assisting his own professor he made a narrow escape from the mathematical chair in Edinburgh. For these early pursuits he never lost a lingering taste, and in the summer holidays of his mellow age it was his delight to give lectures to youthful audiences on electricity and the laws of chemical combination. His attainments in these fields of knowledge were not those of a mere amateur; but in earlier life had all the system and security of an accomplished philosopher. And though for some years they engrossed him too much, they afterwards helped him amazingly. Mathematics especially gave him the power of severe and continuous thinking; and enabled him, unseduced by a salient fancy, to follow each recondite speculation to its curious landing-place, and each high argument to its topmost stronghold. And whilst this stern discipline gave a stability to his judgment and a steadiness to his intellect, such as few men of exuberant imagination have ever enjoyed, the facts and laws of the natural sciences furnished that imagination with its appropriate wealth. They supplied the imagery, often gorgeous and august, sometimes brilliant and dazzling, by which in after days he made familiar truths grander or clearer than they had ever been before; and, linked together by a genius mighty in analogies, they formed the rope-ladder by which he scaled pinnacles of dazzling elevation, and told down to wondering listeners the new panorama which stretched around him. Consecrated and Christianized, his youthful science reappeared and was laid on the altar

of religion in the Astronomical Discourses and Natural Theology.

The first place where he exercised his ministry was Cavers, in the south of Scotland, where he was helper to the aged minister. It was here that he made the acquaintance of Charters of Wilton—a minister remarkable for this, that he did not preach anything which he did not understand. He did not fully understand the Gospel, and he did not fully preach it; but those moral truths and personal duties which he did comprehend, he enforced with a downrightness, a simplicity and minuteness which cannot be sufficiently admired. To latest existence Dr. Chalmers retained a profound respect for the practical wisdom and lively sense of this Scottish Epictetus; and though it is comparing the greater with the less, those who have heard him in his more familiar sermons—discoursing the matter with a village audience, or breaking it down to the unlettered hearers of the West Port or the Dean—were just listening to old Charters of Wilton, revived in a more affectionate and evangelical version.

In May 1803, he was settled in the rural parish of Kilmany. This was to his heart's content. It brought him back to his native county. It gave him an abundance of leisure. It brought him near the manse of Flisk, and beside a congenial and distinguished naturalist. It was the country, with the clear stars above and the glorious hills around him; and it allowed him to wander all day long, hammer in hand and botanical box on his shoulders, chipping the rocks and ransacking the glens, and cultivating a kindly acquaintance with the outlandish pea-

santry. But all this while, though a minister, he was ignorant of essential Christianity. There was in nature much that pleased his taste, and he knew very well the quickened step and the glistening eye of the eager collector, as he pounces on some rare crystal or quaint and novel flower. But as yet no Bible text had made his bosom flutter, and he had not hidden in his heart sayings which he had detected with delight and treasured up like pearls. And though his nature was genial and benevolent—though he had his chosen friends and longed to elevate his parishioners to a higher level of intelligence, and domestic comfort, and virtuous enjoyment—he had not discovered any Being possessed of such paramount claims and overwhelming attractions as to make it end enough to live and labour for His sake. But that discovery he made while writing for an Encyclopædia an article on Christianity. The death of a relation is said to have saddened his mind into more than usual thoughtfulness, and whilst engaged in the researches which his task demanded, the scheme of God was manifested to his astonished understanding, and the Son of God was revealed to his admiring and adoring affections. The Godhead embodied in the person and exemplified in the life of the Saviour, the remarkable arrangement for the removal and annihilation of sin, a gratuitous pardon as the germ of piety and the secret of spiritual peace—these truths flung a brightness over his field of view, and accumulated in wonder and endearment round the Redeemer's person. He found himself in sudden possession of an instrument potent to touch, and, in certain circumstances, omnipotent to transform the hearts of men; and

exulted to discover a Friend all-worthy and divine, to whom he might dedicate his every faculty, and in serving whom he would most effectually subserve the widest good of man. And ignorant of their peculiar phraseology, almost ignorant of their history, by the direct door of the Bible itself he landed on the theology of the Reformers and the Puritans; and ere ever he was aware, his quickened and concentrated faculties were intent on reviving and ennobling the old Evangelism.

The heroism with which he avowed his change, and the fervour with which he proclaimed the newly-discovered Gospel, made a mighty stir in the quiet country round Kilmany; and at last the renown of this upland Boanerges began to spread over Scotland, till in 1815 the Town-Council of Glasgow invited him to come and be the minister of their Tron Church and parish. He came, and in that city for eight years sustained a series of the most brilliant arguments and overpowering appeals in behalf of vital godliness which devotion has ever kindled or eloquence ever launched into the flaming atmosphere of human thought. And though the burning words and meteor fancies were to many no more than a spectacle—the crash and sparkle of an illumination which exploded weekly and lit up the Tron Church into a dome of coloured fire—they were designed by their author and they told like a weekly bombardment. Into the fastnesses of aristocratic *hauteur* and commercial self-sufficiency—into the airy battlements of elegant morality and irreligious respectability they sent showering the junipers of hot conviction; and in hundreds of consciences were mighty to the pulling down of strong-

holds. And though the effort was awful—though in each paroxysmal climax, as his aim pointed more and yet more loftily, he poured forth his very soul—for the Gospel, and love to men, and zeal for God now mingled with his being, and formed his temperament, his genius, and his passion —though he himself was his own artillery, and in these self-consuming sermons was rapidly blazing away that holocaust—himself,—the effort was sublimely successful. In the cold philosophy of the Eastern capital and the coarse earthliness of the Western a breach was effected, and in its Bible dimensions and its sovereign insignia the Gospel triumphant went through. Though the labours of Love and Balfour had been blessed to the winning of many, it was not till in the might of commanding intellect and consecrated reason Chalmers came up—it was not till then that the citadel yielded, and evangelical doctrine effected its lodgment in the meditative and active mind of modern Scotland; and whatever other influences may have worked together, it was then and there that the battle of a vitalized Christianity was fought and won. Patrons converted or overawed, evangelical majorities in Synods and Assemblies, Church of Scotland Missions, the two hundred additional chapels, the Disruption, the Free Church, an earnest ministry and a liberal laity, are the trophies of this good soldier, and the splendid results of that Glasgow campaign.

From that high service, worn, but not weary, he was fain to seek relief in an academic retreat. Again his native county offered an asylum, and in the University of St. Andrews, and its chair of Moral Philosophy, he spent

five years of calmer but not inglorious toil. Omitting that psychology, which in Scottish colleges is the great staple of moral philosophy lectures, with his characteristic intentness he advanced direct to those prime questions which affect man as a responsible being, and instead of dried specimens from ancient cabinets, instead of those smoked and dusty virtues which have lain about since the times of Socrates and Seneca—instead of withered maxims from a pagan text-book, he took his code of morals fresh from Heaven's statute-book. It is not enough to say, that into his system of morality he flung all his heart and soul. He threw in himself—but he threw something better—he threw the Gospel, and for the first time in a Northern University was taught an evangelized ethics—a system with a motive as well as a rule—a system instinct with the love of God, and buoyant with noble purposes. And in the warm atmosphere of his crowded class-room—caught up by enthusiastic and admiring listeners, the contagion spread; and as they passed from before his chair, the *élite* of Scottish youth, Urquhart, Duff, and Adam, issued forth on the world, awake to the chief end of man, and sworn to life-long labours in the cause of Christ. Too often a school for sceptics—when Chalmers was professor, the ethic class became a mission college—the citadel of living faith, and the metropolis of active philanthropy; and whilst every intellect expanded to the vastness and grandeur of his views, every susceptible spirit carried away a holy and generous impulse from his own noble and transfusive nature.

And then they took him to Edinburgh College, and

made him Professor of Theology. In the old-established times this was the top of the pyramid—the highest post which Presbyterian Scotland knew—and like Newton to the mathematic chair in Cambridge, his pre-eminent fitness bore Chalmers into the Edinburgh chair of divinity. And perhaps that Faculty never owned such a combination as the colleagues, Welsh and Chalmers. Alike men of piety—alike men of lofty integrity, and in their public career distinguished by immaculate purity—the genius and talents of the one were a supplement to those of the other. Popular and impassioned—a declaimer in the desk, and often causing his class-room to ring again with the fine frenzy of his eloquence, Chalmers was the man of power. Academic and reserved—adhering steadfastly to the severe succession of his subjects, and handling them earnestly but calmly—Welsh was the man of system. Ideal and impetuous, the one beheld the truth embodied in some glorious fancy, and as the best and briefest argument, tore the curtain and bade you look and see. Contemplative and cautious, the other was constantly rejecting the illustrations which pass for arguments, and putting the staff of his remorseless logic through the illusions of poetry when substituted for the deductions of reason or the statements of history. Sanguine and strenuous, the one was impatient of doubts and delays; and if reasoning failed had recourse to rhetoric;—if the regular passage-boat refused his despatches, he at once bound them to a rocket and sent them right over the river. Patient and acute, the other was willing to wait, and was confident that truth, if understood, must sooner or later

win the day. Ardent and generous, the panegyric of the one was an inspiring cordial; vigilant and faithful, the criticism of the other was a timely caveat. A man of might, the one sought to deposit great principles, and was himself the example of great exploits. A man of method, the other was minute in his directions, and painstaking in his lessons, and frequent in his rehearsals and reviews. The one was the man of grandeur; the other the man of grace. The one was the volcano; the other was the verdure on its side. The one was the burning light; the other the ground glass which made it softer shine. Each had his own tint and magnitude; but the two close-united made a double star which looked like one; and now that they have set together, who will venture to predict the rising of such another?

For thirty years it had been the great labour of Dr. Chalmers to popularize the Scottish Establishment. A religion truly national, enthroned in the highest places, and a beatific inmate in the humblest homes—a Church which all the people loved, and which provided for them all—a Church with a king for its nursing father, and a nation for its members—this was the splendid vision which he had once seen in Isaiah, and longed to behold in Scotland. It was to this that the herculean exertions of the pastor, and anon the professor, tended. By his great ascendancy he converted the populous and plebeian parish of St. John's into an isolated district—with an elder and a deacon to every family, and a Sabbath-school for every child—and had wellnigh banished pauperism from within its borders. And though it stood a reproachful oasis,

only shaming the wastes around it, his hope and prayer had been that its order and beauty would have said to other ministers and sessions, Go ye and do likewise. And then the whole drift of his prelections was to send his students forth upon the country ardent evangelists and affectionate pastors—indoctrinated with his own extensive plans, and inflamed with his own benevolent purposes. And then, when for successive years he crusaded the country, begging from the rich 200 churches for the poor, and went up to London to lecture on the establishment and extension of Christian Churches, it was still the same golden future—a Church national but Christian, endowed but independent, established but free—which inspirited his efforts, and awoke from beneath their ashes the fires of earlier days. And when at last the delusion of a century was dissolved—when the courts of law changed their own mind, and revoked the liberty of the Scottish Church—much as he loved its old establishment, much as he loved his Edinburgh professorship, and much more, as he loved his 200 churches—with a single movement of his pen he signed them all away. He had reached his grand climacteric, and many thought that, smitten down by the shock, his grey hairs would descend in sorrow to the grave. It was time for him "to break his mighty heart and die." But they little knew the man. They forgot that spirit which, like the trodden palm, had so often sprung erect and stalwart from a crushing overthrow. We saw him that November. We saw him in its Convocation—the sublimest aspect in which we ever saw the noble man. The ship was fast aground,

and as they looked over the bulwarks, through the mist and the breakers, all on board seemed anxious and sad. Never had they felt prouder of their old first-rate, and never had she ploughed a braver path than when—contrary to all the markings in the chart, and all the experience of former voyages—she dashed on this fatal bar. The stoutest were dismayed, and many talked of taking to the fragments, and, one by one, trying for the nearest shore; when, calmer because of the turmoil, and with the exultation of one who saw safety ahead, the voice of this dauntless veteran was heard propounding his confident scheme. Cheered by his assurance, and inspired by his example, they set to work, and that dreary winter was spent in constructing a vessel with a lighter draught and a simpler rigging, but large enough to carry every true-hearted man who ever trod the old ship's timbers. Never did he work more blithely, and never was there more of athletic ardour in his looks than during the six months that this ark was a-building—though every stroke of the mallet told of blighted hopes and defeated toil, and the unknown sea before him. And when the signal-psalm announced the new vessel launched, and leaving the old galley high and dry on the breakers, the banner unfurled, and showed the covenanting blue still spotless, and the symbolic bush still burning, few will forget the renovation of his youth and the joyful omen of his shining countenance. It was not only the rapture of his prayers, but the radiance of his spirit which repeated "God is our Refuge."[1] It is something heart-stirring to see the old soldier take

[1] The psalm with which the Free Assembly opened.

the field, or the old trader exerting every energy to retrieve his shattered fortunes; but far the finest spectacle of the moulting eagle was Chalmers with his hoary locks beginning life anew. But indeed he was not old. They who can fill their veins with every hopeful healthful thing around them—those who can imbibe the sunshine of the future, and transfuse life from realities not come as yet—their blood need never freeze. And his bosom heaved with all the newness of the Church's life and all the bigness of the Church's plans. And, best of all, those who wait upon the Lord are always young. This was the reason why, on the morning of that Exodus, he did not totter forth from the old Establishment a blank and palsy-stricken man; but with flashing eye snatched up his palmer-staff, and as he stamped it on the ground all Scotland shook, and answered with a deep God-speed to the giant gone on pilgrimage.

From that period till he finished his course, there was no fatigue in his spirit and no hesitation in his gait. Relieved from hollow plaudits and from hampering patronage, far a-head of the sycophants who used to raise the worldly dust around him, and surrounded by men in whose sincerity and intelligent sympathy his spirit was refreshed, and in whose wisdom and affection he confided and rejoiced, he advanced along his brightening path, with uprightness and consistency in his even mien and the peace of God in his cheerful countenance. His eye was not dim nor his force abated. On the 14th of May we passed our last morning with him. It was his first visit to London after the Hanover Square Ovation nine years before. But

there were now no coronets nor mitres at the door. Besides one or two of his own family, J. D. Morell, Baptist Noel, and Isaac Taylor were his guests. And he was happy. There was neither the exhaustion of past excitement nor the pressure of future engagements and anxieties in his look. It was a serene and restful morning, and little else than earnest kindness looked through the summer of his eyes. The day before, he had given his evidence before the Sites Committee of the House of Commons, and, reminded that, according to the days of the week, it was twenty years that day since he had opened Edward Irving's church, most of the conversation reverted to his early friend. There was a mildness in his tone and a sweetness in his manner, and we could now almost fancy a halo round his head which might have warned us of what was coming He preached all the Sabbaths of his sojourn in England, willingly and powerfully, and on the last Sabbath of May he was again at home. That evening he is said to have remarked to a friend that he thought his public work completed. He had seen the Disruption students through the four years of their course. He had seen the Sustentation Fund organized. He had been to Parliament and borne his testimony in high places. Tomorrow he would give in the College Report to the Free Assembly; and after that he hoped to be permitted to retire and devote to the West Port poor his remaining days. He was willing to decrease, and close his career as a city missionary. But just as he was preparing to take the lower room, the Master said, " Come up hither," and took him up beside himself. Next morning all that met

the gaze of love was the lifeless form—in stately repose on the pillow, as one who beheld it said, "a brow not cast in the mould of the sons of men." Like his friends Thomson, M'Crie, Welsh, and Abercrombie, that stout heart which had worked so hard and swelled with so many vast emotions had gently yielded, and to his ransomed spirit opened heaven's nearest portal.

He possessed in highest measure that divinest faculty of spirit, the power of creating its own world; but it was not a poet creating worlds to look at; it was the reformer and philanthropist in haste to people and possess them. His was the working earnestness which is impatient till its conceptions are realities and its hopes embodied in results. For example, he took his idea of Christianity, not from books, nor from its living specimens: for the Christianity of books is often trite, and the Christianity of living men is often arrogant and vulgar; but he took his type of Christianity from its Divine Original—benignant, majestic, and godlike as he found it in the Bible—and gave this refined and lofty idea perpetual presidency in his congenial Imagination. And what sort of place was that? Why, it was quite peculiar. It was not like Jeremy Taylor's—a fairy grotto where you looked up through the woodbine ceiling and saw the sky with its moonlit clouds and the angels moving among them; or listed the far-off waterfall now dying like an old-world melody, or swelling powerfully like a prophecy when the end is near. Nor was it like Foster's—a donjon on a frowning steep—where the moat was black, and the winds were cold, and the sounds were not of earth, and iron

gauntlets clanged on the deaf unheeding door. Nor was it his favourite Cowper's—a cottage with its summer joy, where the swallow nestled in the eaves and the leveret sported on the floor—where the sunbeam kissed the open Bible, and Homer lay below the table till the morning hymn was sung. Nor was it the Imagination of his dear companion, Edward Irving—a mountain-sanctuary at eventide, where the spirits of his sainted sires would come to him, and martyr tunes begin to float through the duskier aisles, and giant worthies enter from the mossy graves and fill with reverend mien the ancient pews. More real than the first—more happy than the second—more lordly than the third, it was more modern and more lightsome than the last. It was a mansion airy, vast, and elegant—an open country all round it and sunshine all through it—not crowded with curiosities nor strewed with trinkets and toys—but massy in its proportions and stately in its ornaments—the lofty dwelling of a princely mind. And into this Imagination its happy owner took the Gospel and enshrined and enthroned it. That Gospel was soon the better Genius of the place. It gave the aspect of broad welcome and bright expectation to its threshold. It shed a rose-tint on its marble and breathed the air of heaven through its halls. And like an Alhambra with a seraph for its occupant, it looked forth from the lattice brighter than the noon that looked in. Yes, it was no common home which the Gospel found when it first consecrated that lofty mind; and it was no common day in the history of the Church when that spirit first felt the dignity and gladness of this celestial inmate. Powers and

resources were devoted to its service—not needed by that Gospel, but much needed by Gospel-rejecting man. And, not to specify the successive offerings laid at its feet by one of the most gifted as well as grateful of devotees, we would mention his Parochial Sermons and his Astronomical Discourses. In the one we have the Gospel made so palpable that the simplest and slowest hardly can miss it; in the other we find it made so majestic that the most intellectual and learned cannot but admire it. In the one we have Christianity brought down to the common affairs of life; in the other we have it exalted above the heavens. In the one we see the Gospel in its world-ward direction, and, starting from the cradle at Bethlehem, follow it to the school and the fireside and the dying-bed; in the other we view it in its God-ward direction, and, following its fiery chariot far beyond the galaxy, lose it in the light inaccessible. In the one we have existence evangelized; in the other we have the Gospel glorified. The one is the primer of Christianity; the other is its epic.

But it was not in mere sermons that his imagination burned and shone. His schemes of beneficence—his plans for the regeneration of his country took their vastness and freshness from the idealism of a creative mind. At first sight they had all the look of a romance—impossible, transcendental, and unreal. And had the inventive talent been his only faculty, they would have continued romantic projects and nothing more;—a new Atlantis, a happy valley, or a fairy-land. And if he had been like most men of poetic mood, he would have deprecated any attempt to reduce his gorgeous abstractions to dull actualities. But

Chalmers was never haunted by this fear. He had no fear of carnalizing his conceptions, but longed to see them clothed in flesh and blood. He had no tenderness for his day-dreams, but would rather see them melt away, and leave in their place a waking world as good and lovely as themselves. Vivid as was his fancy, his working faculty was no less vehement; and his constructive instinct compelled him to set to work as soon as the idea of an institution or an effort had once fairly filled his soul. And these exertions he made with an intensity as irresistible as it was contagious. Like the statesman who, in the union of a large philosophy and a gorgeous fancy, was his parallel[1]—he might have divided his active career into successive "fits," or "manias,"—a preaching fit, a pastoral fit, a fit of Church-reforming, a fit of Church-extending. And such transforming possessions were these fits—so completely did they change his whole nature into the image of the object at which he aimed, that the Apostle's words, "this one thing I do," he might have altered to, "this one thing I am." There was no division of his strength—no diversion of his mind; but with a concentration of mighty powers which made the spectacle sublime, he moved to the onset with lip compressed and massy tread, and victory foreseen in the glance of his eagle eye. And like all men of overmastering energy—like all men of clear conception and valiant purpose—like Nelson and Napoleon, and others born to be commanders—over and above the assurance given by his frequent success, there was a spell in his audacity—a fascination in his sanguine chivalry.

[1] Edmund Burke.

Many were drawn after him, carried helpless captives by his force of character; and though, at first, many felt that it required some faith to follow him, like the great genius of modern warfare, experience showed that for moral as well as military conquests, there may be the deepest wisdom in dazzling projects, and rapid movements, and reckless daring. It was owing to the width of his field, and the extent of his future, and, above all, the greatness of his faith, that he was the most venturesome of philanthropists, and also the most victorious. The width of his field: for if he was operating on St. John's he had his eye to Scotland—if he was making an effort on his own Establishment, he had an eye to Christendom. And the extent of his future: for every man who is greater than his coevals is a vaticination of some age to come; and, with Chalmers, the struggle was to speed this generation on and bring it abreast of that wiser and holier epoch of which he himself was the prococious denizen. And the greatness of his faith: for he believed that whatever is scriptural is politic. He believed that whatever is in the Bible will yet be in the world. And he believed that all things are coming which God has promised, and that all things are practicable which God bids us perform.

But we shall misrepresent the man, unless the prime feature in our memory's picture be his wondrous goodness. It was not so much in his capacious intellect or his soaring fancy, that he surpassed all his fellows, as in his mighty heart. Big to begin with, the Gospel made it expand till it took in the human family. "Good-will to man" was the inscription on his serene and benignant countenance; and

if at times the shadow of some inward anxiety darkened it, or the cloud of a momentary displeasure lowered over it, all that was needful to brighten it into its wonted benignity was the sight of something human. Deeply impressed with our nature's wrong estate—a firm and sorrowful believer in its depravity and desperate wickedness—the sadness of his creed gave nothing bitter to his spirit and nothing sombre to his bearing. Like Him who knew best what was in man, but who was so bent on making him better, that the kindness of His errand counteracted the keenness of His intuition, and filled His mouth with gracious words—there was so much inherent warmth in his temperament, and so much of heaven-imparted kindliness in his Christianity, that love to man was his vital air, and good offices to man his daily bread. And how was his ruling passion—how was his philanthropy displayed? Not in phrases of ecstatic fondness—for though a citizen of the world he was also a Scotchman—in the region of the softer feelings sequestered, proud, and shy—and, except the "my dear sir" of friendly talk, and the cordial shake of eager recognition, he was saving of the commonplace expressions of endearment, and did not deprecate friendship's currency by too lavish employment of its smaller coin. He must have been a special friend to whom he subscribed himself as anything more addicted than "Yours very truly." Nor did his warmth come out in tears of tenderness and the usual utterances of wounded feeling; for in these he was not so profuse and prompt as many. How did it appear? On a wintry day, how do we know that the hidden stove is lit, but because the

frost on the panes is thawing, and life is tingling back into our dead fingers and leaden feet? And it was by the glow that spread around wherever Dr. Chalmers entered, —by the gaiety which sparkled in every eye, and the happiness which bounded in every breast,—by the mellow temperature to which the atmosphere suddenly ascended, —it was by this that you recognised your nearness to a focus of philanthropy. How did it appear? How do we know that that huge Newfoundland, pacing leisurely about the lawn, has a propensity for saving drowning people, but just because the moment yon playing child capsizes into the garden pond, he plunges after, and lands him dripping on the gravel? And it was by the instinctive bound with which he sprang to the relief of misery, —the importunity with which, despite his population and pauper theories, he entreated for such emergencies as the Highland distress, and the liberality with which he relieved the successive cases of poverty and woe that came to his private ear and eye,—it was because, wherever grief or suffering was, there was Dr. Chalmers, that you knew him to be a man of sympathies. But you might know it in other ways. Read the five-and-twenty volumes of his works, and say what are they but a magazine of generous thoughts for the elevation, and genial thoughts for the comfort of mankind? What are they but a collection of pleadings with power on the behalf of weakness; with opulence on the behalf of penury; with Christian intelligence on the behalf of outcast ignorance and home-grown paganism? What are they but a series of the most skilful prescriptions for mortal misery,—a good and wise physician's legacy to a disordered world, which he dearly

loved and did his best to heal? And what was the succession of his services during the last thirty years? For what, short of God's glory, but the good of man, was he spending his intellect, his ascendancy over others, his constitution, and his time? We have spoken of his colossal strength and his flaming energy; and the idea we now retain of his life-long career is just an engine of highest pressure pursuing the iron path of an inflexible philanthropy, and speeding to the terminus of a happier clime a lengthy train of the poor, the halt, the blind; and we pity those who, in the shriek, the hurry, and the thunder of the transit—the momentary warmth and passing indignation of the man, forget the matchless prowess of the Christian, and the splendid purpose of his living sacrifice. And yet our wonder is, that with such a weight upon his thoughts, and such a work on his hands, he found so much time for specific kindness, and took such care to rule his spirit. Like the Apostle on whom devolved the care of all the Churches, but who in one letter sends messages to or from six-and-thirty friends, there was no favour so little, and no friend so obscure, that he ever forgot him. If, in a moment of absence, he omitted some wonted civility, or, by an untimely interruption, was betrayed into a word of sharpness, he showed an excessive anxiety to redress the wrong, and heal the unwilling wound. And glorious as it was to see him on the Parnassus of some transcendent inspiration, or rather on the Pisgah of some sacred and enraptured survey, it was more delightful to behold him in self-unconscious lowliness—still great, but forgetful of his greatness—by the hearth of some quiet neighbour, or in the bosom of

his own family, or among friends who did not make an open show of him, out of the good treasure of his heart bringing forth nothing but good things. With all the puissant combativeness and intellectual prowess essential to such a lofty reason, it was lovely to see the gentle play of the lion-hearted man. With all his optimism—his longings after a higher scale of piety, and a nobler style of Christianity, it was beautiful to see how contented he was with every friend as he is, and with what magnetic alertness all that was Christian in himself darted forth to all that was Christian in a brother. And above all, with his wholesale beneficence, the abundance of his labours, the extent of his regards, and the vastness of his projects, it was instructive to see his affections so tender, his friendships so firm, and his kind offices so thoughtful and untiring.

Perhaps there never was a theologian who approached a given text with less appearance of system or pre-conception. No passage wore to him a suspicious or precarious look; and instead of handling it uneasily, as if it were some deadly thing, he took it up securely and frankly, and dealt with it in all the confidence of a good understanding. Some Scripture interpreters have no system. To them all texts are isolated, and none interprets another. And the system of others is too scanty. It is not co-extensive with the whole counsel of God. It interprets some passages, but leaves others unexplained. In the highest sense, Dr. Chalmers was systematic. He justly assumed that a revelation from God must be pervaded by some continuous truth; and that a clue to its general meaning must be sought in some ultimate fact, some self-consistent and all-reconciling principle. To him

the Gospel was a REVELATION of RIGHTEOUSNESS; and MAN'S NEED and GOD'S GIFT were the simple elements into which his theology resolved itself. In the various forms of man's vacuity and God's fulness, man's blindness and the Spirit's enlightening, the carnal enmity and the supplanting power of a new affection, the hollowness of a morality without godliness, and the purifying influence of the Christian faith, these primary truths were constantly re-appearing; and just because his first principles were so few, they suited every case, and because his system was so simple, he felt it perfectly secure. Instead of forcing locks, he had found the master-key, and went freely out and in. And in this we believe that he was right. From want of spirituality, from want of study or capacity, we may fail to catch it; but there is a Scriptural unity. So far as the Bible is a record, its main fact is *one;* so far as it is a revelation, its chief doctrine is *one;* so far as it is the mind of God exhibited to fallen man, its prevailing tone and feeling are *one.* And having in comprehension of mind ascertained, and in simplicity of faith accepted this unity—the revealed truth and the Scriptural temperament, Dr. Chalmers walked at liberty. It was his systematic strength which gave him textual freedom; and if for one forenoon he would dilate on a single duty till it seemed to expand into the whole of man, or on one doctrine till it bulked into a Bible, it was only a portion of the grand scheme passing under the evangelical microscope. It was the lamp of the one cardinal truth lighting up a particular topic. And those who, on the other hand, objected to his preaching as not sufficiently evangelical, were only less evangelical than he. With many the

Gospel is a tenet; with Dr. Chalmers the Gospel was a pervasion. The sermons of Dr. Chalmers were not stuck over with quoted texts, but every paragraph had its Scriptural seasoning. His whole being held the Gospel in solution, and beyond most text-reciters, it was his anxiety to saturate with its purest truth ethical philosophy and political economy, daily life and personal conduct, as well as retired meditation and Sabbath-day religion.

We would only, in conclusion, commemorate the Lord's great goodness to His servant in allowing him such a completed work and finished course. Many a great man has had a good thing in his heart; a temple, or some august undertaking; but it was still in his heart when he died. And many more have just put-to their hand, when death struck them down, and a stately fragment is all their monument. But there is a sublime and affecting conclusiveness in the work of Dr. Chalmers. What more could the Church or the world have asked from him? It will take the Church a generation to learn all that he has taught it, and the world a century to reach that point from which he was translated. And yet he has left all his meaning clear, and all his plans complete. And all that completed work is of the best kind; all gold and silver and precious stones. To activity and enterprise he has read a new lesson. To disinterested but far-seen goodness he has supplied a new motive. To philanthropy he has given new impulse, and to the pulpit new inspiration. And whilst he has added another to the short catalogue of this world's great men, he has gone up—another and a majestic on-looker—to the Cloud of Witnesses.

AN ADDRESS TO SERVANTS.[1]

THERE are good reasons, my friends, why ministers should sometimes preach to servants. The welfare of society is involved in yours. Few classes are more numerous. In London you count some hundreds of thousands, and in this great empire you amount to millions. But more than this, the Gospel is your particular friend. Coarse-minded employers may treat you roughly, and rich but vulgar people, because they pay you your wages, may feel entitled to look down on you. But in the Gospel's eye, all souls are equally precious. That Gospel has already done much for the servant. It found him a slave. and has made him a freeman. It has encircled his honest industry with dignity and gracefulness, and has taught the pious master to look on the pious servant with something of a friendly and fraternal feeling. And it points to the glorious appearing of our common Master, the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, as the pious servant's blessed hope. Once, when Mr. Wilberforce was dining with the Prime Minister, during the banquet, he says, that his thoughts were all of the day when pompous Thurlow, and elegant Caermarthen, and other lordly guests, would be standing in the same row with the poor fellows who then waited behind their chairs. And, as

[1] Reprinted from the *English Presbyterian Messenger*, vol. i. N. S. 1848.

towards that solemn day the Gospel teaches both master and servant to look, so has it gathered some of its fairest specimens and most striking monuments from persons in your condition.

So many special messages has the Gospel to you, that at present we cannot read them all. But there are three which I beg that you would mark, and sometimes read over by yourselves.

The first you will find in Titus ii. 9-14 :—"Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things ; not answering again ; not purloining, but showing all good fidelity ; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us, that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world ; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

The next is Colossians iii. 22-25 :—"Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh ; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers ; but in singleness of heart, fearing God ; and whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men ; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance : for ye serve the Lord Christ. But he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done : and there is no respect of persons."

And the last is 1 Peter ii. 18-25 :—"Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward. For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously: who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed. For ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls."

You will notice that all these passages are meant for Christian servants—for those who serve the Lord Christ —for those who have returned to the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. But, perhaps, this is not the case with all who now hear me. Some of you, perhaps, know that you are the servants of sin, serving divers lusts and pleasures, or the world's servants, seeking to be gay, and merry, and admired; or, at the very best, the servants of men, seeking to please your employers, but seldom thinking of that bright eye which watches every movement and follows every footstep. Tell me, have you found a Saviour for your soul? Are your sins forgiven? Does God love

you, and do you love God? Are you leading the life of faith? Are you on the road to heaven? For if not, you are still a sheep going astray; and if you still go on straying, you will soon be where the Saviour Himself cannot save you. You will be lost for ever and for ever.

Think how it stands with you. The Bible says, "Ye must be born again." "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." "If any man love not the Lord Jesus, let him be accursed." Are you born again? Have you got a love of holiness, and a horror of sin? Do you love the Lord Jesus? Or do you not rather feel that it is all wrong with you? Are you not unhappy? Are you not constantly doing things for which your conscience checks you? Are you not often hurrying out to the work of the day and back again to your slumber, without a word of prayer? Has not the Bible often lain for days or weeks unopened; and when you might have gone to the house of God, have you not trifled the time with idle company, or wandered into the parks and fields? Are you always careful to speak the truth; or have you never been tempted to make up stories, if you did not tell an even-down and actual lie? Have you not thought more about your dress and places of diversion than about your soul and the great salvation? Are you sure that you have never spoken what an angel might not hear, and that you have never had in your possession what you would not like to be found were you this moment dropping dead? And when you remember how you used to feel at the Sabbath-school, or when a pious parent spoke to you—when you remember how tender your spirit once

was, and how afraid you were of doing wrong—and when you think how light-headed and thoughtless you now are, how ready to fall in with all sorts of folly, and to consent when sinners entice you, do you not feel that you have lost much ground? Is not it a true description of you, "a sheep going astray?"

And what if your steps should have been directed to this place in order that here and for ever your wanderings should end? For, let me tell you, that bad as is your present character, and wretched as is your present plight, you are not too bad for the Saviour to pity, nor too wretched for the Saviour to rescue and redeem. The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men. It appears and it offers salvation to you. It appears, and it offers a Saviour to you—a Saviour who bare our sins in His own body on the tree, and who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people. And if you come and give yourselves up to this Saviour and shepherd of souls, He is gracious to pardon and mighty to save. With His precious blood He will wash away your sins, and by His Holy Spirit He will sanctify your souls, and make you fit for a better and blessed world. And however feeble your own resolutions, and however faint your own endeavours, go to this Saviour, and He will receive you graciously and pardon you abundantly. And however unable of yourselves to do or think any good, surrender yourselves from this night forward to the teaching of His word and Spirit, and He will sanctify you a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

Dear friends, how happy it would make you if you believed the Gospel and received the Saviour! If you knew that your souls were safe, your worst sorrows would be ended. Your present lot may be irksome. You may have to work very hard, and that hard work may earn a very scanty recompense. But no matter; if you serve the Lord, you will receive from Him the reward of the inheritance. If you believe in Jesus you will always have your best things in prospect. I sometimes meet with people engaged in menial services, and they tell me with a sigh, that they once saw better days; but the Christian's best days are days not seen as yet. If some benefactor should die, or some kind friend should leave the country, or if he should have to leave a good situation for a worse, he does not need to mind, for God has some better thing in store for him, and he is always looking for that blessed hope, the glorious appearing of the great God and his Saviour Jesus Christ. His best days are coming yet. And, still more to our present purpose, the Christian servant is always sure to have a good employer. Some of you have got masters and mistresses whom you have no pleasure in serving. They curse and growl like churlish Nabal; or they scold and rail like Jezebel; or, if too refined to use rude language, they are too cold and haughty to requite you with a pleasant look or gracious word. And you feel it hard to be wasting your strength and days in thankless toil—hard to be treated like a mere machine, or watched and suspected like a malefactor—hard to be reprimanded when you have done no wrong, and harder still not to be noticed when you have done your very best. And some-

times you say, that rather than put up with this, if you knew how to better yourself you would quit directly such a house of bondage. Well, I am happy that I can set you on the way to better yourself. I can recommend you to a better service and a kinder Master. But you need not leave your present place. The Lord Jesus is willing to engage you as His servant; and there is no station in the universe so dignified as the household of the King of kings. But the way to serve Him is to continue where you are; and "whatsoever you do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men." If you be blessed with kind, and considerate, and conscientious superiors, put forth every effort to please them; for the Lord's goodness in thus ordering your lot makes you doubly His debtor, and demands your thankful diligence; but should it be your discipline to wait on capricious and overbearing people, you must not murmur. "Be subject with all respectfulness, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward." Their coldness and cruelty may be your cross; but so long as you are under their authority, frank and cheerful obedience is the duty which a Christian servant owes to his Master in heaven. If you were the servant of kind and amiable employers, and if, when they were far away from home they sent you a letter requesting you to do certain things before their return, but if the letter was brought by an impertinent messenger, or if the postman gave a furious knock, you would not let this disturb you. "This is my kind master's will, and I must attend to it." And even so, if the Lord has cast your lot among sullen or selfish people, so long as they do not bid

you do anything sinful, you must do whatever they tell you, and do it with goodwill, as to the Lord. If He himself has put you there, and in that station said, "Occupy till I come," you must not mind, though your earthly employer be suspicious or severe. You must not mind, though the messenger be flippant or the postman startling-loud, if he brings despatches from your gracious Lord; for in doing your daily work you do your blessed Master's will, and what you do in His name and for His sake is never done in vain. His service is not hard. His yoke is easy, His burden light. And whilst He is so benignant that He commends the least service done for His sake, He is so gracious and long-suffering that He pardons seventy times seven all the failings and defects of His disciples. Do you become the servant of Christ, and then you will have a Master whom you may consult in every difficulty; whose smile can transform the hardest drudgery into a pleasant toil, and the meanest station into a post of honour—a Master for whose name's sake it is glorious to labour and not to faint, to suffer and not repine; a Master whom you can never love enough or serve too zealously; for to make us sinners kings and priests unto God, He took on Himself the form of a servant, and to bear your sins away bare them in His own body on the tree.

Let me hope, then, that the love of Christ constrains you. Let me hope that you have learned to say that word which an old Christian found so sweet that he could not say it too often, "Jesus *my Master*." And let me hope that it is your anxious wish to adorn the doctrine of your God and Saviour in all things. If so, I would fain

offer a few simple suggestions to aid you in the blessed endeavour to "serve the Lord Christ."

1. Always seek first the kingdom of heaven. No increase of wages, and no promotion to easier or genteeler work is real profit, if it peril your never-dying soul. If you are in a family where God is worshipped and the Sabbath sanctified, you are better off than thousands; and it will say little for your Christian sincerity if whim or the love of money transfer you to a gay and godless household. But perhaps you are not in a pious family, and have no prospect of getting into one. If so, that God who kept Joseph in Egypt, and Ruth and Naomi among the Moabites, can keep you from falling, even in a graceless home. But, then, you must live near to Him. You must get time for prayer. And if your soul be bent towards God, you will get both time and place for prayer. I lately read of a pious servant in the country who had no opportunity for retirement in the house where she lived; but telling a friend afterwards, "I cannot but notice it as the Lord's tender mercy, that when I had occasion to go out to draw water, the Lord, knowing my circumstances within the house, graciously met me by the way without; and often when I was standing beside the well, the same condescending Redeemer who revealed Himself to the poor woman at Jacob's well, revealed Himself to me, and granted me many sweet moments of reviving intercourse with Himself."[1] The Lord is very pitiful. He not only knoweth your frame, but He knows your position; and if He knows that you have no other opportunity, He who

[1] *Jean Smith.* By the Rev. J. Morison.

heard Eliezer as he knelt upon the road beside his camel, will hear the praying servant who lifts up his heart to God, in the stable or the street, in the bustle of the day or the silent watches of the night. And save for yourself as much of the Sabbath as you can. By a little extra exertion on the Saturday, you may always reserve some leisure on the day of rest. And is it not delightful to have so much work put by, that with a clear conscience, you can sit down to a solid hour of your Bible or some godly book, and go to the sanctuary with no harassment or hurry on your mind, and then come forth from the Sabbath's rest and retirement with something of the Sabbath still lingering in your cheerful countenance, and the smile of God beaming on the most common tasks, and creating a heaven wherever you go?

2. Try to do good in the place of your sojourn. When Mr. Fletcher, of Madeley, was tutor in a Shropshire family, he had some sense of religion, but not enough to make him religious. One Sabbath evening a pious servant came into his study to make up his fire, and seeing him writing music, she said with deep concern, "Oh, Sir! I am sorry to see you so employed on the Lord's Day." And though very angry at the moment, he thought of what she said, and put the music away, and from that time forward kept the Sabbath a great deal better. But I am not sure that this is the best way of doing good to superiors. A word modestly spoken, and by one of blameless consistency, may sometimes be a word in season; but most usually it will be resented as rudeness, and only provoke those whom it was intended to reform. But there is one

thing which even on the most haughty superiors must always tell,—the shining light of an obliging, cheerful, and genuine character; and whilst many have been prejudiced against the Gospel by the assuming airs and preaching tone of servants who professed it, others have been won by the dutiful demeanour and silent eloquence of servants who adorned it. However, where there is a willing mind there will usually be some opportunity of direct and positive usefulness. There are your fellow-servants. Some of them are perhaps ignorant of real religion, or filled with bitter prejudice against it; but if you be obliging and conciliatory, steadfast to principle, but gainly in your dispositions, you may bring them to think more highly of that grace of God which enables you to live soberly, righteously, and godly in the world; and by lending them books, or getting them to accompany you to the house of prayer, or by talking kindly to them, you yet may win the soul of your fellow-servant. And some of you, perhaps, are intrusted with the care of children, or it is your part to wait on the younger members of the family. If so, you have a glorious opportunity for endearing the Bible and making known the Saviour. A good many years ago a pious girl became a servant in the family of a Kentish squire. The young ladies of the family were the objects of her special charge. Sometimes, when they were retiring to rest for the night, she offered to read them a chapter of the Bible. They did not care much about the Bible, but they liked their sweet-tempered and affectionate maid, and to please her they agreed to listen while she read. And by and bye a dangerous sick-

ness seized her, but amidst all her pain and weakness her soul was rejoicing in God her Saviour. And when she was dead her young friends began to read for themselves that Bible which had made her life so lovely and her death so happy; and God opened their eyes and showed them the Saviour whom it reveals, and one of them, who was very clever, spent her remaining life in explaining that Bible to her poor neighbours and little children,—and that with such success that it will never be known how many souls owe their salvation to the winsome piety and sweet consistency of this little maid. Should any nursery-maid or waiting-maid who loves her Bible and her Saviour hear me, let her go and do likewise.

3. Keep a watch over your temper. I notice this for many reasons. First, because a good temper is rare. Secondly, because the want of it is a grievous blemish in a Christian profession. Thirdly, because by losing your temper you may lose an excellent place. And, fourthly, because no temper is so bad but the grace of God can make it one of the best. Few tempers are good, and the mournful thing is, that a bad temper often exists alongside of the most excellent qualities. A man may be clever, and active, and honest; but may mar it all by his sullen or uncertain humour. And the temper of a servant is subject to peculiar trials. Sometimes you are called away in the very midst of some work, and it has all to be done anew. The labour of an hour is lost; or you are ordered to do some service which does not belong to your department; or fellow-servants contrive to shift over on you a portion of their work. Or you are compelled to sit so

late and rise so early, that, out of sorts and out of spirits, you would defy any one to undergo your drudgery and not feel morose or miserable. Or you have to wait on an implacable employer,—on one who, no matter what you do, will still find fault; and rather than not be angry, will be provoked at your pains to please him. And it must be confessed, that, in your difficult and dependent position, there is much that is trying to flesh and blood. But it is on this very account that you need so greatly to watch and pray, and rule your spirit. Whether they be good and gentle, or peevish and froward, there is no quality more prized by superiors than swift obedience and a serene and deferential bearing. Even though no sharp answer is given, nobody likes to hear the slamming doors and shivered porcelain, and clashing fire-irons, and other safety-valves of domestic passion; and nobody likes to have about him precarious and fitful tempers,—persons whom he can never count upon. When the bell is rung, it is not pleasant to stand wondering whether it will be answered by civil John or saucy John,—whether it will bring up Mary smiling, or Mary in the sulks; and very often, to get quit of the bad temper, both bad and good are sent away. But just as a bad temper is to its owner a plague and a curse, so an evenly and elastic spirit is a priceless possession. It gives beauty and grace to its owner, and it is a comfort to all around. You have seen a springless waggon or a country cart,—and if there were occasion for despatch, it was crazy work as it screeched and hobbled along the rugged road; but it was beautiful to see how the chariot, with its liquid axles and jaunty

springs, glided down its noiseless track, and curtseyed over clods and stones and every interruption. It is painful to see a man who has no temper but his natural one,—the temper he inherits from Adam; it is painful to see him jolting and jumbling along his uneven path, provoked at every interruption, and upset by every obstacle, and, like a crazy conveyance, announcing his progress by jarring noise and perpetual discords. But it is beautiful to see this wretched temper hung anew, suspended on the springs of watchfulness and prayer, revolving through the routine of daily duties without dust or din, and vaulting over any sudden obstacle without a wrench or a rebound. In the history of Ruth Clarke, and other pious servants, I have read how, when the grace of God came into the soul, a shocking temper was succeeded by sweetness and serenity. And if you open your heart to the Saviour, if you pray the Lamb of God to soften your proud spirit, however imperious and irritable, however impatient and touchy, you will presently become lowly and meek. Instead of a perilous and combustible problem, which people are afraid to approach for fear of some sudden explosion, you will have the rich satisfaction to see that you are a man whom others count upon; one for whose good sense and self-control your superiors have a real respect, and in whose patience and magnanimity your fellow-servants find a ready refuge.

And on this subject I have only to add to Christian servants, that the Gospel leaves you no choice. The rule is peremptory and absolute,—"Not answering again." And though you may think it very hard to listen in

silence to misconstruction and abuse, it is really as wise as it is dutiful. Should you be falsely accused, the true statement of the case will come with tenfold advantage in calmer moments; and there is an ingenuous silence, a meek consciousness of integrity, which is far more convincing than the fiercest recrimination or the most eloquent "answering again."

4. And be careful to show all good fidelity. A Christian servant would be horrified at the thought of pilfering or purloining. But there is another species of honesty often overlooked,—I mean a conscientious care of an employer's property. Some servants have a rough or reckless way of working, and are constantly breaking windows or disabling chairs and tables; and others, from wasteful habits, destroy the food or fuel which might have warmed and fed a destitute neighbour. And there are other servants whose economy and careful management make their employers rich. Philip Melanchthon, the great Reformer, had little to spare. He needed to buy books, and travel a great deal, and he loved to show hospitality and be kind to the poor; but his scanty income could never have done it, had it not been for the good husbandry of John of Sweden, his old and frugal servant. And so well were John's virtues known, and so much had he in his humble station endeared himself, that when he died, the city magistrates and all the college students and his master's friends, attended at his funeral.

And will you allow me to add, that few classes of society are so rich, or so able to save money, as household servants are. It is true your income is very small; but

your expenditure might be a great deal less. It is often a matter of great anxiety with your employer how he is to make money enough to pay you your wages; but if you keep your health and your character you seldom have any other anxiety about your income. And though it may not be great, it is usually large enough to lay something by. You might, like some who have filled your station, be the staff of aged parents, and send them now and then a portion of your earnings, which would be doubly blessed, —for besides all the contribution to their comfort, it would be a present fraught with filial love, and would tell them that they lived in the hearts of duteous children. Or you might, like others, set aside enough to educate a younger brother or sister; or you might, like others still, contribute to the spread of the Gospel. And you might lay something up for the time to come. The savings of ten or twenty industrious years would be a lasting bulwark betwixt yourself and poverty. Only, take care that you never lend it. If you invest it at ten per cent., you will see no more of it. If you lend it to a near relative, you will lose all his love, and, in the long-run, all your money. If you wish to oblige a friend, make him a present. If you wish to have something for sickness or old age, put it in the Benefit Society or the Savings Bank. And if you wish to make a great fortune out of a little income, be constantly repeating that self-denying but enriching maxim, "I can do without it."

A LECTURE TO HEADS OF FAMILIES.[1]

SUPPOSE that a relic of Eden were found,—suppose a traveller were guided to its identical locality, you can imagine what surprise and curiosity would be forthwith awakened, and how many pilgrims would resort to the wonderful scene. But even though the very spot could now be ascertained, though you found it all unaltered as if no flood had passed over it, and all fresh as if it had dropped into a trance the moment the sentinel cherub took his station at the gate—though you could break the spell, and let the spicy forest wave afresh, and Pison roll down anew his gravel of gold and gems,—scented turf and living flower, golden streams and warbling groves, could not conjure up to a godless spirit "Paradise Restored." An absent Creator and a guilty mind would make a dreary desert of the earthly heaven.

But there is no need to travel far, no need to wander up the sides of Euphrates, nor scale the Himalayas, nor ransack the islands of the Southern Sea. If you are really desirous to find relics of Eden you may find them nearer your own abode. But in order to discover them a previous process on your part is requisite. You must get back into something of the same state in which our sinless progenitors were. From the great atonement clearly discerned

[1] Reprinted from *The English Presbyterian Messenger*, vol. i. N.S., 1848.

and joyfully embraced, you must get into the peace of God. You must learn through Jesus Christ to look up to God as your own God and Heavenly Father, and believing the Bible you must recognise His pervasive presence and transfusive love in those scenes which to the worldling are "empty and void."

And when thus enlightened the first institution in which you may detect a remnant of Eden, is the Christian Sabbath. In its tranquil seclusion, in its peaceful worship, in its praise and prayer, in its meditative leisure, in its voice of Jehovah, in its invitations upwards, in its opportunities of communion with God, the only fragment of Paradisaic time now extant is this day of the Son of man.

And the other institution in which you may hail the relic of a better world is HOME. If founded on piety and filled with love, it is a nearer approach to the landscape of Eden than is the brightest garden or the balmiest bower. It may be a hut whose many chinks let in the frosty blast. It may be a cabin set down on a lonely wild, and to which friendly faces seldom find the way. Or it may be a narrow chamber dim-lighted and short of breath, absconding among the soot and sultry exhalations of the pent-up city lane. But if Heaven's window be open over it; if intelligence, and trust, and harmony have there their dwelling; if the door be barred by Christian principle and the walls be lined by brotherly love; if its atmosphere be renewed by daily prayer, and its darkness lit up by cheerful piety, its inward economy is a little emblem of the Father's House on high, and a great help towards reaching it.

Before it can be this, however, it must be founded on piety. The heads of that house must be united in the Lord. They would need, like Zacharias and Elisabeth, to walk in the ordinances blameless; and, like Aquila and Priscilla, they would need to have a church in their house. They would do well to take for their maxim what Bengel made his fireside motto :—

> "Jesus in heaven,
> Jesus in the heart,
> Heaven in the heart,
> The heart in heaven."

And they should agree as Bengel and his wife c
"Our love of Christ, and our desire to enjoy H
presence, are to be of far more consequence to us than each other's company."

The house chiefly depends on those who are at its head, and in this lecture I would try to give some hints.

I. What they ought to be to one another.

II. What they ought to be to their children.

III. What they ought to be to the servants and other inmates of their dwelling.

And as the subject is one of practical and vital moment, I pray the Lord to give me a word in season.

I. And I shall hope that I am addressing those who love one another in the Lord; who find in the Saviour an object of pre-eminent and holy affection, and in His service a subject of common concern and ever-freshening interest. I shall suppose myself addressing those who are well assured of each other's Christian sincerity, and who are cheered by the blessed hope that whatever hour

may part them, the same glory will receive them. And to such the Bible directions for mutual happiness are briefly these.

1. It bids them be mutually respectful. It tells the husband to "give honour" to the wife, and the wife is told to "see that she reverence her husband." When Oberlin was eighty years of age he was one day met by some of his parishioners ascending a steep hill and leaning on the arm of his son-in-law, whilst his wife was walking behind by herself. Frail as he was he felt it an anomaly, and thought it needful to stop and explain the reason. Was not it a fine feature in the old worthy's character? and whilst intended as a tribute to his wife, was it not a striking proof of his Christian chivalry? And are not those the happiest unions where they still see with somewhat of the admiring, as well as affectionate eyes with which they first learned to view one another? And is not this another glory of the Gospel, that however lovely its possessor be, it still keeps something in reserve, and teaches us that the noble one shall be nobler still, and the fair one fairer still, and that we shall never see the end of this perfection? Besides all the truth and lealheartedness which it inspires, it is a great blessing of real religion that it enkindles sentiment. Over this bleak and threadbare world it spreads a charm which romance could not create, but which no reality can dissipate, for itself is the most real of all things; and over the desert of daily life it effloresces beauties which Guido never saw, and Spenser never fancied. It binds kindred spirits together in bonds more lasting than the vulgar links of convenience

or convention, and counting on that world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, it creates a higher regard and a holier affection than congeniality could commence or strictest vows perpetuate; and into ordinary intercourse and familiar incidents there are constantly coming mementoes which elevate the soul and irradiate one another,—such thoughts as Heaven, Jesus, Immortality.

2. But not only does the Gospel fill with its own lively hope a Christian union, but it raises a standard of conjugal devotedness and endearment formerly unknown in the world. "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church, and He is the Saviour of the body. Therefore as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything. Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church and gave Himself for it; that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." Christ loved the Church, and such was His affection for it that He did not grudge years of hardship and suffering, and eventual death, that He might win it to Himself. But more than that, His love all flowed in a holy channel. He loved the Church in order to make it holy. Through all His love He sought to sanctify it. And those who are joined in this hallowed relation are to take the Redeemer Himself as the model of their love.

They are to be so devoted as to grudge nothing in each other's behalf; but in all their attachment and complacency they are never to forget the grand result to which their union should tend, the growth of each in holiness. The consciousness of faults and deficiencies in His disciples did not cool towards them the Saviour's affection. It only excited all His wisdom and tender skill to make them better; and by a treatment in which superhuman sagacity and divine benignity were beauteously blended, by expedients as full of grace and gentleness as they were full of lofty purpose, He revealed and removed the sins which did most easily beset them. And so true was His affection, and so dignified and delicate His treatment, that these disciples, even when most convicted and most humbled, never felt *hurt*. There was no arrogance in His tone, no disdain in His spirit, no bitterness nor vexation in His manner, and, after every lesson or reproof, they felt, if He had loved them from the first, He loved them more than ever now (John xiii.) And in this the Divine Redeemer is presented as a model to those whom the most sacred of earthly ties unites. Their love must not only be mutual devotedness, but it must aim at mutual improvement. Most likely, months or years of constant intercourse will bring out defects and failings; but instead of cooling the ardour of other days or awakening harsh emotions, they are opportunities for the triumph of Christian love. They are occasions for telling one another frankly the fault, so frankly that sin shall not be suffered, but so tenderly that affection shall not be wounded. And, oh! did we but attain to something of the Saviour's spirit,

were love to holiness the golden thread which ran through our love to one another, there would be no need for flattery, no fear of fault-finding, no longer occasion that love should be blind. But seeking with supreme solicitude each other's growth in grace, anxious for each other's sanctity, avowing as our aim something akin to the Divine Redeemer's own, who is bent on creating a "glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, but holy and without blemish," there would be less risk of affection mounting up to idolatry or dwindling to disappointment and contempt. Those who were joined for life together would find abundant errands to the throne of grace, and new objects in their reading and hearing and observation of others; and instead of sitting in judgment on others they would be watchful over themselves. And as the result of fidelity and meekness, as the effect of a supreme desire on either side to grow more holy and heavenly-minded, and as the fruit of their common contributions to each other's character, it would soon come to pass that if their friends had reason to esteem them before, they will have more reason to admire them now, and will find in them a fulfilment of the proverb, "Two are better than one."

II. What they ought to be to their children.

Just think a moment and tell me, what is it which chiefly makes a home? Perhaps you have read the autobiography of a popular German writer still living. When a few weeks old he lost his mother, and till he grew up he was very roughly foot-balled through the world. He tells very touchingly a journey which he took when a young student, tramping it wearily along the

wintry roads, and I may read in his own words a little incident at a country inn where he stopped for the night. "As I entered the parlour, darkened by the evening twilight, I was suddenly wrapped in an unexpected embrace, while amid showers of tears and kisses I heard these words, 'Oh! my child, my dear child.' Though I knew that this greeting was not for me, yet the motherly pressure seemed to me the herald of better days, the beautiful welcome to a new and better world, and a sweet trembling passed over me. As soon as lighted candles came in, the illusion vanished. The modest hostess started from me in some consternation; then looking at me with smiling embarrassment, she told me that my height exactly corresponded to that of her son, whom she expected home that night from a distant school. As he did not arrive that night she tended and served me with a loving cordiality, as if to make amends to herself for the disappointment of his absence. The dainties which she had prepared for him she bestowed on me, and next morning she packed up a supply of provisions, procured me a place in the Diligence, wrapped me up carefully against frost and rain, and refusing to impoverish my scanty purse by taking any payment, dismissed me with tender admonitions and motherly farewells. Yet all this kindness was bestowed, not on me, but on the image of her absent son! Such is a mother's heart! I cannot describe the feelings with which I left the village. My whole being was in a strange delicious confusion." And in point of fact that motherly embrace had opened in the bosom of the orphan boy the fountain of soft pure fancies which have rendered Henry

Zschokke the most popular story-writer in all his father-land. It was the only night when he had ever known a home, and from that brief hour he carried enough away to give a new aspect and assurance to all his future life. And I might ask again, what is it makes the home? And you would answer, A mother's love.

You know what it would be to spend one of these winter evenings in a chamber without a fire on the hearth or a carpet on the floor; even though the furniture were costly and the friends congenial, nothing could impart the lacking comfort or diffuse the wonted radiance. And in this wintry world a tender mother's love, and a pious mother's care, are the carpet on the floor and the blaze on the evening hearth. They make the home, and to life's latest moment they mingle in every picture of pre-eminent happiness:

> 'Tis now become a record little known,
> That once we called the pastoral house our own.
> Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
> That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
> Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
> A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
> Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
> That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
> Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
> The biscuit or confectionary plum;
> The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
> By thine own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed.
> All this, and more endearing still than all,
> Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall,—
> All this may still be read in memory's page,
> And shall be so unto my latest age.

Now those of you are best acquainted with the world, or who have read most extensively the histories of men,

will allow that in the formation of character the most telling influence is the early home. It is that home which often in boyhood has formed beforehand our most famous scholars, our most celebrated heroes, our most devoted missionaries. And even when men have grown up reckless and reprobate, and have broken all restraints human and divine, the last anchor which has dragged, the last cable they have been able to snap, is the memory which moored them to a virtuous home. And in that home again, the presence most pervasive and sacred, the haunting sanctity most hindersome to vice, and the tearful entreaty most difficult to scowl away or trample down, has been the remembrance of a mother's prayers and the silent remonstrance of a mother's calm and holy walk.

And seeing that such is the power of maternal influence, can we lay it too strongly on the maternal conscience, that God has said of all their younger children, "Take this child and bring it up for Me"? Over these children God has given you almost absolute control. He has made them so, that, for many days to come, except by some uncommon error on your part, they will love you more than any human being. And of all others you are the most constantly with them. In these unnatural days, days when we are in such a hurry that, except on Sabbaths, households never get a glance of one another, in these days you are the only parent who has leisure to take pains with your children. If their father be ever so worldly, he cannot much interfere with your instructions; and though he should be ever so exemplary, the responsibility is still your own, for he has not leisure to help you.

And though he had nothing else to do, he has not the aptitude to teach and to train them; so that the earlier and most influential years of life are all the mother's own.

What is it then which you mainly seek for your children? Is it the kingdom of Heaven and the righteousness thereof? Do you distinctly desire above all things that they should become devoted disciples of Christ, and go forth into subsequent life holy and consistent characters, filled with the Saviour's love, and seeking in their turn to commend Him? their conduct presenting Him in the aspect which should make Him dear and attractive to others? Surely this is the grand concern. Should the grace of God take possession of your children's souls, and should they pass out into society or active existence with principles strengthened and tastes sublimed by a Saviour's love, it will matter not so much what calling they select or what station on earth they fill.

And towards this blessed end it is a great step to have your mind made up, and to know what your object really is. Most grand results have been attained, not by a solitary and paroxysmal effort, but by continuous and patient toil. In earthly things it has usually been when the soul was timeously possessed by some splendid object, and was content to travel towards it through years of self-denial and silent industry, that a signal consummation has been gained. And in heavenly things it is much the same. Even in those results which lie totally beyond human reach, which the Father hath kept in his own hands and deals out as the returns to prayer, even there, perseverance, exertion, self-denial, have their efficacy.

They show that the object is really prized, and that the prayer is earnest. But within that heavenly territory most of the objects are avowedly held forth as the rewards of *pains* and *prayer* united. And can any object be more sacred, more worthy of life-long effort and daily pains, than the salvation of your children? So far as God has made it dependent on your example, your assiduity, and your affectionate skill, is there in such a case any violence which you should not do to your natural indolence or timidity, or any vigilance which you should not set on your minutest conduct and most trivial words? With the salvation of your beloved children for your aim, seeking that there may survive in them a godly seed when you yourself are gone, and that you may confidently bequeath them then to a Father in heaven whom they already know and love, can you grudge any amount of patience and self-control? Have you not abundant motive for daily prayer and hourly pains in the thought that God has made you the guardian of your children's souls?

And in this work you have need of wisdom. Without sound sense and self-command, education is a wretched business, and without it there can be no Christian education at all. To make books the task and sweetmeats the prize, and yet hope that they shall grow up intellectual and disdainful of sensual enjoyments; to talk of their looks in their hearing, and bedizen them with all sorts of trinkets and glaring apparel, and yet expect that they shall go out into the world in that simplicity and sweet unconsciousness which surpass all ornament, and without which no looks are good; to enter with sprightliness into

common topics and keep for religion the long face and the doleful lecture, and yet hope that they shall associate with piety "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace;" to impose passages of Scripture as a penalty, or scold the little scholar all through a Bible lesson, and then bid him learn the verse which says that that Bible is more to be desired than gold, and is sweeter than the honey-comb; to jumble such contradictions together is the sure way to perplex the learner and frustrate all your lessons. But something like this is often done by parents who on the whole mean well. Their piety is intermitting. It comes on them by fits and starts, or it is confined to stated and devotional seasons. Could the hour of worship be separated from the other hours, and the Sabbath be separated from the other days, the remainder would have no religion. It would be like an ancient tombstone with the brasses taken out. Or their piety is of a defective species. It has more of law than gospel in it. It is the precept now and then grasping the conscience, rather than the peace of God keeping the heart and mind. But do you, my dear friends, seek to have your souls pervaded by God's own Gospel. Seek to live habitually in the presence of a reconciled God yourselves, and then seek to bring near Him those who are dearest to your own soul. Full of divine joy and peace, allure your children into the love of God, and watch, and strive, and pray, till your own feelings and conduct be habitually evangelic. Oh! could you reach it, there is no argument so resistless as the elevated and consistent walk of a pious parent, and no influence so winsome as that parent's shining face; the

conduct from which the great realities have banished all that is silly, and ignoble, and selfish, the countenance from which an abiding Gospel has banished all the gloom.

But after all, the prime and most potent means is prayer. We speak of substances which it is hard to fuse; we forget that the hardest of all is a human will. To bring even an infant's will to the bending or the welding temperature needs a power divine. We speak of locks which it is hard to force or open; we forget that the most intricate and adamantine lock is the human heart. It has wards and turnings into which even a mother's love cannot insinuate, and to open it to the Gospel is beyond all power save the mighty power of God. And wherefore is it that the Lord has given you that yearning for your children's souls, and at same time shows you that you cannot there introduce that Gospel which you delight in, nor enshrine that Saviour whom you yourself adore? Wherefore, but to send you in vehement and importunate prayer to him who has all hearts in his hands? Wherefore, but to shut you up in lowly dependence and humble expectancy to him who hath the key of David, and who, when His own set time is come, will open the door and take triumphant possession? Surely among all the petitions which reach the mercy-seat, there is none more welcome than the cry of a believing parent on behalf of his darling child. Surely there is none which the Friend of these little ones will put into His censer with more gracious alacrity, or the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ hear with a more divine benignity. And should the answer not come at once, surely there is no petition on

all the file less likely to be forgotten, nor one which, should you meanwhile quit the praying ground, you may more confidently leave to the fidelity and love of your Guardian within the veil.

III. What the heads of families ought to be to their servants and the other inmates of their dwelling.

A few weeks ago we stepped into a churchyard near Brighton, and noticed many monuments which had been reared to faithful servants by grateful employers. One was a butler who had lived twenty years with a Colonel; another had been a gentleman's coachman for twenty-eight years. One female servant had lived thirty-five years with her mistress, and another had been seventeen years in a clergyman's family, "where from her fidelity and good conduct, her cheerfulness and obliging disposition, she gained the love and esteem of all who knew her; a meek and humble Christian, and kind and attentive to the poor." And those who have visited the Royal vaults at Windsor, must remember similar tablets reared to servants by the kind-hearted monarch, George III. I like to meet such monuments. They look like other links in that great chain which the Prince of Peace is slowly fashioning to bind our world in brotherhood. But better than the monument reared by the grateful employer, do I like to alight on the abode where the kind master and the happy servant dwell together. On such abodes I have frequently fallen in going out and in among yourselves; and though little time remains, yet as the Gospel has shown a special care for servants, I must say a few words before we part.

And surely it is no common opportunity of usefulness which God gives you in the care of those who are constantly under your roof. They often come from places where they have enjoyed no religious advantages. Sometimes they are not able to read the Bible, or can read it so imperfectly as not to understand it. It often happens, that they have scarcely ever listened to a sermon in which the Gospel was explained or the Saviour set forth; and, very often, they come to you without ever having seen a sample of family religion, the daily worship, the sanctified Sabbath, the timely hours, the decorum, and happiness, and affection which distinguish a Christian household. And, in sending them to your abode for a season, God gives them a special opportunity of getting good, and gives you a special opportunity of doing it. If under your roof they see nothing except that which is honest, lovely, and of good report—if you encourage them to frequent the house of God, and make sure that they actually go—if you lend them good books, and now and then talk over their contents—if you can devote a Sabbath hour to Bible-reading and profitable conversation—and, above all, if your bearing towards them be so kind and considerate that they feel that in their employers they have friends and well-wishers, you may be to your domestics what Paul was to Onesimus, and find them, through God's blessing, become something "above servants," "brethren beloved," and fellow-citizens in the household of faith. The story of *Ruth Clarke*, which every servant and employer should read, is a beautiful example of what may be accomplished by faithful, kind-hearted heads of families.

And, in seeking the highest interests of those in our employment, we shall come little speed if we forget their immediate welfare. Considerateness is a natural result of real religion; and a Christian householder will consider the health and strength, the feelings, the comfort, and worldly welfare of those whom God has brought under his roof. He will consider their health, and will not expose them recklessly to inclement weather, nor bid the same servant rise early whom he has kept late from repose. He will consider their feelings, and not talk at them in their hearing, nor lightly charge them with negligence or dishonesty which they may have never committed, nor carry it severely and suspiciously, as if he were surrounded with convicts or conspirators. He will consider their temporal advantage, and besides giving the labourer the hire of which he is worthy, he will encourage provident habits, and, taking care not to be the banker himself, will persuade his domestics to save up their earnings. And he will consider their moral principles and their character, and save them from every influence which might peril either.

In conclusion, I must not forget that some may have sojourning within their gates those whose province it is to educate their children. For them I would claim an amount of deference and kindness proportioned to the future elevation or happiness which you desire for your sons and daughters. The teacher who is able to make them what you wish can never be repaid in salary, and can never be overpaid in affection and esteem. And yet, from want of inborn good feeling, or from their own

defective education, many treat like menials those to whom they look for whatsoever is to be scholar-like or accomplished, high-hearted or lovely in their youthful line. I shall not speak of the sacrifices and self-denial in every teacher's life, nor of the better days and brighter home which so many female teachers have exchanged for the privations, and servitude, and loneliness of their present lot; nor shall I insist on intellectual title and the rank which acquirement confers; but I would merely say, in conclusion, that nothing can better distinguish betwixt true refinement and opulent vulgarity, than the different treatment which each bestows on a tutor or a governess.

AN ADDRESS TO STUDENTS.[1]

GENTLEMEN,—It is not long since I myself was a student, and were I indulging my own likings I should be a student still. It does not look so very distant, that 1st of May, when I last wore the scarlet robe of a Glasgow gownsman, and it came over me so pathetic that I was to be young no longer. And though intervening years have brought many a striking scene and some important pursuits, they have not dulled the memory of those delightful days. Give me a silent hour, and anywhere I can create again that academic atmosphere so fresh and hopeful, that academic light so mnemonic of an old world, so prelusive of a new one. I can see again Mylne's ancient visage, full of cynic wrinkles and Socratic sense, and hear once more Sir Daniel's varied melody, in which the Homeric battle clanged, and Pindar's eagle flapped his wings of thunder. I can conjure up that crowded class-room in which the wonders of chemical discovery flashed before admiring eyes in gruff profusion, and Thomson dealt forth the laws of heat and the weights of atoms; and that other lecture-room beside the Botanic Garden, where Hooker's fancy and summer's prime glorified yet more the loveliest of all the sciences, and made it like a descriptive poem

[1] Reprinted from *The English Presbyterian Messenger*, vol. i. N. S., 1848.

read in a flowery paradise. And still dearer and more hallowed rise the scenes where philosophy and faith walked hand in hand; the thrilling hours when, with all the interest of a drama and the foreshadowings of a propheey, the volume of Church History unrolled to Welsh's calm and skilful handling; and the stately time when, by a sort of electric induction, many a student was filled with majestic thoughts and philanthropic purposes from contact with the mighty Chalmers, and, from witnessing the raptures of holy intellect, learned to regard the soul's immortality as something visible, and God's presence as something palpable. And so fresh are those years of discovery and hope that I can fully sympathize with you who still

> "Nourish a youth sublime
> With the fairy tales of science, and the long results of time."

And as I recollect that I could then have been glad that ministers had sometimes remembered poor students, and given us a corner in an occasional sermon, as my own mind was full of doubts and difficulties and temptations, but never in College Chapel, Dissenting Meeting, or Established Church, did I hear a sentence expressly directed to us—now that I am a minister myself I feel moved to give this evening to students, and I am sure you will receive in kindness the experimental hints of an older brother.

The grand maxim for honourable and happy living, and the best motto for a student is, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink," whether ye read or write, whether ye work or rest, and whatsoever your profession and destination be, "whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." That

cause which God Himself is carrying on in the world, the elevation of fallen beings in intelligence and morality and loyalty to their Creator, let that be the end for which you live; and whether called to enact new laws in the Senate of the realm, or to plead the cause of the oppressed and the injured before the tribunals of its justice, whether summoned to the bedside of suffering humanity, or the home which sickness and sorrow have invaded, or if put in trust with the Gospel and sent to proclaim it from the pulpit or the press, or to preach it from door to door and from one heathen village to another; be law, medicine, or theology your pursuit, let God's glory still be your aim. Take God's Word for your directory, and God's approval for your recompense; and seek such results as you believe are dear to God Himself, and will survive when time is ended. In order to this result three things seem essential, a Christian faith, personal devotedness, and the consecration of study.

1. There is no way to get a clear knowledge of God, nor a permanent loving confidence in Him, except through the Christian revelation. That revelation sooner or later commends itself to most anxious spirits as the power and wisdom of God; and then through its direct and sunny avenue they are guided into the peace of God. But we rather think that with most intellectual minds the process is far from rapid. Accustomed to doubt and speculate and cavil, the saving truth itself finds slow and suspicious entrance into their belief; and though I am not aware that any case has ever occurred where a person after calm investigation rejected the Bible as lacking in evidence,

the cases are numberless where anxious months or laborious years were requisite in order to secure a firm and joyful faith. Were all as guileless as Nathanael, were all as simple and unsophisticated, it would be a process equally short; it would just be "come and see." But as most are, like Thomas, nimble in evasion and ingenious in self-perplexing, after years of study and a long series of proofs it still needs some crowning sign, some flashing token, some conclusive elenchus, to startle the exclamation, "My Lord, and my God!" Were all minds in a state of limpid candour, in such receptivity as innocence or great capacity produces, it would only need a Bible opened, and presently there would be a transcript on a convinced and adoring spirit. It would be in higher measure what the German describes as the process with himself, "Christ required from me no miracles as witnesses of His truth; He himself, His life, His thoughts, His actions, towered above the mist of centuries, the one perpetual miracle of history, the holy ideal of a perfect humanity."[1]

But few minds are so comprehensive or so candid that the Gospel enters at once and in virtue of its own authority. With most it is an arduous progress, where conscience drives them on, or God's Spirit draws them, and the sharp flints of old objections, or the thorns of disputation, wound them as they go. Like Halyburton, one fights his way into the Gospel stronghold through troops of atheistic phantoms, and thoughts as horrid as the abyss from which they rise. Like Mason Good and Thomas Scott, another has to break from the frosty prison of

[1] Heinrich Zschokke.

Socinian or Sadducean scepticism, before he reaches the bland and cheerful territory which a Divine atonement illumines. And like Kirke White and Edward Payson, many must grope and stumble through legal fogs and chasing ascetic *ignes fatui*, before they hail in the Star of Bethlehem a light which cannot mislead and cannot be mistaken. It is of the utmost moment, brethren, that you should recognise in the religion of Jesus a rock of ages, and should secure your own standing on it. If you set about the inquiry in earnest and with prayer, and possess a mind of ordinary soundness, there can be little doubt of the eventual issue. One of the finest scholars which Edinburgh has yielded for many years was John Brown Patterson, whose essay on the Athenian Character some of you may know. With an opulent fancy and learning of rare exactitude, he possessed a calm and deliberate judgment. He could take nothing for granted which needed to be proved; and though he knew that the Gospel has its throne in the heart, he also knew that it is through the door and vestibule of an enlightened reason that the Gospel advances to this, its interior shrine. He sat down with solemnity and assiduity to explore the Bible evidence, and he gives in successive particulars the conclusion to which he came :—

"I believe that predictions uttered and miracles wrought in behalf of a holy doctrine are God's attestations to that doctrine.

"I believe, on the authority of the Jewish nation, that the prophecies of the Old Testament were uttered long before the appearance of Jesus Christ.

"I believe that the facts recorded in the New Testament are true, inasmuch as the apostles proved themselves honest men, and could not be mistaken regarding them.

"I believe, therefore, that prophecies were fulfilled in Christ, and miracles wrought by Him, which prove His doctrine true and divine.

"I believe, on His authority, supported by the faith and testimony of the Jewish people, that the books of the Old Testament were inspired.

"I believe on the faith of Christ's frequent promises (Matt. x. 19, 20; Luke xii. 11, 12; Mark xiii. 11; Luke xxi. 14, 15; John xiv. xv. xvi.), and of the frequent assertions of the apostles themselves (Gal. i. 11, 12; 1 Cor. ii. 10, 13; xi. 23; xiv. 37; 1 Pet. i. 12; 2 Pet. iii. 16), that they were inspired by God to unfold the Christian doctrine more fully to the world.

"I therefore believe that I am bound to receive as duly attested truth whatever is asserted by Christ or His apostles.

"I believe that the books which bear the names of the apostles were written by them; from the impossibility of forgery; from the testimony of the Christian Church downwards from the first century; and from various internal evidences of authenticity which they contain.

"I believe, therefore, on the whole, that the books commonly called the Old and New Testaments are the Word of God."[1]

And though some may think that this is dry work and a cold conclusion, those who know the blessing of a mind

[1] *Memoir of Rev. J. B. Patterson*, pp. 152, 153.

made up will not grudge the tedium or toil of the research, and those who do as Mr. Patterson did, will not halt at the cold conclusion. To his severe and scrupulous mind it was a great matter to know for certain that the Old and New Testaments are the Word of God; and now that the gates were lifted up the next thing was that the King of Glory entered. Out of a Bible believed and a Gospel accepted, there passed into his soul a living Saviour; and what he constantly repeated on his dying bed, "Read to me about Jesus; speak to me about Jesus," was the main business of his brief and burning career. To extol this Saviour, to show His love and majesty and the perfection of His finished work, engaged his every faculty; gave his eloquence a brighter glow, and taxed his wealth of gorgeous imagery. And the upshot was that instead of going down to posterity with the Bruncks and the Bentleys, and other critics of lettered but frigid fame, his name has gone up among the worthies who have turned many to righteousness, and who shall shine like the stars for ever and ever.

2. Should your mind already be made up that the Bible is the Word of God, lose not a moment in devoting yourself to God's immediate service. So long as you live to yourself you live in sin; and you only commence the truly happy and noble life when you begin to live to God. And for His dear Son's sake, a holy and merciful God is unspeakably willing not only to receive you into His service, but to make you something more than a servant, even His own son. And happily for you, whatever be your tastes or talents, there are endless fields in which

you may exercise them, and still be serving God. The great thing is personal devotedness. It was this which hurried Martyn and Thomason away to the missionary work, and which made Spencer and M'Cheyne such burning and shining lights at home. It was this which shed such a halo round jurists like President Forbes and Sir Matthew Hale, and which interwove its fragrant myrtle with the laurel crown of Haller and Hope and Boerhaave. It was this,—the feeling that their pen was not their own, but that they were bound to glorify God in their authorship,—which actuated at once Foster's iron energy, and Cowper's enchanting elegance, and has imparted to their books more than human perpetuity and power. And though they never passed forth to active life, it was their undisguised devotedness, that relation to a beloved Redeemer, which they neither vaunted nor concealed, which gave a lustre to the College life of students like John Urquhart and James Halley, and gave to genius the momentum and majesty of pervasive piety. And, my dear friends, is there anything else for which you are content to live? College honours? Hear a senior wrangler, —"I obtained my highest wishes, but was surprised to find I had grasped a shadow."[1] A seat in the English Cabinet? Hear a Secretary of State, when a friend wished him a happy new year,—"This year had need to be happier than the last, for I do not remember a single happy day in it."[2] The Chancellorship of England? Hear him who longest held it and most dearly loved it,— "A few weeks will send me to dear Encombe as a resting-

[1] H. Martyn. [2] Lord Melville.

place between vexation and the grave."[1] Fame? "They came from all lands to hear the wisdom of Solomon,"—but the famous philosopher summed it up,—"Vanity of vanities, vanity of vanities, all is vanity." But pray the Lord to teach you a nobler end and a more excellent way. Pray that He would make you zealous for Himself, and enable you to diffuse His glory through the earth. And do not rest till you feel in your secret soul that something grander prompts you than the love of money, the love of title, or the love of power. Let that motive urge you which fired evangelists and strengthened martyrs, to which earth owes its most splendid virtues, and to which heaven owes all its earth-born citizens. Let the love of Christ constrain you, and then you can neither live too long nor work too hard, nor be summoned from the world too soon.

3. The satellite has found its primary, the soul its centre, life its sufficient object, when you can say, "For me to live is Christ." But just as it is your truest wisdom and blessedness to consecrate your eventual existence, so it should be the anxiety of every Christian student to sanctify those intermediate studies which are to fit him for and usher him upon his final and more important earthly career.

(1.) And here the first and last requisite is prayer. The great discoverer of the laws of planetary motion, before he turned his telescope towards the sky, or sat down to an arduous problem, used to implore light and guidance from Infinite Wisdom; and his biographer tells us that "if a noble pride occasionally mingled with

[1] Lord Eldon.

Kepler's feelings, it was the pride of being the chosen messenger of physical truth, not that of being the possessor of superior genius."[1] You are likely acquainted with that form of prayer which Johnson employed before composing a Rambler or arranging a new page of his Dictionary. Amidst all his intellectual haughtiness and growling indolence, he knew very well that there is a Wisdom from above which can lighten every labour, and without whose help there is nothing strong nor stable. Many a scholar can set his seal to what Matthew Henry somewhere writes, "I forgot to ask special help on this day's work, and so the chariot-wheels drove heavily." Few sufficiently remember what a strength or clearness prayer can import into the soul, and few sufficiently open their minds to that light or energy which a gracious God is ready to send them from on high. And more especially would those who deal with sacred subjects do well to live and have their studious "being" in God. So far as spiritual perspicacity goes, though Divine things be always equally true, their clearness to us depends on how the medium—the atmosphere—is, and that is entirely what God is pleased to make it. And so far as impression on others or moral power is concerned, the human mind is like the hydrostatic tube, nothing in itself, but telling with tremendous force when filled from a cistern up in the heights of heaven.

(2.) And may I next suggest that the aim of the Christian student should be nothing less than the highest excellence, the nearest approach to professional Optimism?

[1] Brewster's *Martyrs of Science*, p. 208.

Whatever your destination is, if you make a Christian profession you cannot adorn its doctrine without making the utmost effort to excel. If your turn be not bookish—if you have no delight in investigation and research—if you are a stranger to that studious rapture which finds the ashes cold on the winter's hearth, or the sun peeping through the morning casement whilst entranced with some congenial theme; if Virgil makes you yawn and Euclid gives you headache, you cannot back out of it too soon, nor rectify too speedily the blunder which brought you to College. Be it Law or Letters, Divinity or Medicine, which you meant to patronize,—next to the pleasure which they feel when a generous or gifted devotee comes forward, is their pleasure when a lazy or ignoble hanger-on gives up. And more especially if it be the Christian ministry at which you aim, let me entreat you by all the worth of immortal souls, and all the glory of the Divine Redeemer, to halt at the present stage, unless your mind be made up for a toilsome and self-spending career. Many things conspire to show that in the Evangelical Churches it is more and more tending to that state of matters, when the manse and the parsonage will vanish from the vista, and if not, like the Vaudois and other worthies, constrained to take joyfully the spoiling of goods, the ministers and missionaries of the cross must be content to be poor whilst making many rich. And we care not how soon these pastoral elysiums and sacerdotal snuggeries are broken up, if their ruin relieve the ministry of those who have sought it for a piece of bread, and furnish for the great Armageddon now mustering a

Gideon's host, from which the fearful and faint-hearted have passed away. And in the meanwhile there is nothing which the cause of the Gospel more wants than a band of high-hearted volunteers, men of vigorous intellect and glowing piety, and who can cast themselves on the emergencies now rising, content to take their rest when they get it with their Lord in heaven. Should any of you, my dear friends, belong to this number,—should you be prepared in fulness of purpose to take your oath at the altar, and by solemn vows devote yourselves to the glory of God and the service of Jesus Christ in the salvation of souls,—it is time that you were commencing now. It is time that you were devoting the two, three, or four years which yet intervene to strenuous equipment for the work of all others the most awful and august. And fear not to overtask your strength. Most true it is that in the tottering adjustment between our sinful minds and disordered bodies, every effort involves a danger; but far more students perish from midnight revels than from midnight toils. And without heroic efforts and daily self-denial how can you ever hope to master all the languages, to acquaint yourselves with all the sciences, and familiarize yourselves with all the ponderous treatises requisite for entering on an intelligent and accomplished ministry?

(3.) But whilst a Christian student should bend all his energies to the securing of professional eminence—whilst it should be the prime effort of the jurist, physician, or divine to master his peculiar calling, though it were for nothing else, for the Gospel's sake,—we would add that for the same reason the Christian student should seek a liberal and

enlightened mind. A man who knows his own profession will always be respected; but a man who knows nothing except his own profession will be a very wearisome companion. Whoever has read the history of Lord Eldon must have felt how dry and bald is this walking Statute-book, or whoever has gone over the *Life of Sir Astley Cooper*, must have sighed for something else than surgery. And besides that the theologian's field is everywhere, I would just suggest to any aspirant to the ministry, that few have done signal service in the study or the sanctuary, who besides being great in the Bible were not great in something else. Barrow and Horsley were great mathematicians, and Jeremy Taylor was great in the classics. Fénélon was fond of belles-lettres, and Pascal of physics. Robert Hall was a proficient in mental philosophy, and Dr. Chalmers was no less an enthusiast for the natural sciences. To have reft them of these propensities would not have rendered them more devout, and would only have robbed them of the silver baskets in which they displayed their apples of gold.

Bear with me if I once more advert to the all-important subject of conduct and character. And here allow me to ask, How do you dispose of your Sabbaths? Except the hospital student every man at College has his Sabbath to himself. And do you give it all to God? Perhaps nothing outward draws a sharper line betwixt the conscientious and the careless than their treatment of this sacred day. The God-fearing student puts aside his College books as entirely as the God-fearing workman puts aside his tools. But the temporizer or the freethinker who

squandered his Saturday is obliged to filch the Sabbath. He expects to be examined to-morrow, so he works out that equation or construes those hexameters. Or he thinks it pity to lose so much solid time, and accordingly he articulates these bones or looks over the last number of the *Lancet*. But however busy the pious student may be, he is busy to-day about very different things from those which employed him yesterday. Whatever leisure he redeems from public worship or the philanthropic engagements of the Sabbath-school teacher or the Christian visitor, he gives with zest to his Greek Testament or his Bible commonplace-book, or the perusal of edifying works in Christian authorship. And when he goes forth to-morrow to the examination and the lecture, it is with the renovated energy and the inward elasticity of one who has rested the seventh day according to the commandment. And besides all the present blessing which he secures upon his labours, and the much sin which he escapes, he establishes a habit of which he will find the benefit down to the latest hour of life.

And next to Sabbath observance, let me inculcate week-day industry. Indeed, the very Sabbath will want its relish unless an industrious week has gone before it. I now mention Industry in its bearing on character as much as in connection with professional success, and I may read a passage which exceedingly struck me in the Life of a strong-minded Welsh minister :—"I am an old man, my dear boy, and you are just entering the ministry. Let me now and here tell you one thing, and I commend it to your attention and memory. All the ministers

whom I have ever known, who have fallen into disgrace or into uselessness, have been idle men. I never am much afraid of a young minister when I ascertain that he can and does *fairly sit down to his book.*"[1] And what the old Welshman remarked of ministers might be extended to all the learned professions. God has graciously so arranged it that people meet fewest temptations in the way of their lawful calling. But the student is beset with hourly temptations to neglect that calling. There is society. He is invited to spend the evening with some family, and the music and the animated talk and the gay companionship, are such a pleasant change from his own dull chamber, that he is not sorry to get another invitation, and by and by his evenings are all engulfed in amusement, and his drowsy mornings drowned in ennui. And there are idle but entertaining comrades—clever but careless fellows, who, if you will only let them, will lounge about your rooms all day, and only leave you when it is time to sleep. And there are nice but non-professional books,—reviews and poems and romances, which always look more tempting than the literature of your own department, and if you yield to that most plausible form of laziness, non-professional reading, the night will be far advanced, and your faculties will be fairly spent, before you can set about the College theme. And there is the student's traitor, the flattering and false cigar, which represents the broken wall of the sluggard's garden as a picturesque ruin, and its weeds as the flowers of fancy, and promises to smoke him into a Foster or a

[1] *Memoir of Christmas Evans*, p. 185.

Coleridge, whilst all the while it is cajoling him out of his energies, and soothing him into a self-complacent simpleton. Against these fireside enemies—these foes of his own house, the wise scholar will wage perpetual battle. And whether in regard to entertaining books you adopt the rule of never opening them till each day's work is done, or in regard to society adopt John Urquhart's rule of only spending one evening in the week at the abodes of friends; and in regard to such idle habits as we have just been naming, do as most British scholars have done, and renounce them altogether,—whatever be the system you adopt, I cannot urge too earnestly that the student makes the man, and the College decides his life-long destiny. Spare no effort to fill the present months with feats which by and by may furnish pleasant memories, and to store your minds with thoughts and wisdom which may give you wholesome influence in your after age. And when tempted to relax or rest too soon, remember who has said it,—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings: he shall not stand before mean men."

A GLIMPSE OF THE REDEEMED IN GLORY.

"After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."—REV. VII. 9.

WHATEVER debate there may be regarding the locality of this description, there can be no question that it unveils a state of glory. Whether the scene of it be laid in earth or some other world, it is a glimpse of HEAVEN—one of the fullest and most satisfactory glimpses which the Bible gives. Perhaps it may do us good to dwell on it. It may give us more life-like and more home-like thoughts regarding those who have gone to it; and it may make us more diligent in insuring that we ourselves shall go thither. All that need be said may be summed up in answer to these two questions:—Who are there? And what are they doing there?

We speak not now of the original inhabitants, but of the Redeemed from among men; and we ask, WHO ARE THERE?

"*A multitude.*" The region is not solitary. Once it was. The period was when God was all in all. There was the throne, and the great I AM sat upon that throne. But there was no world beneath it, and no multitude before it. And even after the sons of God were made, it was long

before any of *our* race was there. When Abel found himself before the throne, he found no human comrade there. Seraphs waved their wings of fire, and cherubs hovered out and in around the depths of Deity; and all was sanctity, and all was love; but the new-comer found himself unique,—not lonely, not unwelcome, but singular, and different from all the rest. But thus it is not now. There is "a multitude,"—so many, as to give the region a friendly look of terrestrial brotherhood,—so many that the affinities and tastes which still survive will find their congeners and counterparts,—so many, that every service will be sublime, and every enjoyment heightened, by the countless throng who share it.

A *mighty* multitude. "A great multitude, which no man could number." Not a stinted few—not a scanty and reluctant remnant; but a mighty host—like God's own perfections, an affluent and exuberant throng—like Immanuel's merits, which brought them there, something very vast, and merging into infinity—so great a multitude, that, when those who have not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression are added to the many saved in the thousand years of reigning righteousness, it may prove, in the long-run of our poor earth's history, that Satan's captives are outnumbered by the Saviour's trophies.

A *miscellaneous* multitude. "Of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues." For many ages, one nation supplied most of the inhabitants. Most of those who passed the pearly gates had spoken on earth the Hebrew tongue. But Jesus broke down the partition wall; and since His Gospel went into all the world, all the

world has contributed its citizens to the New Jerusalem. The Latin tongue has sent its Cornelius and its Clement; the Greek tongue has sent its Apollos and its Stephen, its Lydia and its Phœbe. The Philippian gaoler is there; and there is the Ethiopian treasurer. All kindreds and people are there—men of all aptitudes and all instincts—men of all grades and conditions; the herdman of Tekoah, and the fishermen of Galilee; the head that once wore Israel's crown, and the genius which managed all the realm of Babylon. And there, suffused with sanctity, and softened into perfect subjection, we may recognise the temperament or the talent which gave each on earth his identity and his peculiar interest. David has not laid aside his harp, and there is still a field for Isaac to meditate. Solomon may have still the eagle-eye, which searches nature's nooks, and scans the infinitude of things; and Moses may retain that meek aspect, to which no future was anxious, and no spot suspicious, for every place and every future was filled by a covenant God. Peter's step may still spring elastic and eager on the sapphire floor; whilst Paul triumphs in some lofty theme; and John's love-curtained eye creates for itself a brighter heaven. Blended and overborne by the prevailing likeness to the Elder Brother, each may retain his mental attributes and moral features; and in the dimensions of their disc, and the tinting of their rays, the stars of glory may differ from one another.

A multitude *who once were mourners.* "These are they which came out of great tribulation." To live in a world like this was itself a tribulation,—a world of distance from God—a world of faith without sight—a world of wicked

men; but they have come out of that tribulation. To have had to do with sin was a terrible tribulation;—from the time that they were first convinced of it, and abhorred themselves in dust and ashes, all along through the great life-battle, contending with manifold temptations—contending with the atheism and unbelief within—contending with their own carnality and sloth, their pride and worldly-mindedness, their unruly passions and sinful tempers: but they have come out of that tribulation also. They are done with conviction, and the broken spirit, and the daily struggle, and the entire tribulation of sin. And most of them had sorrows of another sort—the tribulation of personal trials. One of them had a brave family and a splendid fortune; but the same black day saw that fortune fly away, and the grave close over seven sons and three daughters. Another was a king; and his heir-apparent was his pride and joy,—a youth whose beauty was a proverb through all the realm,—so noble and yet so winsome, that his glance was fascination, and the people followed his chariot with delirious plaudits; but whilst the doating father eyed with swelling bosom his gallant successor, the selfish youth clutched at his father's crown; and the old monarch fled with a bursting heart, to return with a broken one—for his misguided son was slain. One of them filled a place of power in a heathen land, and fidelity to his God brought him into constant jeopardy; till, reft of title, and torn from his mansion, he was flung food for lions into their howling den. And another was an evangelist, who delighted to go from city to city, proclaiming that Saviour whom he dearly loved; till the grasp of tyranny bore him

away to an ocean-rock, and left him to chant the name of Jesus to wailing winds and booming waves. And many others were "destitute, afflicted, tormented;" but from all tribulation they have now come out, and are a safe and happy multitude before the throne.

And they are a multitude *who shall form an eternal monument of the Redeemer's grace and power,*—a multitude who "have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." There was a time when their robes were not white. Of many the character was stained by sensuality, and earthliness, and sin; and though some had little more than the dingy dye of the natural depravity others were filthy with many a crime and much positive pollution. But, in His marvellous grace, God had opened a fountain for human guilt, and filled it with the precious blood of His own dear Son; and in that sin-purging fountain these ransomed ones had washed their robes. It was there that Abel, so amiable and innocent, felt it needful to seek a cleansing, and confessed to a more excellent sacrifice than that which smoked on his own altar. It was there that Enoch found the white robe in which he walked with God. It was thither that Manasseh carried his raiment, red with the blood of Jerusalem, and found it suddenly white as snow. And it was there that the dying thief, blackened with many an atrocity, washed away his stains, and was that same hour fit for Paradise. White is the uniform of glory,—the spotless righteousness of Immanuel. This is the only garb which a child of Adam can wear before the throne of God. And though the apparel of some may be more curiously wrought and

exquisitely embroidered than that of others,—though the hand of the beautifying Spirit may have made it "raiment of needle-work,"—the hue and lustre of each is the same. Every spirit in glory wears the vesture radiant with redeeming righteousness,—the snowy stole, which speaks of the Fountain opened, and which will commemorate through eternity THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

Such are the human inhabitants of Heaven. But WHAT IS IT THEY DO THERE? What is their employment, and their blessedness?

They celebrate a victory. They have "palms in their hands." They are what the 2d and 3d chapters describe as "overcomers." They have fought a good fight, and won the battle. Or, rather, they celebrate the victory which the Captain of their salvation has won for them. As the 5th chapter explains these palms:—"THOU art worthy; for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth." It was once very like as if they would be worsted. The World opposed them. As Amalek withstood Israel, as soon as he knew that Israel wished to go to Canaan, so the world opposed the believer, as soon as he set his face towards Zion. First the world laughed; and then it frowned. First friends jeered, and jested, and tried to rally him out of his religion; and then they looked severe. Ungodly relatives censured his foolish preciseness and fantastic scruples; and ungodly comrades sought to entrap him into ridiculous or wrong positions. And he felt so weak and

friendless, that he was often ready to lose heart, and give up *this* battle. And the Flesh opposed him. It fawned on him, and flattered him, and said, "Master, spare thyself." It coaxed him to be absent from the sanctuary, and to slur over secret devotion, and to make slight work of God's service. And again he was ready to give up. He felt that he had acted a part so ignoble and imbecile, that it would be more consistent to abandon his Christian profession altogether, and become once more an easy-minded worldling. And the Devil opposed him. The great adversary filled his mind with fearful doubts and impious suggestions. Fiery darts were constantly alighting in his bosom; and in the face of his most sober convictions, he would find himself questioning the most essential truths—the Atonement's sufficiency, or the Gospel's sincerity, or even the existence and perfections of God. Or he would find his heart dying away from the objects which once were dearest; rather shunning than courting Christian fellowship; sitting with averted eye, or delinquent heedlessness, under the preaching which once engrossed him; tossing aside the books with which he used to be so enchained and edified; seeing no force nor fulness in those texts which used to feed his soul as with marrow and fatness; and deliberately eyeing that same Saviour whom his soul once loved, but perceiving in Him no beauty that he should desire Him. And again he was ready to halt. "Am I not a hypocrite?" he asked himself; "and would it not be more honest to quit the name, seeing I have lost the thing?" But whilst he was thus trembling on the very verge of apostasy, an unseen power

came to his rescue. The truths of God, or the terrors of judgment, or the attractions of the Saviour, told on him afresh; and—he hardly knows how, but he was constrained once more to turn his face to the foe. The battle began anew; and though he cannot boast of his exploits—he was fighting when he fell. The sword of the Spirit was then in his hand—a palm is in it *now*. And he wonders. How strange, that such a dubious fight should end in such a glorious victory! But here is the explanation—"*Thou* art worthy!" It was Thou, O Captain of salvation, who didst shield my head in the day of battle. It was Thou who didst uphold my slipping feet, and revive my fainting spirit. It was Thou who didst repel those temptations which I hardly resisted, and didst give me victories where I put forth no valour. It was Thou who didst slay the foe that slew me, and by conquering Death for me hast secured that Thy servant shall be conquered no more. Thanks be to God who gave me the victory, through my Lord Jesus Christ! Thanks for this vicarious conquest; and thanks for this bloodless, but blood-bought, palm.

They serve God. "They cry with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb!" "They are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple." Adoration at the throne, activity in the temple,—the worship of the heart, the worship of the voice, the worship of the hands,—the whole being consecrated and devoted to God,—these are the service of the upper sanctuary. *Here* the flesh is often wearied with an hour of worship; *there* "they rest not, day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy,

Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." Here a week will often see us weary in well-doing; there they are drawn on by its own deliciousness to larger and larger fulfilments of Jehovah's will. Here we must lure ourselves to work by the prospect of rest hereafter; there the toil is luxury, and the labour recreation,—and nothing but jubilees of praise, and holidays of higher service, are wanted to diversify the long and industrious sabbath of the skies. And it matters not though sometimes the celestial citizens are represented as always singing, and sometimes as always flying,—sometimes as always working, and sometimes as always resting,—for there the work is rest, and every movement song: and the "many mansions" make one temple, and the whole being of its worshippers one tune—one mighty anthem, long as eternity, and large as its burden, the praise of the great Three-One—the self-renewing and ever-sounding hymn, in which the flight of every seraph, and the harp of every saint, and the smile of every raptured spirit, is a several note, and repeats ever over again, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come!"

They see God. "He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them." Or, as we have it in chap. xxii. 4, "They see his face." Where the natural enmity is destroyed, and the soul is brought really to love God and delight in Him, there will be times in its history when it will desire more fruition of the great I AM than it has ever experienced yet. And when it is thus "breaking for the longing which it hath" to look upon Infinite Excellence, it can sympathize with the exclamation of

Augustine,—"Lord, hast Thou said, 'There shall no man see Me, and live'? Then let me die, that I may see Thee." Or, rather, it can sympathize with the exultation of the patriarch, when he espied afar off his living Redeemer, and, forgetful of his miserable plight, started from the dust-heap, and triumphantly exclaimed,—"In my flesh shall I see God!" And this is Heaven. To be brought so near the Perfection of Beauty, that every competing perfection will look paltry—so near the Fountain of Life, that we shall know no blessedness in which God does not form the largest element—so near the Light of Light and the Source of Love, that we can never more drag our hearts away—this is to dwell in God, and have God dwelling in us; and what more is needful to make it Heaven?

They follow the Lamb. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters." Even in Heaven something of the Mediatorial economy survives. Even where they see God, they follow the Lamb, and a close and conspicuous relation continues to subsist betwixt the Redeemer and His ransomed. He remains the Leader of His blood-bought company; and whilst He prescribes their occupation, He is the immediate Source of their blessedness. They have faculties capable of vast expansion, an avidity for excellence which is now insatiable, and a susceptibility of sacred enjoyment which nothing can content short of all the fulness of God. And the spiritual food—the soul-expanding and heart-gladdening

truth—the Saviour supplies. The Lamb feeds them. And in His care for them, He guides them to one well-spring of wonder and one river of pleasure after another. He leads them to living fountains of waters. The Godhead is a boundless Sea, on which the thin island of Creation floats; and though the region be ever so dry and arid—a burning Baca, and though the object be ever so bleak and bald—a grim Horeb—a flinty rock, it needs only the touch of the prophet's rod, and forthwith a fountain springs exhaustless as that Divine perfection whence it flows. Here on earth the divining-rod is rare; and we can travel over leagues of Creation, and years of Providence, and even whole books of the Bible, and find in them nothing of God. But in that better country the Horeb never stanches, and the Baca never dries. The fountains play perpetual, and the waters ever live. And the Lamb is familiar with them all. To the bosky brink of one He leads His white-robed followers; and in its fringing glories, and populous profound, they read the riches of Creative power and skill. To the melodious verge of another He conducts them; and in the geyser of light which gushes high, and flings its rainbows wide—in the balm scattered by its wafted dews, and the songs with which the branches wave—they hear it endlessly repeated, "God is love." And to another still He guides them; and, simple as the margin looks, and limpid as the waters are, it dilates and deepens as they gaze—deepens till it mocks the longest line, dilates till Gabriel's eye can see no shore; and in its fathomless abyss, and ever-

retreating bound, they recognise the Divine unsearchableness. In Paradise every fountain lives, and each living fountain is a lesson full of God!

And—just to complete the glance—*there are some things which there they never do.* They do not want—they do not weary—and they do not weep. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. . . . And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

And now—if any of your friends have slept in Jesus, is it not blissful to know how they are engaged? You and they once journeyed together: but a sudden door opened, and your father, or brother, or child, was snatched from your side; and ere you could follow, or even glance in, the door closed again. But the Lord has opened a crevice in the enclosing wall, and bids you look and see. See where they are—see what they are doing now. *You* are in great tribulation,—it is even your tribulation to be deprived of *them:* but they have come out of all tribulation. You often find it hard to reach the throne of grace—hard to prevail with yourself to pray: they never quit the throne of God, but serve him day and night in His temple. It is only by faith that you can walk with Jesus: they see God, and follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. You suffer much from sickness, and languor, and bodily discomfort,—our summers are too sultry, and our frosts too keen,—and you lose much time through infirmities of the flesh: they hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither does the sun light on them, nor

any heat. Your heart is often like to break; betwixt the unkindness of some and the sufferings of others, you have tears to drink in great measure:—God Himself has wiped away all tears from *their* eyes. And your best frames and most blessed services are very brief. There is only one Sabbath in your week, and that is soon gone. There are few white days in your history—few days when you see the lustre of that robe with which God has already clothed you, and find your soul drawn forth in full-toned gratitude and praise. *Their* palm never withers. Their hallelujahs never cease. Their congregation never breaks up; their Sabbath knows no end. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words.

And you who trust that, through the tender mercy of God and the merits of Immanuel, yourselves are going to that same happy and holy world,—let these views of it both encourage and admonish you. A late renowned physician, after speaking of some stupendous discoveries in Astronomy, exclaims,—"After such contemplations, how can one go into the tattle of the drawing-room, to be excited?" But far more justly may we demand,—After *such* contemplations, how can we go into the world, to be frivolized and carnalized? How can one who hopes to follow the Lamb make it all his study now to *follow the fashion?* How can the hand which yet hopes to wave the conqueror's palm, take such a death-gripe of mammon? How can he who expects to join the white-robed multitude, seek his present companions among earthly-minded men? Or, after such contemplations, how can I go into

life, to be all engulfed in its enjoyments, its sorrows, or its cares? Shall I not rather cast my anchor within the Veil, and ride buoyant over the griefs and gladness of mortality? And do I really and solemnly believe, that the adoration and the service of a present God are to be my employment soon,—and shall I not be zealous in them *now?*

ON THE WISDOM AND GOODNESS OF GOD,

AS DISPLAYED IN THE

PROGRESS OF THE USEFUL ARTS.[1]

When we see an insect in the fields pumping a sweet fluid from the nectaries of flowers, and carrying it home and storing it in convenient receptacles, which it carefully covers so as to exclude the dust and hinder evaporation, we are filled with devout astonishment; and as we write hymns about the "Little busy Bee," in her industry and foresight, and curious contrivances, we recognise an all-pervading Mind and an all-controlling Hand. And in this we are right. But here is another animal, still more resourceful and provident. The bee collects the honey from such flowers as happen to contain it, and which yield it almost ready-made; but she takes no trouble to secure a succession of these flowers or to increase their productiveness. This other creature is at infinite pains to propagate and improve his favourite mellifluent herbs. From the sweet juices of flowers the bee can only elaborate a single fluid, while her rival, from the same syrup, can obtain a multitude of dainties; and, according to the

[1] This was Dr. Hamilton's contribution to a volume bearing on the Great Exhibition of 1851, and entitled, *The Useful Arts: their Birth and Development*, edited, for the Young Men's Christian Association of London, by the Rev. Samuel Martin of Westminster.

taste of the consumer, he offers it in the guise of nectar or ambrosia, in crystals of topaz or in pyramids of snow. And when the manufacture is complete, the bee knows only one mode of stowage; this other creature packs it, as the case may require, in bags or baskets, in boxes or barrels, all his own workmanship and all cleverly made. What, then, is the reason that when we look at a honeycomb we are apt to be reminded of the wisdom and goodness of God; but looking at the same thing magnified,—surveying a hundred hogsheads of sugar piled up in a West Indian warehouse—we have no devout associations, with the ingenuity and industry which placed them there? Why are chords of pious feeling struck by the proceedings of an insect, and no emotion roused by the on-goings of our fellow-men?

We examine two paper-mills. The one is situated in a gooseberry-bush, and the owner is a wasp. The other covers some acres of land, and belongs to a kind-hearted and popular member of Parliament. But, after exploring the latter, with all its water-wheels and steam-engines, and with all the beautiful expedients for converting rags into pulp, and then weaving and sizing, and cutting and drying, and folding and packing, we go away admiring nothing except human skill: whereas, the moment Madame Vespa fetches a bundle of vegetable fibres and moistens them with her saliva, and then spreads them out in a patch of whitey-brown, we lift up our hands in amazement, and go home to write another "Bridgewater Treatise," or to add a new meditation to Sturm. That a wasp should make paper at all is very wonderful; but if the rude fabric

which she compiles from raspings of wood is wonderful, how much more admirable is that texture which, as it flows from between these flying cylinders for furlongs together, becomes a fit repository for the story of the universe, and can receive on its delicate and evenly expanse, not only the musings of genius but the pictures of Prophecy and the lessons of Inspiration!

However, it is said, the cases have nothing in common. Man has reason to guide him; the lower animal proceeds by instinct. In surveying human handiwork, we admire the resources of reason; in looking at bird architecture or insect manufactures, we are in more direct contact with the Infinite Mind. Their Maker is their teacher, but man is his own instructor; and therefore we see the wisdom and goodness of God in the operations of the lower animals more clearly than in our own.

Without arguing the identity of reason and instinct, it will be admitted that the lower animals frequently perform actions which imply a reasoning process. Reverting to our insect illustrations, Huber and others have mentioned cases which make it hard to deny judgment and reflection to the wasp; and the reader who is himself "judicious" will not refuse a tiny measure of his own endowments to the bee. On a bright day, four or five summers since, we were gazing at a clump of fuchsias planted out on a lawn, not far from London. As every one knows, the flower of the fuchsia is a graceful pendant, something like a funnel of red coral suspended with the opening downwards; and of most of the varieties planted on this lawn the tube of the funnel was long and slender.

In the case of every expanded flower, we noticed that there was a small hole near the apex, just as if some one had pierced it with a pin. It was not long till we detected the authors of these perforations. The border was all alive with bees, and we soon noticed that in dealing with the fuchsias they extracted the honey through these artificial apertures. They had found the tube of the blossom so long that their haustella could not reach the honey at its farther end; and so, by this engineering stratagem, they got at it sideways. Surely this was sensible. When a mason relèases a sweep stuck fast in a chimney by digging a hole in the gable, or when a Chancellor of the Exchequer gains a revenue by indirect taxation, he merely carries out the principle. And what makes the manœuvre more striking is the fact that the problem was new. The fuchsias had come from Mexico and Chili not many years ago; whereas the bees were derived from a long line of English ancestors, and could not have learned the art of tapping from their American congeners. In cases such as these, and hundreds which might be quoted, no one feels his admiration of the all-pervading Wisdom lessen as instinct approaches reason, or actually merges in it. In the case of the inferior animals no one feels—The more of reason, the less of God. And, because man is all reason together, why should it be thought that in human inventions and operations there is nothing divine? How is it that in the dyke-building of that beaver, or the nest-building of that bird, so many mark the varied evolutions of the Supreme Intelligence; but, when they come to the operations of the

artisan or the architect, they are conscious of an abrupt transition, and feeling the ground less holy, they exclaim—

"God made the country, but man made the town"?

One would think that the right way to regard human handiwork is with the feelings which an accomplished naturalist expresses:—"A reference to the Deity, even through works of human invention, must lead to increased brotherly love among mankind. When we see a mechanic working at his trade, and observe the dexterity which he displays, together with the ingenious adaptation of his tools to their various uses, and then consider the original source of all this, do we not see a being at work, employing for his own purposes an intelligence derived from the Almighty?—and will not such a consideration serve to raise him in our opinion, rather than induce us to look down slightingly upon him for being employed in a mechanical trade? For my own part, when I watch a mechanic at his work, I find it a very agreeable, and, I believe, a very useful kind of mental employment, to think of him as I would of an insect building its habitation, and in both see the workings of the Deity."[1]

And yet it must be admitted that few have the feelings which Mr. Drummond describes. They cannot see as much of God in the manipulations of the mechanic as in the operations of the bird or the beaver; nor can a lifeboat send their thoughts upward so readily as the shell of a nautilus or the float of a raft-building spider.

The difference is mainly moral. Man is sinful. Many of his works are constructed with sinful motives, and are

[1] Drummond's *Letters to a Young Naturalist*, p. 115.

destined for evil purposes. And the artificer is often a wicked man. We know this, and when we look on man's works we cannot help remembering this. It is a pure pleasure to watch a hive of bees, but it is not so pleasant to survey a sugar plantation in Brazil. There is one painful thought in knowing that these labourers are all slaves; there is another painful thought in knowing how much of their produce will be manufactured into intoxicating liquors. It is pleasant to observe the paper-making of a hymenopterous insect; for it does not swear nor use bad language at its work, and, when finished, its tissues will not be blotted by effusions of impiety and vice; but of this you can seldom be assured in the more splendid manufactures of the lords of the creation. But if this element were guaranteed,—if the will of God were done among ourselves even as it is done among the high artificers of heaven and among the humble labourers in earth's deep places,—our feelings should be wholly revolutionized. If of every stately fabric we knew, as we know regarding St. Paul's, that no profane word had been uttered all the time of its construction; if of every factory we could hope, as of the mills at Lowell, that it is meant to be the reward of good conduct and the gymnasium of intelligence and virtue; if of every fine painting or statue we might believe that, like Michael Angelo's immortal works, it was commenced in prayer; this suffusion of the moral over the mechanical would sanctify the Arts, and in Devotion's breast it would kindle the conviction, at once joyful and true, "My Father made them all."

Still, however, in man's works we are bound to distinguish these two things—the mechanical and the moral. When God made man at first, he made him both upright and intelligent; he endowed him with both goodness and genius. In his fall he has lost a large amount of both attributes: but whatever measure of either he retains is still divine. Any dim instincts of devotion, as well as every benevolent affection which lingers in man's nature, are relics of his first estate; and so is any portion of intellectual power which he still possesses. Too often they exist asunder. In our self-entailed economy of defect and disorder, too often are the genius and the goodness divided. Too many of our good men want cleverness, and too many clever men are bad. But, whether consecrated or misdirected, it must not be forgotten that talent, genius, dexterity, are gifts of God, and that all their products, so far as these are innocent or useful, are results of an original inspiration.

It is true that his Creator has not made each individual man an instinctive constructor of railways and palaces, as he has made each beaver a constitutional dyke-builder and each mole a constitutional tunnel-borer. But he has endowed the human race with faculties and tendencies, which, under favouring circumstances, shall eventually develop in railways and palaces as surely as beaver mind has all along developed in dykes, and mole mind worked in tunnels. And just as in carrying out His own great scheme with our species, the Most High has conveyed great moral truths through all sorts of messengers,—through a Balaam and a Caiaphas as well as a Daniel

and a John;—so, in carrying out His merciful plan, and gradually augmenting our sum of material comfort, the Father of earth's families has conveyed His gifts through very various channels, sometimes sending into our world a great discovery through a scoffing philosopher, and sometimes through a Christian sage. But just as the successive contributions to the Revelation of Religion are not rendered less divine by the defective character of some of the sacred penmen, so the successive contributions to the sum-total of art and science are not the less from Heaven because some of the promulgators were infidels or evil-doers. Be the craftsman what he may; let him be an atheist or a libertine; and, in the curious contrivance or the elaborate structure, let the object designed be selfish or holy: when once we have separated the moral from the mechanical,—the sin which is man's from the skill which is Jehovah's,—in every exquisite product, and more especially in every contribution to human comfort, we ought to recognise as their ultimate origin the wisdom and goodness of God, no less than if we read on every object, "Holiness to the Lord," and recognised in each artificer an Aholiab or Bezaleel. The arts themselves are the gift of God; the abuse alone is human. And just as an enlightened Christian looks forth on the landscape, and in its fair features as well as its countless inhabitants beholds mementoes of his Master; so, surveying a beautiful city, its museums and its monuments, its statues and fountains, or sauntering through a gallery of art or useful inventions—in all the symmetry of proportion and splendour of colouring,

in every ingenious device and every powerful engine, he may read manifestations of that mind which is "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working;" and, so far as skill and adaptation and elegance are involved, piety will hail the Great Architect himself as the Maker of the Town.

Reason may be regarded as the Instinct of the human race. Like instinct, commonly so called, it has an irresistible tendency toward certain results; and when circumstances favour, these results evolve. But reason is a slow and experimental instinct. It is long before it attains to any optimism. The inferior races are only repeating masterpieces which their ancestor produced in the year of the world One. Man is constantly improving on his models, and there are many inventions on which he has only hit in this 59th century of his existence. Nevertheless, as the oak is in the acorn, so these inventions have from the first been in the instinct of humanity. That is, if you say that its nest was in the mind of the bird or its cocoon in the mind of the silkworm as it came from the hand of its Maker, and if you consequently deem it true and devout to recognise in these humble fabrics a trace of the wisdom which moulds the universe; so we say that the Barberini Vase and the Britannia Bridge existed in the mind of our species when first ushered into this earthly abode, and now that, in the providential progress of events these germs have developed in structures of beauty or grandeur, whilst admiring the human workmanship, it is right and it is comely to adore the original Authorship.

Assuming, then, that the finger of God is in the Use-

ful Arts, and without entering into that wide and untrodden field which might be called "The Theology of Inventions," we shall mention a few facts, in the hope of directing upwards some of the emotions which the Great Exhibition will doubtless awaken.

And looking at such a congeries of useful commodities, the first thought is the munificence with which its Maker has furnished man's abode; for although art has moulded them, the materials are the gift of God. His are the minerals and the metals, the timbers and the vegetable tissues, from which our houses and our ships, our clothing and our furniture, are fabricated. Of these the variety is amazing, and it plainly indicates that, in the arrangements of this planet, the Creator contemplated not only the necessities but the enjoyments of his intelligent creatures. For instance, there might have been only one or two metals; and the eagerness with which tribes confined to copper, or to gold and silver, grasp at an axe or a butcher's whittle, shows how rich are the tribes possessing iron. But even that master-metal, with all his capabilities, and aided by his three predecessors,[1] cannot answer every purpose. The chemist requires a crucible which will stand a powerful heat, and which, withal, does not yield to the corroding action of air or water. Gold would answer the latter, and iron the

[1] In scientific history, the poetic fable of ages of gold, silver, and copper, followed by an age of iron, becomes nearly true. The former metals occur either native or easily reducible, and were therefore the first applied to useful purposes. Except in meteoric masses, which are very rare, iron is hardly ever found in the metallic state, and its ores can only be smelted at a high temperature. The world was, therefore, getting old before make-shifts of gold and copper were superseded by that prince of metals, iron.

former purpose, well; but every one knows how readily iron rusts and how easily gold melts. But there is another metal—platinum—on which air and water have not the slightest action, and which stands unscathed in the eye of a furnace where iron would run down like wax, and gold would burn like paper. In the same way there are many ends for which none of these metals are available, but which are excellently answered by tin, and lead, and zinc, and rhodium, and mercury. Or will the reader bestow a passing thought on his apparel? His forefathers found one garment sufficient, and for mere protection from the weather a suit of cat-skin or sheep-skin might still suffice. But, oh reader! what a romance is your toilette! and should all the rest of you be prose, what a poem you become when you put on your attire! That snowy lawn once blossomed on the banks of the Don or the Dnieper, and before it shone in a London drawing-room, that broadcloth comforted its rightful owner amidst the snows of the Cheviots. Did these boots really speak for themselves, you would find that the upper leathers belonged to a goat, and the soles to a horse or a cow. And could such metamorphic retributions happen now as in the days of Ovid, the best way to punish the pride of an exquisite would be to let every creature come and recover his own. A worm would get his satin cravat, and a pearl-oyster his studs; and if no fabulous beaver laid claim to his hat, the rats of Paris or the kittens of Worcester would assuredly run off with his gloves. But, viewed in a graver and truer light, it is marvellous from how many sources we derive the

several ingredients in the simplest clothing, many of them essential to health, and most of them conducive to our well-being; so that we need not go to the crowded mart or the groaning wharf in order to convince ourselves of earth's opulent resources. Few will read these pages who have not the evidence at home. Open that cupboard, unlock that wardrobe, look round the chamber where you are seated, and think a little of all the kingdoms of Nature and all the regions of the globe from which their contents have been collected, and say if the Framer of this world is not a bountiful Provider. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! The earth is full of thy riches; so is this great and wide sea."

But looking a little more closely, if the present state of the arts reminds us of our world's resources, their development reminds us of the method which our Heavenly Father has pursued in the education of His earthly family. Our abode resembles a well-furnished house, into which a band of youthful occupants is ushered, and where parental kindness and ingenuity have provided many happy surprises for diligent and well-doing children. But the best commodities are locked up, and the key to some of the hiding-places can only be found by a careful and united search. And when, after a great while, their father comes again, he finds that, betwixt the incuriosity of some and the indolence of others, and the quarrelsomeness of all, many of the chambers have never been visited, and many of the cabinets have not been opened; and whilst the use of some objects has been wholly misunderstood, others

have been grievously perverted. The Supreme Governor has so ordered it, that the progress of the arts—that is, of human comfort and accommodation—shall be nearly in proportion to human industry, sobriety, and peacefulness. Thus, without uncommon intellectuality, and with a false religion, the Chinese anticipated many of the arts of modern Europe. Whilst Christendom, so called, was divided betwixt lazy monks and a brutal soldiery—whilst mediæval churchmen were droning masses, and feudal barons amused themselves in knocking out each other's brains—the Chinese, neither fierce nor indolent, were spinning silk and manufacturing porcelain, compiling almanacs, and sinking Artesian wells. And long before any Friar Schwartz, or Gutenberg, or Flavio di Gioja, had revealed them to the Western World, the pacific and painstaking Chinese were favoured with prelibations of our vaunted discoveries—gunpowder, book-printing, and the mariner's compass. And in Europe, these thirty years of peace have been the grand era of invention.

We have compared our world to a well-furnished dwelling, in which, however, many of the treasures are locked up, and it is left to patience and ingenuity to open the several doors. Caoutchouc and gutta-percha have always been elastic and extensible; but it is only of late that their properties have been ascertained and turned to profitable account. The cinchonas had grown for five thousand years in Peru before the Jesuit missionaries discovered the tonic influence which the bark exerts on the human system. Steam was always capable of condensation, so as to leave in its place a vacuum; but

it is only a century and a half since it occurred to the Marquis of Worcester to employ this circumstance as a motive power. And ever since our earthly ball was fashioned, electricity has been able to sweep round it at the rate of ten times each second, though it is only within the last few years that Professor Wheatstone thought of sending tidings on its wings. And doubtless the cabinets still unlocked contain secrets as wonderful and as profitable as these; whilst the language of Providence is, "Be diligent, and be at peace among yourselves, and the doors which have defied the spell of the sorcerer and the battle-axe of the warrior will open to the prayer of harmonious industry."

So thoroughly provided with all needful commodities is the great house of the world, that, in order to obtain whatever we desiderate, seldom is aught else requisite than a distinct realization of our want, and a determined effort to supply it. In working mines, one of the difficulties with which the excavator has to contend is the influx of water. The effort to remedy this evil gave birth to the steam-engine; and, with the relief afforded by the steam-pump, many mines are easily and profitably wrought which otherwise must have long since become mere water-holes. But a worse enemy than water encounters the collier, in the shape of fire-damp, or inflammable gas. Formerly, in quarrying his subterranean gallery, the axe of the unsuspecting pitman would pierce a magazine of this combustible air, and unlike water, there being nothing to bewray its presence, it filled the galleries with its invisible serpent coils; and

it was not till a candle approached that it revealed itself in a shattering explosion, and a wretched multitude lay burning and bleeding along its track—a fearful hecatomb to this fiery dragon. What was to be done? Were the blast-furnaces of Wales and Wolverhampton to be extinguished, and were our own household fires to go out? Or, for the sake of a blazing ingle and good cutlery, were our brave countrymen still to be sacrificed to this Moloch of the mine? The question was put to Science, and Science set to work to solve it. Many good expedients were suggested, but the most ingenious was in practice the simplest and safest. It was ascertained that a red heat, if unaccompanied by flame, will not ignite the fire-damp; and it was also known, that the most powerful flame will not pass through wire-gauze, if the openings are sufficiently small. A lamp or a candle might, therefore, be put into a lantern of this gauze, and then plunged into an atmosphere of inflammable air; and whilst the flame inside the lantern gave light enough to guide the labourer, none of that flame could come through to act as a match of mischief. And now, like a diver in his pneumatic helmet, the miner, with his "Davy," can traverse in security the depths of an inflammable ocean.

So plentiful is the provision for our wants, that little more is needed than a distinct statement in order to secure a supply. During his long contest with England, and when both the ocean and the sugar-growing islands were in the power of his enemy, Napoleon said to his *savans*, "Make sugar for the French out of something

which grows in France." And, like Archimedes with the tyrant's crown, they set to work on the problem. They knew that sugar is not confined to the Indian cane. They knew that it can be obtained from many things, —from maple, and parsnips, and rags; but the difficulty was to obtain it in sufficient quantities, and by an inexpensive process. However, knowing the compartment in which the treasure was concealed, they soon found the key; and it was not long till beet-root sugar was manufactured in thousands of tons, nearly as good, though not nearly so cheap, as the produce of England's colonies. A few years ago, our Foreign Office had a dispute with the Neapolitan Government. The best sulphur is found in Sicily, and from that island Great Britain imports for its own manufactures about 20,000 tons a year. On the occasion referred to, the Neapolitan Government was about to complete an arrangement which would have enormously enhanced the price of this important commodity. Some wished that England should make it a *casus belli*, and send her ships of war to fetch away the brimstone by force. But the chemists of England took the quarrel into their own hands; and, had not the King of Naples yielded, doubtless we should now have been supplied with sulphur from sources at our own command.

A modification of the same problem is constantly occurring to practical science, and its almost uniform solution shows that our world has been arranged with a benevolent eye to the growing comfort of the greater number. Science is perpetually importuned to cheapen commodities; and by substituting a simple method for

an intricate process, or by making a common material fulfil the part of a rare one, it is every year giving presents to the poor. Few substances are more essential to our daily comfort than soda. It is a large constituent of glass and soap, and many other useful articles. The cleanliness of a nation depends on the cheapness of soda; and if soda is cheap, you can substitute plate-glass for crown in your windows, and you can adorn your apartments with glazed pictures and mirrors. So that from the bleacher who spends thousands a year on the carbonate, to the apprentice who in the dog-days lays out a penny on ginger-beer or soda-water, all are interested in the cheapness of soda. But this alkali used to be dear. Small quantities were found native, and larger supplies were obtained from the burning of sea-weed. Still the cost was considerable. However, it was well known that a vast magazine of the precious article surrounds us on every side. The sea is water changed to brine by a salt of soda. If only a plan could be contrived for separating this soda from the hydrochloric acid, which makes it common salt, there is at our doors a depôt large enough to form a Mont Blanc of pure soda. That plan was discovered; and now a laundress buys a pound of soda (the carbonate) for three halfpence, and the baker of unfermented bread can procure the more costly bicarbonate for sixpence.

"Waste not, want not." An adage which received a touching sanction when, after a miraculous feast, and when He could have converted the whole region into bread, the Saviour said, "Gather up the fragments, that

nothing be lost." And in the progress of discovery God is constantly teaching us not to waste anything, for this is a world of which nothing need be lost. At the woollen factories of Rheims there used to accumulate a refuse which "it cost something to throw away." This was the soap-water containing the fatty matters washed from the woollen stuffs, along with some soda and other ingredients. With its offensive scum this soap-water was a nuisance, and required to be put out of the way with all convenient speed. But now, from one portion of it gas is manufactured, sufficient to supply all the works, and the remainder yields a useful soap. In the same way, when Lord Kaims found himself proprietor of an extensive peat-moss in the neighbourhood of Stirling, with characteristic energy he commenced its improvement. On digging through the moss he came to a rich alluvial soil; so that to his sanguine imagination fifteen hundred acres, at whose barrenness his neighbours laughed, were a splendid estate, covered over meanwhile by a carpet seven feet thick. To lift this carpet was the puzzle; for every acre of it weighed some hundred tons. But "the mother of invention" is the near kinswoman of most Highland lairds, and "Necessity" suggested a plan to Lord Kaims: a plan which must have approved itself to the mind of a judge, for, by a sort of retributive process, it forced the element which had done the damage to undo it again. By a hydraulic contrivance a powerful current of water was made to traverse the moss, and carry off the loosened fragments till they reached the river Forth, and were finally floated into the German Ocean. And

now a "waste," which last century was the haunt of the curlew, is covered with heavy crops, and yields its proprietor a revenue of two or three thousand pounds a year. But had Lord Kaims foreseen Mr. Reece's researches into the composition and capabilities of "bog-earth," he would, perhaps, have hesitated before he consigned such a treasure to the deep. At this moment we are writing by the light of a candle which last year was a peat! And, however opinion may differ as to the probable expense of the process, there can be no doubt that peat yields in large quantities the ammonia which is so largely used by farmers; the acetic and pyroligneous acids, extensively employed by calico-printers, hatters, etc.; and, along with naphtha, a fatty substance capable of being converted into beautiful candles; so that Mr. Owen's benevolent calculation will, doubtless, sooner or later be fulfilled, and "Irish moss" become a cure for Irish misery. It is pleasant to know that on every side we are surrounded with mines of unexamined wealth. Some of the old workings may be exhausted; but if we be only devout and diligent new veins will open. Forty years ago so much oil was required for lighting the streets of cities, as well as for private dwellings, that fears began to be entertained lest the great oil-flask of the Northern Ocean might run dry, and the whale family be extirpated. That fear was superseded when, in 1812, gas illumination was introduced. But we have often heard a nervousness expressed lest, in turn, coal itself should be all consumed, and the great gasometer underneath be at last reported empty. And certainly the consumption of fuel in the

gas manufacture is great,[1]—in London, probably, not less than 50,000 annual tons. However, let not our readers wax gloomy at the prospect of darkened centuries, nor shiver for their frozen descendants. Coal is not the only combustible, nor is carburetted hydrogen the only light-giving gas. By a very simple contrivance, placing a capsule of platinum wire over a jet of burning hydrogen,—a French chemist renders this gas so powerfully luminous that all the shades of blue and green and yellow can be finely discriminated; whilst the material from which he distils it is neither more nor less than water. So that, now-a-days, rather than submit to an impure or expensive coal-gas, we advise our fellow-citizens to "set the Thames on fire."

Medicine has greatly profited by the progress of those useful arts, to which itself has been a large contributor. Not only have the health and longevity of the nation greatly advanced with the aid of better food, better houses, better clothes, and safer transit; but, when disease actually comes, the chances of recovery are greatly increased. Not only are surgical operations reduced two-thirds, in consequence of the augmented powers of pharmacy; but, when an operation is indispensable, it can now be performed without pain, and consequently with much diminished peril. A case of surgical instruments would furnish fine illustrations of mechanical ingenuity; but, to say nothing of our own incompetence, the exhibition would require an administra-

[1] However, it is an alteration rather than an annihilation of fuel. The solid residue, coke, is, for some purposes, the best of fuel; and gas itself emits a powerful heat in burning.

tion of anæsthetic agents fatal to the perusal of our remaining pages. We may take an example of the less formidable kind. The chief centre of disease in British constitutions is the organs of respiration; and, till lately, there was a death-warrant in the first symptoms of consumption or "decline." Little distinction was made between the several diseases to which the thoracic viscera are liable, and, consequently, the indiscriminate treatment was rarely rewarded with a cure. But, with the help of two mechanical contrivances, expert physicians are now able to inform themselves of the state of a patient's lungs almost as accurately as if they could see right through him. One of these, the stethoscope, is a sort of hearing-trumpet, which tells the practised ear of a skilful physiologist what is transpiring within; whether the air circulates through its passages freely or obstructed, and whether or not there are some dull regions where air has ceased to circulate altogether. The other is the spirometer, which tells in a moment whether the lungs are still able to receive their rightful modicum of air. The quantity which the chest of a healthy person can contain, in its fullest dilatation, is found to be nearly proportional to his stature; so that, knowing the height of his patient, a physician knows how many cubic inches he should be able to inhale. And making the actual experiment,—trying how much of the graduated scale he can mark by his largest expiration,—it is immediately perceived whether or not all the air-cells do their duty. And having by this twofold test ascertained the precise affection, it remains to prescribe the appropriate treatment.

As that treatment must vary with the varying and often opposite diseases, it is impossible to estimate the lives which have been saved or lengthened by the introduction of these simple instruments.

"The best of things is water." So sang a very ancient Greek; and of all the fragments preserved in Aristotle's *Rhetoric*, hydropathy and teetotalism have assigned the palm to this old water-poem. Not so our shipowners and our Admiralty. To them the sorest of problems and the saddest of expenses is water. Soup can be inspissated into osmazome, and meat can be squeezed into pemmican; but water is not compressible, and it is rather provoking to see the space available for stowage occupied by tanks and barrels of this cheap element. Many expedients have been suggested, and some have partially succeeded. But since we began to write this paper, our attention has been called to a beautiful contrivance which promises to conquer every difficulty. By means of Mr. Grant's Distilling Galley,[1] the brine may be pumped up from the ocean, and, after cooking the mess of the largest ship's company, it may be collected in the form of the purest fresh water to the extent of some hundred gallons each day. Nor is it only a vast saving of room which is effected by this beautiful expedient. It is a saving of time. Frequently ships are compelled to leave the straight route, and sometimes lose a favouring wind in quest of water. But a ship provided with this apparatus is as independent as if she were sailing over a fresh-water lake; and, instead of putting into port, she has only to resort to the never-

[1] The invention of Mr. Grant of the Victualling Department, Somerset House.

failing pump. And we may add that it is not only space and time which are saved, but the health of the crew and the passengers. With every precaution, cistern water is apt to spoil, and in the Indian seas and other regions the water obtained on shore is apt to occasion disease. But the produce of this engine is always as pure as the rain which falls from the clouds.

When Pythagoras demonstrated the geometrical proposition, that in a rectangular triangle the sum of the two lateral squares is equal to the square of the hypotenuse, he is said to have offered the sacrifice of a hundred oxen. In modern art we fear that there are many discoveries for which the thank-offering has not yet been rendered. But "the meek inherit the earth;" and many who are not themselves inventors, praise the Lord for the discoveries which He has revealed to others. How much gratitude has been evoked by those expedients through which the time-worn senses are revived! Reflective and thoughtful old Christians are usually men of thankfulness; and as he opened his Bible and furbished his spectacles, how often must the Mnason or Simeon of these latter days have remembered, "The Lord doth give the blind their sight!" Or when, through the elastic duct conveyed from the desk to a distant pew, the words of life have thrilled again in ears long deafened, with what a start of pleasure must the joyful sound have been hailed again; and in the surprise of restoration, would not the first thought be adoration of Him who had uttered the "Ephphatha—Be opened"? The "water-bed" is a beautiful application of that hydrostatic principle, of which the Bramah press is

another example; so that the same power which lifted the 1600 tons of a Menai tube is made to suspend, as lightly as if floating in a cloud, the person of the weary invalid; and repeatedly have we witnessed the astonishment of those who felt a transition like that of Lazarus from the pavement to Paradise, and we have found in it a new reading of the Psalm, "Thou wilt *make* his bed in his sickness."

Both the reader and the writer are deeply indebted to that gracious Providence which has cast our lot in the most favoured of all times. God has virtually done for us what he did for Hezekiah. He has not made the sun go back ten degrees on our dial, but He has added ten years to our lives. Chiefly through the progress of the Arts, the average of existence in England has been lengthened many years, and into these years it is possible to concentrate an amount of literary acquisition, and moral achievement, and intellectual enjoyment, for which Methuselah himself had not leisure. For lives thus lengthened let us show our gratitude by living to good purpose; and remembering that railways and telegraphs and steam-printed books are the good gifts of God, let the age which enjoys them be also the age of holiest obedience and largest benevolence. God has given us long lives: let us give Him that one day in seven which He claims as His own. God has given us swift transit: let us run to and fro and increase the knowledge of Himself. God has brought the ends of the earth so near that all nations are neighbours: let us reciprocate this boon of the Prince of Peace by all becoming brothers.

A SOUND MIND.[1]

A MIND! an immaterial, undying, God-like mind—oh, what a gift that is!

You see this statue? It was once a mere stone. In itself it is a mere stone yet—a mass of marble, a lump of uncalcined lime. But two thousand years ago a human mind touched that stone, and transformed it into what you see—an immortal Adam, a lamp of joy and beauty which has been radiating bright thoughts and big emotions into all the intervening ages—the fairest realization of that materialism into which the Most High breathed the breath of life, and made it a temple for His own divinity.

You see this scholar? Time would fail to tell what is contained in that one mind; but its wealth is wonderful. The three kingdoms of nature, the story of mankind, the starry heavens, form its familiar and oft-frequented domain; and there is hardly a region of the globe, or a race of its inhabitants, or an era in its history, which has not a picture and a place in its vast panopticon. Itself an encyclopædia, a book might be filled with the mere inventory of its acquirements and possessions.

You see this sunny patriarch? Strong in his past ser-

[1] A Lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association of London, 1862.

vices—after a career in which there has been no down-break, no dishonour, but in which thousands have been debtors to his kindness, care, and forethought, he is resting now; resting in the love as undisguised as it is unsuspected of grateful friends and fond children's children, and rejoicing in hope of that wider sphere of love and goodness into which his already happy life will soon find itself expanded.

You see this praying Christian? He has friends like himself, with whom from time to time he takes sweet counsel. But who is the Friend with whom he is now conferring? Who is this whom he is addressing in all the confidence of intimacy, but with all the lowlihood of profoundest veneration? Yes, indeed, *there* is a human mind capable of communion with the King of kings; able to utter thoughts which arrest the ear of the Most High, and pouring forth protestations of affection and ascriptions of thanksgiving which delight his Father in heaven, although that Father is the Owner of immensity, the Maker and Monarch of worlds.

Truly to possess such a mind is no small prerogative. A goodly heritage is his whom the Supreme Disposer has not only launched into the realms of conscious being, but on whom He has bestowed an existence, intelligent, loving, adoring; an existence capable of creating the beautiful, of admiring and reproducing the holy; an existence capable of sharing in God's own happiness now, and capable of becoming hereafter the associate of spirits made perfect—a fellow-worshipper with angels, a fellow-student with the seraphim.

Such a prerogative is yours, my brother. As yet you may scarcely have waked up to all the wonder; but yours is a mind capable of endless improvement and boundless achievement. That mind of yours is one of the same sort with those which have already wrought such marvels. It is brother to the mind which evoked the Apollo from the cold, dead stone; which built, and peopled, and floated off into the ages, the epics of Eden and of Troy; which, with Transfigurations and other glories of the pencil, till then unimagined, set on fire the firmament of European fancy. That mind of yours is brother to the mind which in the person of Howard went about so long devising good, and doing it; which in the bosom of Elliot and Brainerd beat unisons with the Saviour's own mind, and often wept enraptured tears over sinners repenting. It is brother to the mind which in the person of Enoch walked with God; which in the form of Moses spake with Jehovah face to face; which in the guise of John the Divine was enwrapped and enfolded in God's own love as the rose is embraced in the sunshine—as the infant is enclasped in those arms which love their burden, and will never let it fall.

Taking for our title a Scriptural phrase, we wish to point out a few of the elements which go together to constitute a "sound mind;" and our purpose will be answered if we succeed in supplying useful hints to those who wish fully to develop and rightly to direct the powers which God has given.

The globe which we inhabit is rock and mould, is sea and air. We have first the solid structure—the stony

ribs and granite vertebræ, which give to a continent or island its shape and outline; then over these the vegetable soil from which spring the corn of England, the vine of Italy, the palm of India. Laving the shores of every land, we have the sleepless, restless, ever-moving sea; and enclasping both earth and ocean, receiving their offerings, and giving back her blessing, we have the benign and balmy atmosphere.

So with that little personal world—the individual or microcosm. Fixed principles and firm convictions are the fundamental structure; desires and affections are the soil, the vegetable mould, whence spring, when rightly cultivated, patriotism, benevolence, piety, and every distinctive excellence. The emotions or feelings are the tide, ever coming, ever going, towering up in tremendous fury, or spread out in liquid loveliness; whilst all around is that mystic atmosphere which we call influence or character—that ethereal circumfusion in which, by an analysis sufficiently subtle, may be detected every element of the inner man; which attends us wherever we go; which, where the treasure is good, where the heart is kind, and the affections pure, exhales perpetual summer; and in which, in the good man's case, like vaticinations of aromatic regions not seen as yet, floats the fragrant forecast of immortality.

First, for the rock:—firm faith, fixed principles. There is no greater blessing than a mind made up on the most momentous of matters. "My heart is fixed: my heart is fixed." The man who has got firmly moored in the Gospel—who has seen God's glory in the face of Jesus Christ,

and in whom God's Spirit has enkindled aspirations after unsullied sanctity—he may well be congratulated on possessing the great prerequisite to strength and stability. "Thou art Cephas," and where there are the clear comprehension and firm conviction of fundamental truth, He who has laid the good foundation will go on and build the character.

Of such first principles the great storehouse is the Word of God, even as their great impersonation is the Son of God, the Saviour. He is the Truth, the Amen, the supreme Reality; that great Teacher who shows us plainly of the Father; that one Mediator, who coming from heaven, alone can take us thither; that mighty Revealer and Restorer, at whose feet, when once the legion of demons is driven forth, we hope to see a whole world sitting "in its right mind"—dispossessed, and come to itself by at last coming to its God.

You have been afloat on a windy day, and, as the boat frolicked over the swell, it seemed to you as if the land were in motion. As you lay back in the stern-sheets, and with eyes half-shut and hazy, looked shorewards, you saw the white cliffs curtseying up and down, and as plain as possible the houses hurrying backwards, and running off round the corner. And even if you landed, you might have a curious sensation of universal instability. A stranger who did not know your total-abstinence habits might misinterpret your movements. As you tried to steady yourself on the lurching pier, as you took a long stride to get over that rolling flag-stone, as you proceeded towards your hotel heaving and lurching, see-sawing and

sidling—it would need some charity to ascribe your eccentricities entirely to excess of water. And even after you lay down, and were safe among the blankets, you would feel so funny—the room swinging to and fro, the casement rising and falling with the swell, and the bedfoot going up and down "with a short uneasy motion."

So if you were taking a little trip on the troubled sea of human speculation, it is not at all unlikely that your brain would begin to swim; but, instead of suspecting any gyration in yourself, you would see a whirligig or earthquake on the shore. Embarking in an "Essay or Review," or in the gay old craft which Voltaire built, which Tom Paine bought for a bargain, second-hand, and which, re-painted and re-christened by a bishop, has lately come out a regular clerical clipper, you proceed to sea, and in a little while you say "Dear me, how strange it is! The mountains are in motion, the trees are walking; the world itself is running away. It seems to me as if the old Bible were going down. Moses and the miracles, the Ten Commandments and all such myths, are fleeing away." And even if the captain should take pity on you, and seeing how pale you look, should say, "Poor fellow, you seem rather queer. I don't want to kill you, and as this sort of thing don't agree with you, I advise you to get ashore;"—it is not certain that you would all of an instant come right. Most likely the jumble in yourself would continue to operate as a general unhingement of the surrounding system, and, as with groggy steps and reeling brain you dropped upon the turf, you would be yourself for some time after a troubled sea upon the solid land.

Christianity is no coward. It courts inquiry. It invites you to come in contact with itself, and all who have ever confronted it fairly and with candour it has carried captive. But the loss is, that many, without ever setting foot on its own proper territory, are content to reason and speculate, to read books about it, and look on from afar. When any one told the late Bishop of Norwich that he had doubts about the Christian religion, the good Dr. Stanley used to answer, "Read John's Gospel, and tell me if it is not divine." And well do I remember visiting, ten years ago, a dying fellow-countryman in Bermondsey, and my first visit was his last night on earth. Radiant with happiness and rejoicing in the prospect of immortality, I recognised a clever temperance lecturer whom I had heard in Scotland eighteen years before. It seemed that, having read Paulus and Strauss, and other German infidels, his faith had been overthrown, and so it had continued till two years before I saw him, when he was stricken with a mortal malady. He then began again to wish that the Bible were true; but, although he got the best books on the evidences, Leslie, and Paley, and Neander did him no service; and it was not till, with the anxious eyes of a dying sinner, he opened the Bible, that the Saviour shone forth—in His own separate and superhuman majesty self-evidenced—in the light of His own dazzling divineness, needing no man's testimony. "No thanks to me, but to Him who took me from a fearful pit and set my feet upon a rock. It was not the wisdom of man, but the Gospel itself which brought me back to the faith of my mother." The dews of death were already on his broad and massive

brow; but the thought of being soon with Christ lit up his wasted features with a smile, which I believe had not altogether faded, when, a few hours afterwards, the ransomed spirit passed away.

So, my dear friends, as the first and foremost thing, let me urge it on you: acquaint yourselves with Christ; meekly, devoutly, prayerfully, open that Book, in which stand recorded His benignant walk and gracious words; and, as He tells you all His mind, so tell Him yours. Tell Him your doubts and difficulties, your sorrows and your fears, your frailties and your sins. And as you grow in knowledge of the living Christ, it will become to you a far-off and secondary affair, the contest about Christianity. Whilst qualmy voyagers are debating whether it is the cliff or their own shallop which is undulating up and down, you will have already got far inland—far up the hill; and though waters roar and are troubled, though the coast resound with the exploding thunder, though Marsh-land and all such low levels quake for fear of a second deluge, in the peaceful seclusion and amid the pastures green of your happy valley, you will never taste the bitter spray, and will hardly surmise the distant hurly-burly.

The Bible is a book, and the Gospels are a history, and therefore when we want to know whether that book were written by the men whose names it bears, and whether that history be true, we must resort to the laws of evidence. But apart from this, and over and above this, I deeply feel that Christ is His own witness. In other words, He who made the mind of man made there a throne-room or sanctuary for Himself, and,—long as He is

absent,—desolate, and dusty, purposeless and useless, it gives a hollow, vacant feeling to the rest of the dwelling. But soon as to a mind sincere and lowly the Christ of the Evangelists is presented, He commends Himself to all its consciousness; and soon as into the faith and affection He finds admission, like a sign from heaven the fire descends, the altar glows, the incense wreathes upward a pleasing sacrifice. Self-commending, soul-conquering, the Saviour has come in, and whilst to the nobilitated nature new and king-like feelings are imparted, the soul is once more a sanctuary, and before Him who sitteth on the throne in the Holy of Holies it falls prostrate, exclaiming, "My Lord and my God!"

A Christianity thus personal, experimental, vital—a Christianity of which Christ Himself is the chiefest evidence,—is attainable to all who have the Bible in their hands, and who have not some sinful pre-occupation in their hearts. And any other Christianity than that of Christ's own creating is a pitiful possession, a comfortless abode. Like some towns of the Netherlands, which are built upon piles; like the Halligs of Denmark, where the houses stand upon stilts, and when the ocean rises the sheep are sent up to the garrets; there is great danger lest a Christianity which is merely denominational, merely conventional, merely the right side taken in an important controversy; there is great danger lest a Christianity which stands merely in the wisdom of man should have long periods of submergence, and should at last be swallowed up in some tremendous storm. But if it be on the Rock of Ages Himself that you are resting, your religion

will survive till faith is exchanged for sight; till, with the moon under your feet, you find yourself where lights do not wax and wane, where tides do not turn, where opinions do not come and go.

A firm faith and fixed principles, as elements in a sound mind, we have specified first and foremost, because you cannot make the most of this world unless you belong to a better; because a right relation to God is the prerequisite to every other. In faith, in loyalty to God, in abstinence from evil, be firm and rigid; but to your faith and virtue add brotherly-kindness, charity. Lebanon himself does not shake, but his cedars wave. Hermon himself does not melt, but his snow dissolves in Abana and Pharpar, and his dew comes down on the mountains of Zion. And the grandest union is the majestic integrity which, gracious and obliging and dutiful to all around, says at once to temptation, "Can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" the Daniel who rather than renounce his religion would go to the lions' den, and yet, to his brethren and his God is a man greatly beloved; the Joseph who in horror flings from him the temptress, and who stands out withal a paragon of filial piety and generous forgiveness, and every attribute which makes the patriot heroic, and the believer sublime; the prompt unhesitating decision which, having spoken to God the great Yes, is able to say No to the devil.

Firm conviction, faith, an enlightened conscientiousness, a will rightly directed, such is the right basis or substructure of character; and the more rigid it is, the more rock-like, it is all the better. But, as we hinted,

the humus or vegetative mould from which spring up the beauties of holiness, the graces and adornments of character, is the devout and benevolent affections. Rigid principle makes the man of worth: when there is superadded loving-kindness, a rich fund of grateful feeling Godward, and of cordial forthgoing feeling towards those around, it makes the man of winsome and endearing goodness.

A heart open Godward is the greatest gift of heaven, ready to believe all that God says, and willing to accept all that God gives, and seeking to bask in the beams of that countenance which we see in the Gospel so pleasant. Such a Christian is an excellent sermon. With a soul facing sunward, contented, and cheerful, and thankful, in his undissembled happiness, as much as in his devout acknowledgments and songs of rejoicing, he publishes God's praise, and gives a good report of the Gospel.

But on the devout affections we must not dwell. Nearly allied and necessary to any Christian completeness are the benevolent dispositions—the desire of doing good to others. Indeed, a true philanthropy and a genuine piety cannot well be severed, and although we cannot enlarge upon it, we would urge on all to cultivate a gracious disposition. Make it a rule to let no day pass without some practical effort in the way of kindness, any more than you would let a day pass without prayer. Whether it be substantive relief to the indigent, or a sympathetic word to the oppressed and dejected; whether it be a hint to a puzzled scholar with his problem, or a little help to an awkward neighbour—a novice in the counting house or a

new-come assistant in the shop; whether you guide the blind man over the crossing, or with George Herbert put your shoulder to the wheel and hoist the huckster's cart from the ditch; whether you lay aside something to buy a present for your sister, or write a long letter home,— like the Roman emperor never lose a day, but pay a specific tangible tribute to the second great command.

Soundness suggests good sense. There is a book of the Bible which was written avowedly with the view of supplying this attribute. "To know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of understanding; to receive the instruction of wisdom, justice, and judgment, and equity; to give subtilty to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion," is the title or inscription of the Proverbs of Solomon; but it is not every one who has understanding enough to profit by its wise and holy maxims. The foundation of it all is fair-mindedness, the sincere desire as in God's sight to judge righteous judgment and give to each his due. Usually where the eye is thus single, the whole being fills with light; and taking good heed unto his path, according to God's word, the traveller has no difficulty in keeping the track, and finds stepping-stones at the most perilous passages.

Nevertheless this union of fair-mindedness with considerateness and sufficient mental capacity is not so common. One is the victim of inordinate self-love, and, tenacious and touchy, is continually taking offence; his toes are so long that they are trodden on even by people who keep the other side of the street. Another is weak in arithmetic. He has somehow got it into his head that

there are eight days in the week and thirty shillings in the pound, and consequently everything in this world is too short for him; he can never make ends meet. Another wants the organ of perspective or proportion. He recognises no distinction between mountains and molehills, for they are both excrescences on the surface; the mud on his own spectacles he mistakes for a miry state of the public street, and the gnat which has alighted on his prospect-glass he hails as an eagle soaring in the heights of ether.

Good sense, good feeling, and good taste are nearly allied. They have their common root in the meekness of wisdom, and, when combined, they make a charming union, and they can be increased by culture. "A wise man will hear, and a man of understanding will attain to more wisdom." Even his blunders he will turn to good account, and will avoid the same mistake in future. Rubs and rebuffs will not be altogether lost, and for friendly counsel he will be truly thankful. In the intercourse of superior minds he will be continually improving his own, and as self-conceit is evermore waxing weaker and weaker, so magnanimity, good nature, and good sense, will be evermore growing stronger and stronger.

For success in life this right-mindedness is invaluable —this faculty of deciding wisely and fairly. It is this which makes the statesman, the judge, and the general; it is this which makes the man of business, the mastery of manifold details, and the perception of various possibilities, with the clear conclusive choice of the right alternative.

At the battle of Meeanee, if we remember rightly, Sir Charles Napier observed the Scindian cavalry behind a stone wall which they had neglected to loop-hole, and through which there was only a single gateway. He instantly detached a few dozen grenadiers to guard this exit, and so kept safely bottled up till the close of the engagement the 5000 horse of the enemy; and so with his own 2600 was the better able to beat their 30,000. And whether it be the eagle glance and intuitive action of a Napier, or the slow ponderings of an Eldon, protracted through years, and resulting at last in a cautious pronouncement, you will find that the attribute called judgment, though not deemed the sublimest of the faculties, has been the principal architect of some splendid reputations. A judicious investment founded the golden house of Rothschild. Judicious movements, well-planned campaigns, and master-strokes at the critical moment, created the military renown of Julius Cæsar, of Marlborough, of Wellington. Judicious deliverances, emphatically called judgments; the enucleation of the lawful and the right amidst perplexing elements, has created the imperishable fame of L'Hôpital and D'Aguesseau, of Marshall and Story, of Mansfield and Stowell.

Like everything else, good sense or judiciousness grows by culture. Some minds are not rapid. When the late Sir Fowell Buxton had any important matter brought before him, he could seldom determine off-hand. He shut himself up; he mastered all the details; he gave full force to every difficulty; and it was not till after hours of anxious cogitation that his mind was made up, but then it was made

up for ever. Gentlemen, it is of first-rate importance that you cultivate the habit of calm, dispassionate judging and thinking. You will by and by be acting as electors and jurors, influencing the fate of your country, adjudicating on the reputation, the liberty, the life of your fellow-citizens. And before the present year is ended, you may be called to take some step in which your whole future happiness is involved, and where all may be thrown away by a rash word,—a precipitate or passionate impulse. A few fail in life from want of friends, and a few from want of talent, and not a few, I fear, from want of principle; but it is surprising and mournful how many fail from want of sense and self-command; as Solomon expresses it, "destroyed for want of judgment."

A sound mind; that is to say, a mind morally right, with a faith firm and intelligent, and with first principles fixed and definite; a mind devout and benevolent, loyal to its God and forthgoing to his fellows, a sensible mind, a sagacious mind, a mind possessed of self-knowledge and self-control. And now we might add, a mind symmetrical; lacking none of the great attributes or organs, endowed with a fair share of imagination and taste, able to appreciate the sublime and the beautiful, susceptible to wit as well as to pathos, and at once hopeful and calm, gentle and strong, practical within the sphere of the dutiful, but in the sphere of the possible aspiring, idealistic, poetical (if you please), or romantic. But be not alarmed. Here is a whole series of subjects on which we have no purpose to enter, and you will perhaps allow us to conclude with a few plain and homely suggestions.

The first help to mental soundness which we are disposed to mention, is bodily health and vigour. If you sit up over-night reading romances, if you smoke the long evening, building castles in the clouds and Towers of Babel in the embers, you are likely to grow nervous and dyspeptic. You will take in succession all the diseases in the bills of mortality, and you will need all the drugs in the pharmacopœia. No sooner shall you be cured of consumption, than you will detect clear symptoms of apoplexy, and you may be very thankful if—as in the case of some fellow-sufferers—you are not at last obliged to keep within doors, because your legs are made of glass, or compelled to keep in a cold room, because your brain has turned to wax, a very natural consequence of a "bee in the bonnet." What is worse, your view of men and things will become quite morbid. At the very moment when your little niece is airing your carpet-shoes, and your good mother is putting an extra spoonful in the tea-pot, you will say, "I wish I were dead, for nobody cares for me;" and then, as you ring for another muffin, you will sigh, "O for a lodge in some far wilderness!" And you will make a great many remarkable discoveries. You will begin to find out that Mr. Spurgeon does not preach the Gospel, and that the *Record* newspaper is subsidized by the Jesuits. Nothing will convince you but that Lord Palmerston is a Russian spy, and that Dr. Cumming is in the pay of Pio Nono. Because the preacher is always making personal attacks, you will have to give up attending the service in St. Paul's, and as the metropolitan police are plotting against your life, you will need to take lodgings in the country.

These miseries would be escaped by timely hours, by social intercourse, and, above all, by healthful exercise. With a long road to travel and a rough campaign, we are all the better of a trusty charger; and to the willing spirit a nimble, hardy frame is more essential than to the warrior his steed. "Childe Harold" is not a worse poem because its author swam the Hellespont, nor was Buxton the worse philanthropist because he could hold at arm's-length in the air a rabid mastiff. It did "Christopher North" no harm that he could take a level leap of eight yards across the Cherwell, and Waterton was all the better zoologist that he could ride upon a crocodile or wrestle with a boa-constrictor. And whether it be the winter walk in search of mosses, or the butterfly-hunt in summer, or the pursuit of fair landscapes and striking objects all the year; whether it be the volunteer's march or the gymnastic feats of the "Turner Verein," those of you who, at once hardy and temperate, keep under the body and keep up your health, will find a rich reward even as regards mental and spiritual soundness.

Another great help is order, method, system. A biographer thus describes his first visit to Shelley in his apartments at college: "Books, boots, papers, shoes, philosophical instruments, clothes, pistols, linen, crockery, ammunition, and phials innumerable, with money, stockings, prints, crucibles, bags and boxes, were scattered on the floor and in every place; as if the young chemist, in order to analyse the mystery of creation, had endeavoured first to reconstruct the original chaos. Upon the table by his side were some books lying open, several letters, a

bundle of new pens, and a bottle of Japan ink; a piece of deal lately part of the lid of a box, with many chips, and a handsome razor that had been used as a knife. There were bottles of soda-water, sugar, pieces of lemon, and the traces of an effervescent beverage. Two piles of books supported the tongs, and these upheld a glass retort above an argand lamp. I had not been seated many minutes before the liquor in the vessel boiled over, adding fresh stains to the table, and rising in fumes with a most disagreeable odour. Shelley snatched the glass quickly, and dashing it in pieces among the ashes under the grate, increased the penetrating and unpleasant effluvium." After that we ought to wonder at no strangeness in his conduct; we should deem nothing startling in the opinions of the interesting visionary. The universe itself is a cosmos, and no man can be in full unison with his Maker, who is content to live in a chaos; and just as confusion and irregularity are signs of a disordered mind, so there is something wonderfully sanative and tranquillizing in neatness, arrangement, and method.

Cultivate an open eye and observant habits. When the late Professor Henslow was spending a holiday at Felixstowe, he noticed that some of the stones on the beach were singularly light. He sent a specimen to London to a chemical friend, with a request that he would analyse it; but as no fee accompanied the request, the trash was thrown aside. Next summer, however, returning to the coast, the professor was so struck with these stones that he made a rude analysis himself, and then proclaimed to the farmers of Suffolk that whole quarries

of fossil guano could be found at their threshold. Likely enough they used to smile when they saw the professor poking and pottering among the rocks and shingle; but now they allow that he poked to some purpose, seeing that his brown stones have put £200,000 in their pockets, and he did not put any in his own.

An open eye. You know the revolution wrought in chemical philosophy and practical engineering by the doctrine of latent heat. We have been told that when its discoverer, Dr. Black, of Edinburgh, was asked how he had ever hit upon it, his answer was, that he had never missed it. In passing from the solid to the liquid state he had always seen that water absorbed a great deal of heat, of which it gave no account. This trick of ice and other solids, when about to become liquids—this trick of water and other solids, when about to become vapours or gases—this greedy way of theirs, laying in and locking up a deal of heat, to all appearance needlessly, had never been any secret to him; for he had seen it every time that the kettle boiled—every time that a snow-shower melted. When Sir Isambard Brunel was asked to make a tunnelled roadway beneath the Thames, it was a difficult problem. He knew it would be of no use consulting the big-wigs. It was beyond the École des Mines in his native France, and was not likely to have occurred to the sappers at Woolwich. But he went to an early acquaintance, an old practical engineer, who had been long carrying on business in the dockyards at Chatham. The question was this:—How am I to bore through from Rotherhithe to Shadwell? What sort of machinery would

you recommend? and as I proceed, how am I to get rid of the rubbish I remove, and how am I to prevent the river from bursting in from above? Without saying a word the old gentleman showed how *he* did it:—how by means of comparatively weak chisels, worked with a rasping rotatory motion, he got along sure, though slow; how, without ever quitting the tunnel, or drawing back the boring apparatus, through a tube he conveyed the rubbish to the rear; and, above all, how he prevented accidents and unwelcome irruptions, by bricking up all round and round, as fast as he proceeded. Sir Isambard's tutor was a ship-worm, and it was from a model furnished by the *Teredo Navalis* that the Thames Tunnel was completed. So, gentlemen, keep eyes and ears open. Learn the language of bees and molluscs, as well as of Frenchmen and Germans; for they have all something to tell; and nature's great grievance is spectators that won't look, and an audience that won't listen. If you want the oak to talk you must attend like Tennyson; if you want to see storms or skies as Turner paints them, you must let them tell their own story, through no mortal interpreter—you must turn where God points, and see what He shows. If ever you are to add to the treasures of knowledge it will be, like Newton, like Dalton, like Watt, or Stephenson, by announcing to your fellows some "open secret," which after you tell them they will wonder how their own eyes were so holden that they did not see. And if ever you are to possess the philosopher's stone, and multiply gold at your pleasure, it won't be by purchasing the recipe from some hoary smoke-dried wizard, but by picking up

some one of those numberless unappropriated patents which Providence scatters at your feet. If to the trite but still triumphant plan of industry, integrity, economy, you prefer the brilliant but legitimate plan of some new invention, to patient feet and observant eyes as many paths are open as there are elements in nature, as there are wants in human society. If you would build another St. Rollox, or Saltaire, or a Wedgwood's Etruria, you must be so far a fairy; you must understand what the fleece of the alpaca is saying, you must be able to translate what the stones are crying out.

A sound mind is a mind that grows. In his sixty-first year a distinguished scholar writes in his diary:—"It is time to survey my own mind, to mark the gradual progress, and bear my testimony to those through whom I have acquired anything. From my father I learned not to speak about myself; from my mother how to take care of things, and in the case of disappointment to begin hoping for something else. From 'Sandford and Merton' to despise luxury; to despise flattering the great; to love labour and industry, and diligence and simplicity; to compassionate the poor, to respect the industrious poor. From Dean Jackson, the love of learning, and accuracy and energy in reading, hearing, and writing. From my sister Emma and my uncle to take trouble for my friends." And although it may not be every mind which can analyse its acquirements as exactly as Fynes Clinton, and name the sources from which it derived its various elements, we repeat that the healthy mind will grow, and, for anything we can tell, it will keep growing on for ever.

Brethren, do you grow? Is there anything which you did not know last year which you have mastered now? any language or science you have learned? any course of reading you have completed? Still more important than new items of information, have you gained new elements of excellence? has the hint of any friend solidified into a good habit, or has dear-bought experience cured a bad one? Are you less rash? more slow to think evil? more careful in pronouncing opinions. Are you more considerate of others? more alive to your position as the member of a society on which you are radiating influences —good or evil—hour by hour, and which, from casual words or momentary acts of yours, may derive enduring benefit or deadliest damage? Have you more watchfulness and self-denial? Is there in life more of purpose, and are you more conscious of the end for which God placed you here? and does your piety grow? Does the better country brighten on your faith? Does the Divine character take deeper hold on your affection? Is God more a father? and Christ more a friend? and is the place more home-like which He went to prepare?

The sound mind will grow. There is a limit to corporeal size. A fathom, less or more, is the average stature; the ability to lift some two or three hundredweight the average strength. But not so, according to the mental dynamometer. Most minds are so dwarfish that, like Lilliputians in a field of corn, they are completely lost and overshadowed amidst contemporary opinions and prejudices; whilst occasionally a colossal intellect starts up, towering over all the rest, a Homer or a Shakespeare, a Dante or a

Goethe—or some practical understanding, who like a Titan entering a forest where a bewildered army gropes its way, with head and shoulders above the tree-tops, tells down to the bemazed multitude the points of the compass and the path of exit;—the Pericleses and Fabiuses, the Washingtons and Williams of Nassau, the Somersets and Chathams, who deliver arrested nations from the deadlock, and guide to a sound conclusion despairing senates. And many minds are so feeble, that the grasshopper is a burden. They have got no motive, no inspiration, no impulse: they are conscious of no high calling, and there is hardly a creature whom their apathetic influence can bias, hardly an undertaking which their pithless arm can keep in motion; whilst from their vast moral ascendancy, from their intense convictions, from their faith in God, some can move mountains. And just as in trials of strength, you have seen a powerful arm pull across the line two or more resisting; so who can tell what myriads have been drawn across the great boundary-line by Wesley and Whitefield's fervour, by Luther's exulting strength, by Calvin's awful prowess? Nay, if we may quote the men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,—the whole of Christendom has been dragged to the spot where we this day find it, by master-minds who have passed from sight; and in its faith, its affection, its devotion, confesses to the argument of Paul, to the heart of John, to the lyre of Israel's sweet singer.

Brethren, be men. Taking hold of God's own strength, be masters of yourselves; and opening your hearts to His good Spirit, get raised above besetting sins. Fix your eye

on the faultless Pattern, and press forward. Remember the illustrious possibilities, the glory, honour, and immortality which He who has called you to virtue opens before you: and whilst you stand out year by year more definite and decisive, the citizens of a better country, the Christian unequivocal, in the use of the intrusted talents, your generation will be served, and your Master will be honoured.

DAYS NUMBERED AND NOTED.[1]

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—PSALM XC. 12.

THERE is something very insidious in the lapse of time. When you pass the frontiers of a new country, they stop you at once and demand your passport. They look to see whence you have come and whither you are going; and everything reminds you of the transition. The dress of the people is peculiar. Their language is strange. The streets and houses, the conveyances, the style of everything is new. And often the features of the landscape are foreign. Unwonted crops grow in the fields, and unfamiliar trees stand in the hedgerows, and quaint and unaccountable creatures flit over your head or hurry across your path. And at any given moment you have only to look up, in order to remember, "This is no more my native land; this is no longer the country in which I woke up yesterday."

But marked and conspicuous as is our progress in *space*, we recognise no such decided transitions in our progress through *time*. When you pass the frontiers of a new year, there is no one there with authority to demand your

[1] An Address delivered in the National Scotch Church, Regent Square, on the morning of the last Sabbath of 1847.

passport; no one who forcibly arrests you, and asks, Whence comest thou? or, Whither art thou going? Art thou bound for the better country, and hast thou a safe-conduct in the name of the Lord of the land? But you just pass on—'46, '47, '48—and every year repeats, *We* demand no passport; be sure you can show it at the journey's end, for it is certain to be needed there. And as nothing stops you at the border, so in the new year itself there is nothing distinguishable from the year that went before. The sun rises and the sun sets. Your friends are about you all the same. You ply your business or amusements just as you did afore, and all things continue as they were. And it is the same with the more signal epochs. The infant passes on to childhood, and the child to youth, and the youth to manhood, and the man to old age, and he can hardly tell when or how he crossed the boundary. On our globes and maps we have lines to mark the parallels of distance—but these lines are only on the map. Crossing the equator or the tropic, you see no score in the water, no line in the sky to mark it; and the vessel gives no lurch, no alarum sounds from the welkin, no call is emitted from the deep, and it is only the man of skill, the pilot or the captain, with his eye on the signs of heaven, who can tell that an event has happened, and that a definite portion of the voyage is completed. And so far, our life is like a voyage on the open sea, every day repeating its predecessor—the same watery plain around and the same blue dome above—each so like the other that you might fancy the charmed ship was standing still. But it is not so. The watery plain of to-day is far in

advance of the plain of yesterday, and the blue dome of to-day may be very like its predecessors, but it is fashioned from quite another sky.

However, it is easy to see how insidious this process is, and how illusive might be the consequence. Imagine that in the ship were some passengers—a few young men, candidates for an important post in a distant empire. They may reasonably calculate on the voyage lasting three months or four; and, provided that before their arrival they have acquired a certain science, or learned a competent amount of a given language, they will instantly be promoted to a lucrative and honourable appointment. The first few days are lost in the bustle of setting all to rights, and in the pangs of the long adieu. But at last one or two settle down in solid earnest, and betake themselves to the study of the all-important subject, and have not been at it long till they alight on the key which makes their after progress easy and delightful. To them the voyage is not irksome, and the end of it is full of expectation. But their comrades pass the time in idleness. They play cards, and smoke, and read romances, and invent all sorts of frolics to while away the tedium of captivity; and if a more sober companion venture to remonstrate, they exclaim, "Lots of time! Look how little signs of land. True, we have been out of port six weeks; but it does not feel to me as if we had moved a hundred miles. Besides, man, we have first to pass the Cape, and after that we may manage very well." And thus on it goes, till one morning there is a loud huzza, and every passenger springs on deck. "Land ahead!"

"What land?" "Why, the land to which we all are bound." "Impossible; we have not passed the Cape." "Yes, indeed; but we did not put in there. Yonder is the coast. We shall drop anchor to-night, and must get on shore to-morrow." And then you may see how blank and pale the faces of the loiterers are. They feel that all is lost. One takes up the neglected volume, and wonders whether anything may be done in the remaining hours; but it all looks so strange and intricate, that in despair he flings it down. "To-morrow is the examination-day. To-morrow is the day of trial. It is no use now. I have played the fool, and lost my opportunity." Whilst their wiser friends lift up their heads with joy, because their promotion draweth nigh. With no trepidation, except so much as every thoughtful spirit feels when a solemn event is near, without foreboding and without levity, they look forth to the nearer towers and brightening minarets of that famed city, which has been the goal of many wishes, and the home of many a dream. And as they calmly get ready for the hour of landing, the only sorrow that they feel is for their heedless companions, who have lost a glorious opportunity to make their calling and election sure.

And so, my dear friends, we here are a ship-full of voyagers bound for eternity. There is a certain "wisdom" which, if we learn it on the passage, will secure us a welcome and a high promotion whenever we land. It is the knowledge of Christ crucified. If we know Him, and are found sufficiently acquainted with Him, He is the Lord of the better country, and whether we land to-night, or be

left a long while at sea, He will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." But, from the delusion I spoke of, few set about learning this knowledge in time. Every day looks so like its brother—yesterday as life-like as the day before, and the present day as hale and hopeful as either, that it becomes very natural to say, "To-morrow will be as this day, and much more abundant." And so the golden moments glide away. One is constantly adjusting his berth, and finds new employment every day in making it more comfortable or more complete; and will perhaps be so engaged the night when the anchor drops, and the sails are furled. And many more amuse themselves. They take up the volume which contains the grand lesson, and look a few minutes at it, and put it past, and skip away to some favourite diversion; whilst they know full well, or fear too sadly, that they have not reached the main secret yet. And so in various ways, instead of giving all diligence to be found in Christ at His appearing, many are squandering in frivolity their precious term of probation.

Oh, dear brethren, it is time to be numbering the days. It is time to apply your hearts unto wisdom. It is time to read—time to listen for the great hereafter. It is time to take up that blessed book with which at the outset God graciously furnished you, and make sure of that excellent knowledge, without which you cannot see his face in peace. It is time to be seeking an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is time to be done with trifles; time to break away from silly or ensnaring company,

and give yourselves resolutely to the one thing needful.

> When you can read your title clear
> To mansions in the skies,
> You 'll bid farewell to every fear,
> And wipe your weeping eyes.

When you can say, "I know whom I have believed"—when you can aver, "I am persuaded that Christ is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him"—when you have found in the blood of Jesus a cleansing from all your sin, and in *His* merits your own title to glory—a wondrous relief will come over your spirit, and you will have no forebodings about the end of the voyage. When we announce, as now we announce, that we are crossing another parallel, the intelligence will cause you no perturbation. And should you wake up at midnight and hear the hurrying steps and novel voices which bespeak the vessel come to port, you may calmly rise and make ready, for your friend is *there*, and your title is *here*. The Gospel you believe, and the Saviour you know.

This is the first lesson we would learn from the text, "Lord, so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Teach us how short a time it is. Teach us to be always ready. And since the seasons are so subtle, since spring so quickly blossoms into summer, and summer so soon mellows into autumn, and autumn wrinkles into winter—since short days so stealthily lengthen, and long days shorten—since years dissolve so fast, and melted years bulk no more than moments—since we cannot fix these flying hours, nor detain one precious instant, Lord, teach us to number them; teach us to note

their rapid flight, and, oh, may the lesson make us wise! May it force us to the great life-study! May it shut us up to heavenly wisdom! May it so urge our conscience and haunt our thoughts, that we shall now apply our hearts to saving knowledge! May rapid life thus send us to a deathless Redeemer, and fleeting time bear us to a blissful immortality!

But there is a second lesson which the text suggests. May we not lawfully adapt it, "Lord, teach us so to *notice* our days, as to extract from each its emphatic lesson, and thus day by day, and year by year, grow wiser?" This psalm is a prayer of Moses; and from an expression in the tenth verse, it is likely that he wrote it forty or fifty years before his death. It is likely that he wrote it when verging towards the threescore and ten, and when he little imagined that he himself should add forty years to the fourscore. If so, the prayer was answered in his own experience. From the thirteenth verse and onwards he prays that the Lord would pity his captive countrymen, and rescue them from Egyptian thraldom. "Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants. O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it." And the Lord returned. The Lord repented concerning His

Hebrew servants. His work appeared in their wonderful deliverance, and His glory in their children's march to Canaan. And any one who has read the book of Deuteronomy knows that the lesson was not lost on Moses' observant and adoring spirit. He noted the gracious works and wonderful ways of God; and as the successive days developed new interpositions, the soul of Moses derived new impressions. And any one who reads the song of Moses, and contrasts its cheerful and experimental tone with the language almost disconsolate of this prayer, will perceive that part of the "wisdom" which his "heart" had learned was a more hopeful view of God's goodness, and a more secure confidence in God's presence. Again, when Moses was a young man at the court of Pharaoh, he seems to have shared the hot spirit of youth, or rather, we should say, the high mettle and prompt revenge of the gallant courtier; and when he saw an Egyptian ruffian abusing one of his compatriots, the indignation of Moses rose, and with a hasty blow he struck down the oppressor, and hid his body in the sand. But for this act of tumultuary justice obliged to flee, and exposed to many jeopardies and hardships, his choleric temper cooled; and, by the time he was called to manage the headstrong million of his countrymen, so self-possessed and slow to wrath had the courtier become, that it is recorded as his eminent qualification for command, "Now the man Moses was very meek." He had learned by experience, and in numbering the days had "applied his heart" to the "*meekness of wisdom.*"

And so it is for us to notice providence as we number

days, and grow wiser and better as our years increase. I fondly hope, my beloved friends, that there are those among you who are growing in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ; and it is very delightful when that improvement is so decided that others discern it. If it be painful to hear doubts and fears regarding some,—"I fear that such a one is losing his first love; I fear that such another is going back; I am sorry to see so and so forsaking the sanctuary, or wearying in well-doing;" it is reviving when the opposite remarks are made,—"I hope that this one and that other are growing in decision of character, and in devotedness to Christ and His cause. I am glad to find them keep the Sabbath so well; and happy to find that their worldly friends are tiring of them and wearing away. I am thankful to hear that they have engaged in yonder good work; and it is a great enjoyment to be in their society, for their conversation is so frank and hearty, and so full of the things of God." When such progress takes place, it is from two things united. It is from prayer put up, and from effort put forth,—"Lord, *teach us*, that *we* may *apply* our hearts." It is the Holy Spirit given, and it is the believer made earnest and active. And should any one feel that the year which is passing has been a year of alertness, a year of spiritual enjoyment or religious activity, a year when his views have brightened, or his zeal waxed warmer, he must thank God and take courage. And should any one feel the reverse,—should any one know that his mind has been more carnal, his thoughts more entangled, and his affections more earthly; should he feel that heavenly

wisdom is to him less attractive, and the Saviour less precious than once He was, the Bible less engaging, and the house of God less dear; as his situation is dangerous, so there is little room for delay. In the midst of this declension, his years may be numbered, and very possibly, when the tree is most barren, the word may go forth,—"Cut it down."

In noticing this closing year, it is for our *nation* to learn wisdom. "God has spoken once, yea twice;" must it be added, "yet Britain regardeth it not"? He has spoken in famine,—he has spoken in pestilence,—he has spoken in commercial panic. At this season, last year, millions felt the want of food. Since then, tens of thousands have died of diseases which the want of food brought on; and even this day multitudes of our neighbours are languishing under the diluted dregs of the wide-spread endemic. And at the very moment when the rich harvest was gathered in, and whilst we were still debating what thanks we should render, the arm of the Lord fell sore on our commerce; and though only hundreds found their strong mountain hurled into misery, what thousands feel the shock, and who is there of us who may not feel it yet, and feel it long? And by these dispensations, so swift and so decided, so personal and yet so national, what is the Lord saying, but that we must acknowledge Him, or He will admonish us? What is He saying, but that, after all, our Isle is a very little thing—a little thing poised on the hollow of Jehovah's hand,—a little dependent and pensionary thing, which has no food but what He gives it,—no silver nor gold but what He sends it,—no health

but what He Himself breathes over it? What is He saying, but that our purse-proud nation has too little treasure in heaven; and that if we would lengthen our day of grace, there must be more prayer and less pride? What is He saying, but, now that His judgments are abroad,—Inhabitants of England, learn *wisdom?*

And it is for the *Church*, in numbering off this year, to register some wisdom. To that portion of the Church to which, next to our own, my eye turns with fondest interest, as fullest of spiritual power and freshness, and freest for the work of God, to that section of the Church this year has been sad and solemn. The year which took away from among its fathers, THOMAS BROWN; from among its preachers, ALEXANDER STEWART; from among its missionaries, JOHN MACDONALD; and from among its ruling elders, JOHN HAMILTON;[1] and the year which took away all the wisdom and energy, all the lofty intellect and loftier goodness which went with THOMAS CHALMERS,—that year will always be tearfully recorded in the Free Church annals of our fatherland. In the journey of other days, it may have chanced that your company was joined by one of those rare beings, whose ready warmth, and flowing soul, and large intelligence make him a common good, and bring out the best and kindest things of all the fellow-travellers. And when,

[1] Whilst we were assembled for worship, Edinburgh was deploring the death of one of its most exalted and patriotic citizens, SHERIFF SPEIRS. His last public service was in connection with the great religious movement of the closing year; he presided over the meeting at which the Sabbath Alliance was formed. It was to Mr. Hamilton that Dr. Chalmers handed over his great church-building enterprise; and many is the congregation which owes its chapel-site to the influence and exertions of Mr. Speirs.

after a day of his exuberant presence, the stage or the packet stopped, and with his cordial adieu he quitted it, you felt as if more than one had passed away; you felt as if some of the brightest and most benignant features had faded from your neighbours' faces, and the blandest sunshine had died from off the landscape, and you marvelled how the exit of one should occasion such a difference. And it is thus I feel regarding the noble spirit which last summer left us. His power of educing as well as emitting good,—his transfusive hopefulness and benevolent inspiration, which made strong men stronger, and good men better,—his talent at eliciting effort and creating gladness were so great, that even in this remoteness I feel as if "there had passed away a glory from the earth." And in the thought, that whatever port we touch, the coming years can never bring him amongst us again, a pensiveness and despondency sometimes settle over the spirit. But in the removal of such men, and in our own more local loss of the popular and self-spending pastor of River Terrace, I learn a lesson,—and brethren more deeply exercised learn it better. It is the lesson, to cease from man and cleave to Christ. It is pleasant to be cheered by the company of leal and high-hearted fellow-labourers; but still the labour must be done for the Master's sake. And though it is humbling to a Church to see her brightest lights extinguished one by one, and trying to a Church's servants to lose the society and solace of their dearest brethren, the Lord is wise and does all things well. And just as those husbandmen, who in spring are weeping for a beloved fellow-workman who

just has died,—as those husbandmen still rise and sow, and next autumn reap in joy what they sowed in tears,—even so should those, who in this spring-season of their Church have lost their best and most beloved fellow-servants, start up, the corn in their hand, though the tear be in their eye, and for CHRIST'S sake labour and not faint. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." And thus, the dispensation so disastrous to particular projects and individual affections, may be fraught with glorious issues to the Redeemer's cause.

And now that this year is numbered, it is for us, as a *congregation*, to learn wisdom. To us it has been a year of mercy. Of five hundred members, only four have been removed by death, and, till within the last six weeks, fewer than usual have been tried with frailty and sickness. Some dear brethren have been brought back to us from distant travel, and to many the Lord has filled a fuller cup of social or domestic joy. Our Sabbath assembly has gathered and dismissed, our prayer-meetings have kept their peaceful hour, and our communions have been celebrated, with little to mar the gladness of our worship or the comfort of our going out and coming in. Besides the ministers who have spoken to us the Word of the Lord, we have been favoured to see amongst us many distinguished and faithful missionaries,[1] some of whose

[1] The Revs. Dr. Wilson, of Bombay; W. Graham, of Damascus; R. Taylor, of Jambooroo; J. Aitken, of Poonah; and W. C. Burns, our Church's missionary to China; and at the end of last year, the Revs. J. M. Mitchell, of Bombay, and Dhanjibhai Nauroji, of Nagpoor; nor will we readily forget our

names we well knew beforehand, and all of whom we shall now accompany with more affectionate prayers. I feel it my own great mercy, that in answer to your intercessions, the Lord has graciously allowed me to make another trial of this ministry, and that for only three Sabbaths of this year have I been entirely hindered from meeting you. I am thankful for having been enabled to deliver two sets of discourses, on subjects so important as "The Christian Evidence" and "Saving Faith," and more especially thankful for the benefit which some derived from them. During no year of my London ministry have so many called on that errand which a minister likes best,—desiring to learn the way of God more perfectly. And whilst our congregational institutions have prospered well, especially the day-schools and Sabbath-schools; and whilst a good many district meetings for prayer and Scripture-reading have been held; and whilst our missionary and visitors, and the collectors for the Church's schemes have been laborious, much remains to be done; and to all of us, especially to those restored from dangerous sickness, or brought back from far countries, or rescued from painful perplexities, every gracious circumstance and every converging providence seem to say,

esteemed friend, the Rev. S. Gloucester, minister of the African Presbyterian Church at Philadelphia. And I must here record the names of those ministers who came from Scotland on purpose to supply my lack of service during the year that I was entirely or partially disabled from preaching. They were—the Revs. Horatius Bonar, of Kelso; John Bonar, of Greenock; William Arnot, of Glasgow; Samuel Miller, of Glasgow; Andrew A. Bonar, of Collace; John Ainslie, of Dirleton; A. B. Parker, of Lesmahagow; Thomas Main, of Kilmarnock. In like manner the Rev. A. Anderson, of Old Aberdeen, supplied the pulpit when I was absent last August. The Lord reward these dear friends for their labour of love!

"Be diligent. Work while it is day. Your night is also coming."

And, finally, it is for *each of us individually* to apply our hearts, and pray that God would teach us wisdom from the numbered year.

Whether sad or happy, it has been very short,—far too short for fulfilling all the schemes and purposes we cherished in its sanguine outset. The days have twinkled past,—mere sparkles of existence, and the months have vanished like a dream; and yet we flatter ourselves that next year will have a charm about it; that its days will linger, and its weeks will lengthen out into a latitude and leisure which will admit of our doing everything, and enjoying everything. Vain delusion! Next year will be swifter than a post. Its days will gleam and click like a weaver's shuttle; and those who survive to its closing Sabbath will look back on a cloud that has melted—a vapour that has vanished; and it will not be till we have reached eternity,—it will not be till the loom of time is stopped, and the endless day laps existence round, that we shall know the sense of leisure, and find that however urgent the work the opportunity is ample. And from this fugacity and fleetness of time let us learn that whoever would do a great thing or a right thing in a world like this, must *set about it instantly.*

But top-speed though the year has spun,—rapid as the days have raced, and phantom-like though their flight appears, to some this year has been a year of progress and profit. It has not been a mere breathless rush, nor a guilty slumber, nor a feverish dream. It has been a year

of active exertion and solid achievement. To some, I trust, it has been of all years the most memorable and blessed, for it has been the year when they began to seek the better part, and commenced to live for God. Some, I trust, have reason to regard it as of all years the most gainful, for in it they have found the pearl of great price; and gloomy as its outward visage has lowered, some, I believe, look back to it as the brightest year of their history, for it is the year on which the Sun of Righteousness, the Saviour, has shone. And some have made progress; they have gained sensible advantage over a sin that did easily beset them, or they have escaped from some snare or entanglement, or they have been enabled to take some decided step or make some difficult sacrifice, or they have grown in knowledge of some truth or enjoyment of some grace, or they have been privileged to do some good; they have been permitted to commence or carry forward some labour in the cause of God,—and thus, short as the year has been, it has sufficed to initiate something everlasting, and from its tiny mustard-seed a great tree may spring in some soul or some community; and from their example let us learn a second lesson—*to redeem the time.*

Redeem the time! You sometimes think what a pound may purchase. Do you ever think what a day may do? Money is precious, but time is priceless! The man who has this year lost a thousand pounds may next twelvemonths make two thousand, and be richer than before, but the man who has lost the year itself, God may give him another year, but even the great God cannot give

him back the year which he has lost. Of all losses the greatest and most guilty is squandered time.

When Mr. Hardcastle was dying (once a noble-minded merchant, and long the Treasurer of the London Missionary Society), it was one of his memorable sayings, "My last act of faith I wish to be, to take the blood of Jesus as the high priest did when he entered behind the veil, and when I have passed the veil I would appear with it before the throne." And in making the transit from one year to another, this is our most appropriate exercise. We see much sin in the retrospect,—we see many a broken purpose, many a mis-spent hour, many a rash and unadvised word; we see much pride, and anger, and worldliness, and unbelief; we see a long track of inconsistency. There is nothing for us but the great atonement. With that atonement let us, like believing Israel, end and begin anew. Bearing its precious blood, let us pass within the veil of a solemn and eventful future. Let a visit to the Fountain be the last act of the closing year, and let a new year still find us there.

BARTHOLOMEW DAY, 1662.[1]

In the old Romish calendar almost every day of the year was dedicated to the memory of some saint or martyr, and those dedicated to the apostles and to the Virgin Mary were high days—days on which no work was to be done, and often kept with much pomp and circumstance, —regular holidays. In this way these sacred days or saints' days came to be landmarks in the month or year, and to rude memories they were a great assistance in remembering dates. Just as two hundred years ago a country carrier found it easier to remember *signs* than street numbers—easier to remember the sign of the Sceptre or of the Golden Cross than No. 23 or 349,—so our unlettered ancestors might have forgotten the 25th of March, but the day dedicated to "Our Lady," or the Feast of Annunciation, was very memorable; and in the same way Midsummer-day, or the 24th of June, was indented into all minds by the rejoicings which ushered in the Baptist's morning, and, in Scotland especially, the last

[1] This Lecture was published as a pamphlet in 1862, with the following prefatory note:—"During the month of March, four lectures were delivered in the Presbyterian Church, Regent Square, by Mr. Redpath, Dr. M'Crie, Dr. Edmond, and myself, as a tribute to the memory of the ejected Puritans. The following contribution to the course the author publishes, after a good deal of hesitation, but with the hope that friendly readers, forgiving its frankness, will concede to its representations such weight as they deserve. To

day of November was identified with the patron or tutelary of the country, St. Andrew.

The 24th of August was the day dedicated to Bartholomew, best known to readers of the Bible as that guileless Israelite, Nathanael. Unhappily for the day, in Protestant annals as well as Papal, it has acquired associations which it is painful to recall, but which reverence for illustrious names forbids us to forget.

It was on the night of August 24, 1572, that, under the direction of Catherine de Medici, the signal was sounded from the belfry of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and the report of musketry and cries of terror through the streets of Paris announced the commencement of that massacre in which Coligny and thirty thousand Protestants were butchered —the first of that series of self-inflicted injuries by which France has earned the poet's verdict—

> "Strange nation—light, yet strong,
> Fierce of heart, and blithe of tongue;
> Prone to change; so fond of blood,
> She wounds herself to quaff her own;"[1]

but neither the first nor the last of those wholesale butcheries which have earned for the mystical Babylon the apocalyptic emblem—"The woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus."

others, as a specimen of old-fashioned and unwilling nonconformity, it may possess the charm of being something unusual. Like a live trilobite, or like the wingless bird of New Zealand, in this afternoon of the nineteenth century a dissenter who is not an anti-Churchman finds himself somewhat late in the day: so that on the ground of their rarity, these lucubrations may find such tiny space as they can claim amongst the other curiosities of an *annus mirabilis*.—48 EUSTON SQUARE, *April* 1862."

[1] Bailey's *Festus*.

Though not of the same crimson hue, the English Bartholomew day is dark enough. The circumstances which led to it may be explained in a few sentences. During the Protectorate the pulpits of England were for the most part occupied by a Presbyterian ministry, Presbyterianism having been declared by the Parliament of 1648 the national religion of England. But although the worship and Church-government were Presbyterian, it is only right to mention that, on the part of the Presbyterians, there was no monopoly of the Christian ministry. Episcopalians like Sanderson, Bull, Pocock, and Thomas Fuller, had still congregations of their own, and instead of reading the Liturgy, they repeated as much of it as they pleased; whilst many of the most attractive posts were occupied by Congregationalists, like Owen, the Dean of Christ Church, and Goodwin, the President of Magdalene.

When it was agreed to bring back the King in 1660, the Presbyterians waited on him in Holland, and received such assurances—amongst other things, a promise that subscription and the oath of canonical obedience should be dispensed with—that they joined in the general enthusiasm, and did their utmost to promote his restoration. But coincident with Charles's return was the restoration of the ancient hierarchy; and although a conference was held at "The Savoy," ostensibly to consider what changes could be made in the services of the Church, so as to satisfy all reasonable but conscientious men, next to nothing was conceded at the moment, and of the slight concessions then made, few were carried out.[1] In vain did

[1] J. A. Baxter's *Church History of England*, p. 629.

Manton and Calamy entreat that they might be allowed to dispense with the surplice and the cross in baptism—that they might not be obliged to pronounce every child they baptized then and there regenerate, nor proclaim their sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection over every parishioner whom they buried. In vain did they beg to be exempted from absolving every one who had the Service for the sick read over him, and in vain did they entreat to be excused from reading Bel and the Dragon alongside of Holy Scripture. The more that the Puritans scrupled, the more did the bishops insist; and in May 1662 there passed through Parliament an Act requiring every one who wished to conduct public worship, or to hold a benefice, to obtain episcopal ordination, if he had not obtained it already; enjoining him to declare his "unfeigned assent and consent" to everything contained in the Liturgy as consistent with the Word of God; and, besides taking the oath of canonical obedience, requiring him solemnly to declare that it is unlawful to take up arms against the King on any pretext whatever.

This was the famous Act of Uniformity, by which it was further provided that any one who failed to comply with its conditions on or before the 24th of August, in that same year, should be *ipso facto* deprived of his living, and prohibited from preaching any more.

In this last clause there was a severity which we are sorry that any good men should try to vindicate. It robbed of a year's earnings those whom it was at any rate leaving penniless. It was not till the end of September

that the year's tithes were legally payable, and the effect of this enactment was to leave the ejected ministers without any recompense for eleven months of labour, and without the means of discharging those debts which they had fairly contracted in the faith of that year's income. By way of apology, it is pleaded that severe measure was dealt out in 1645 to the sequestered clergy of the Church of England. But it ought to be remembered that, of the sequestered clergy, few were fit to be ministers at all. "Six to one were, by the oaths of witnesses, proved insufficient, or scandalous, or both;"[1] and, as Fuller, the Church of England historian, adds, "Many of their offences were so foul, it is a shame to report them." But although so many of them were ignorant and immoral men,—some of them clergymen who kept alehouses—some of them clergymen who could not read —very many of them drunkards and gamblers,—the humanity of Parliament gave them as a provision for life a fifth part of their sequestered incomes. It was surely then an excessive vindictiveness which, forgetting the consideration shown to men of no conscience in 1645, plunged into inevitable and unmitigated poverty in 1662 the men whose main fault in the eyes of Churchmen was an excessive scrupulosity.

The time given to deliberate was not long; but before the eventful day arrived, upwards of two thousand had made up their minds. With most of them the "unfeigned assent and consent" was sufficient and conclusive; but there were others, like Philip Henry, who would have

[1] *Baxter's Life and Times.*

been content to use the Liturgy, but who would not belie their Presbyterian ordination; that is to say, having already been set apart to the ministry by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, they would neither confess that the past was invalid nor that the future could be improved by accepting a second ordination. But whatsoever might be the point at which they chiefly felt the pressure, they could not conform without violence to their convictions—without that constriction on the conscience which either kills it altogether, or reduces it to a state of wretched moral decrepitude; and so, like loyal men, they resolved to pay to truth and to the Lord of conscience this large and unlooked-for tribute.

It was a noble testimony. When, seventy years afterwards, the fathers of dissent in Scotland forfeited their position as ministers of the Established Church, they made a costly sacrifice; but although their emoluments were gone, the right of speech remained, and they had in prospect that dearest privilege of a faithful evangelist—the privilege of still proclaiming the Gospel. And when, twenty years ago, the founders of the Free Church surrendered the income and the manifold advantages of the Establishment, they did it after ample opportunity to consult together, and with the consciousness that they carried with them a large amount of popular sympathy. But the ejected Nonconformists had not been able to confer with one another, and concert their plans in common. They had no prospect of being ever permitted to preach any more. In the sudden royalist reaction, which had swallowed up for the moment the good sense

and even the religion of the nation, they received few tokens of popular concurrence or good-will. And if for this deed of faith and self-devotement we seek a perfect parallel, we shall only find it in the similar sacrifice of their covenanting contemporaries north of the Tweed, where, in the following winter, four hundred ministers—nearly a half of the national clergy—forsook all and followed Christ, and like their Nonconformist brethren in England, went forth from their manses and parishes, not knowing whither they went.

Who were these ministers whom the Church of England thus cast forth from her bosom, and who, for the next six-and-twenty years, were treated, by a profligate court and a haughty hierarchy, as the troublers of the realm, and the offscouring of all things? They included such men as Goodwin and Owen—the two names of renown in Congregational annals, and each of them still standing up gigantic as we look back along the centuries. They included Matthew Poole, that mighty biblical scholar, who, in his five enormous folios, has given the essence of all previous commentators. They included men of massive thought, like Thomas Manton and Joseph Caryl; men of fruitful fancy and entertaining information, like Bridge and Brooks, and Nehemiah Rogers and Fenner, and Adams and Burgess: whose voluminous writings rise from the field of our religious literature like a twin mountain-range—the one set, in their very disintegration, supplying the rich alluvium which covers the vale with corn, and makes it smile—the other rolling down those golden nuggets which have made the fortune of explorers from every sect and region.

They included such men as Howe, whose lofty intellect and luminous insight give us new conceptions of the majesty of mind, and whose walk with God, so lowly and so loving, reminds us of the seraphim, attracted towards the Light of lights, but veiling their faces as they approach the overwhelming vision,—such men as Flavel, the rapture of whose spirit would have made him touch the earth but lightly, had not his holy benevolence drawn him down into the abodes of his brethren; such men as Alleine, of whom it has been said that, "in fidelity and tenderness, in toils for the salvation of men, in frequent converse with eternal things, he was scarcely inferior to Paul himself, the first of human teachers, the inspired prince of mankind;"[1] such men as Baxter, whose *Call to the Unconverted*, and *Everlasting Rest*, still waken echoes in men's hearts, and are still a living presence in the world.

These, and such as these, were the men whom Charles in his perfidy and the bishops in their bigotry cast forth from the Church of England. These, and such as these, were the men, who, yea being yea, and nay being nay, knew nothing of subscription in a sense non-natural, and who, rather than accept a mess of pottage poisoned by falsehood or embittered by self-contempt, threw away their earthly all, and cast themselves on Providence.

The prospect was abundantly dark. Few of them were in the position of Philip Henry and Dr. Owen, who, when deprived of their preferment, had personal resources on which to fall back. Many of them were like Mr. Lawrence of Baschurch, who, when urged that he had eleven

[1] W. Rhodes, in Stanford's *Life of J. Alleine*, p. 379.

good reasons for conforming—in his wife and ten children —replied, "There is one reason which outweighs the whole: 'Whoso loveth wife or children more than me, is not worthy of me.' We must learn to live on the sixth of Matthew: 'Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on.'" And many of them had to gird up their minds with considerations like those with which Baxter encouraged himself in the Lord:—

"Must I be driven from my books?
From house, and goods, and dearest friends?
One of Thy sweet and gracious looks
For more than this will make amends.

My Lord hath taught me how to want
A place wherein to put my head;
While He is mine, I'll be content
To beg or lack my daily bread.

Heaven is my roof, earth is my floor,
Thy love can keep me dry and warm;
Christ and Thy bounty are my store;
Thy angels guard me from all harm.

As for my friends, they are not lost;
The several vessels of Thy fleet,
Though parted now, by tempests toss'd,
Shall safely in the haven meet."

Privations and persecutions quickly came. In the following year, the Conventicle Act prohibited them from preaching to more than five persons over and above the family in whose house the worship was conducted; and, two years afterwards, as many of them sought to maintain themselves by teaching, they were forbidden to conduct schools, or receive pupils, or come within five miles of

any corporate town. In order that they and the members of their former flocks who still looked to them as their pastors might occasionally meet together, they had, on both sides, to face fatigue and peril. Sometimes they met at midnight in the woods; sometimes after the close of evening, they would assemble in a friendly dwelling, with the doors and windows closed, till daylight streaming down the chimney warned them to disperse. And even after the Indulgence gave them a doubtful liberty, they were still at the mercy of the mob, or of a profane and ruffian magistracy. At Stepney Meeting you can still see the secret staircase by which Matthew Mede and his congregation used to steal up into the low cock-loft above their chapel; and the letter is still extant in which the Mayor of Taunton describes how he and the mob sacked the Baptist and Presbyterian chapels:—"We burned ten cart-loads of pulpit, doors, gates, and seats, in the market-place. We stayed till three in the morning, and were very merry. The bells rang all night. The [parish] church is now full, thank God for it."[1] In three years penalties for frequenting conventicles were imposed to the amount of two millions, and many thousands of persons were cast into prison, where, in the midst of putrefaction and pestilence, numbers perished. Amongst those consigned to vile durance, the venerable Baxter was one. When in court he attempted to plead his own cause, Chief-Justice Jeffreys exclaimed, "Richard, Richard, dost thou think we will let thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old knave. Thou hast

[1] Stanford's *Alleine*, p. 381.

written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. By the grace of God I'll look after thee. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will befall their mighty don; but, by the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all."

But if the ejected ministers often suffered from the malignity of men, they found a ready refuge and a frequent redress in the tender mercy of their God. Their histories abound in providential interpositions. One of them tells how, faint and hungry, he sat down by the road-side, and in the ditch two silver pieces caught his eye, and filled him with as much joy and wonder as if they had dropped from heaven. Another was sitting in his room, and his children round him were weeping for bread, when an unknown messenger deposited at the door a sack of flour. A third was wandering in an obscure part of Yorkshire, to be out of the way of his enemies, and, not having a farthing in his pocket, at nightfall he went up to a farmhouse, and, from the kindly-looking woman who opened the door, asked leave to sit before the kitchen-fire all night. She not only invited him in, but instantly set about preparing some supper. He begged that she would not, as he had no means of repaying; but she was hospitable, and made him heartily welcome. Finding that he had some acquaintance with Halifax, the farmer asked if he knew anything of Mr. Oliver Heywood, who had once been a minister near that town. He replied, "There is a great deal of noise about that man. Some speak well, and some speak ill of him. For my own part, I can

say little in his favour." From the disappointed look of the farmer, and the tone with which he answered, "I believe he is of that sect which is everywhere spoken against," the wanderer took courage to say, "My name is Oliver Heywood." The good people were overjoyed at the discovery; and the master of the house, by and bye, said, "I have a few neighbours who love the Gospel, and if you will give us a word of exhortation, I will run and acquaint them." It was an out-of-the-way place, with little risk of interruption. A small congregation was soon gathered, to whom he preached with great enlargement and fervour, and who made a collection to help him on his way. And only one instance more. The wife of a wealthy Wiltshire gentleman was very ill, and the parish minister was sent for to pray with her. When the messenger came, the parson was just going out with the hounds; but he sent word that he would come to see the sick lady as soon as the hunt was over. Seeing the distress of their master, one of the servants said, "Sir, if you will send for our shepherd, he can pray very well." The shepherd was sent for, and prayed with such appropriateness and fervency, that all present were exceedingly affected; and when the prayer was ended, his master said, "You are a very different person from what your present appearance indicates. I conjure you to inform me who and what you are." On this, he admitted that he was one of the silenced ministers, and that, for a livelihood, he had taken to the honest and peaceful employment of tending sheep. "Then," said the squire, "you shall be my shepherd;" and he at once promoted to a sort of domestic chaplaincy Mr.

Ince, the late rector of Dunhead, who, in addition to his other excellencies, was a distinguished Hebrew scholar, and who, even in that age of prayer, was so noted for his devotional spirit, that, in Wiltshire, he went by the name of "*praying* Ince."

Such was the Act of Uniformity, and such were the men whom it expelled from the Church of England. "To that Church," to use the words of an English Churchman, Mr. Marsden, "their exclusion was a melancholy triumph. Religion was almost extinguished, and in many parishes the lamp of God went out. The places of the ejected clergy were supplied with little regard even to the decencies of the sacred office: the voluptuous, the indolent, the ignorant, and even the profane, received episcopal orders, and, like a swarm of locusts, overspread the Church. A few good men amongst the bishops and conforming clergy deplored in vain this fearful devastation. Charles himself expressed his indignation; he was disgusted with the misconduct of the clergy; for profligate men are not unfrequently amongst the first to perceive the shame of others. Had it not been for a small body of respectable clergymen, who had been educated among the Puritans, it was the opinion of those who lived in those evil days that every trace of godliness would have been clean put out, and the land reduced to avowed and universal atheism."[1]

Against the two thousand ejected ministers calumny itself has never ventured any allegation, except that they were too precise—too scrupulous—which means, at the

[1] Marsden's *Later Puritans*, p. 470.

very worst, that they were mistakenly conscientious. And no one can deny that they were sound in all the essentials of the Christian faith; that they were men of the strictest lives and purest morals; men devoted to their ministry, and as a body absolutely unrivalled in theological learning and spiritual experience. And if it was a cruel and vindictive deed to drive them out, it was a dark day when they departed. That mournful Sabbath, when so many burning and shining lights were extinguished, and when a frosty chill struck into the atmosphere of many a sanctuary, from which it has never yet recovered, may well be called "Black Bartholomew Day."

For although the cruelty was wreaked on the Nonconformists, their sufferings are long since ended, whilst the Nemesis still remains, and is age by age discharging itself in dire and inevitable instalments, and will continue as long as, like a robe of state, the Church of England continues to hug that Nessus-shirt, the Act of Uniformity. At the Reformation, all churches were on a level, and all the Reformed churches recognised each other's ministry. Latimer was a bishop, and Cranmer was an archbishop, but they felt that the men ordained by Knox and his co-presbyters in Edinburgh, by Calvin and his co-presbyters in Geneva, were as truly Christ's ministers as the men ordained by themselves at Lambeth or Worcester; and notwithstanding many efforts to the contrary, this, for a long time, continued to be the position of the Church of England. But the Act of Uniformity ignored Presbyterian ordination, and recognised as ministers of Christ none who had not received the mystic touch of Prelacy.

The effect, as Mr. Marsden truly says, was to "alienate the Church of England from all the Reformed churches of the Continent, and from the sister Church of Scotland. . . . It had hitherto stood on terms of perfect amity with foreign churches; but rashness and presumption now sat in the seat of the Reformers, and insisted in effect that the intercourse should cease. As far as in them lay, they consigned the Church of England to a moody solitude, which they mistook for dignity."[1] And although it took some time to acquire a sensation corresponding to this creed—although Tillotson, and Burnet, and Patrick could never bring themselves to feel as if they were more apostolical than their friends and neighbours, Bates and Bradbury—still the proud and exclusive doctrine was asserted, and in due time the proud and exclusive spirit grew up. We all know what it is, and we all lament it. Taken in detail, and one by one, there are hundreds and thousands in the Anglican ministry who are amongst the most estimable of the sons of men; and in your intercourse with them individually and severally, they are pleasant companions, large-minded scholars, warm-hearted Christians, fair and open disputants; but when they put on their canonicals, or come officially together, they stand in such awe of one another, that generous impulses and modern sympathies are merged in a stiff and stately Churchmanship, till, in the public mind, Convocation has become the symbol for everything obsolete and unreal, and you can hardly persuade yourself that inside of the pasteboard colossus is many a *paterfamilias*, with his open

[1] Marsden's *Later Puritans*, p. 253.

kindly countenance, many a good Christian, with his honest English heart.—"Salute one another with a holy kiss." The few sister churches which have thus been favoured, complain that the hierarchical salutation is so statuesque and icy as to induce rigours and a shivering ague; and all owing to that false position assumed by the Act of Uniformity, which relegates the Church of England to a cold and Alpine isolation, when her proper home would have been where Becon and Latimer left her, and where the best of her pastors love to be found—on the sunny plains of England, or beside the warmer hearths of its people, and in kindly contact with universal Christendom. This figment of clerical caste, or exclusive prelatical orders, or apostolical succession, which the Church of England took on board when it turned out the Puritans, is the magnetic disturber which makes useless the compass, and baffles the most skilful of pilots. Besides all the bigotry it creates on the one side, and all the bitterness and heart-burning on the other, it gives to the old ship a steering so *bizarre* and bewildered—at one time back towards the enchanted shores of Popery, at another straight for the breakers of rationalism—that, looking at its unaccountable course, the spectator might be apt to image the helmsman asleep or "half-seas over;" or he might fancy that a civil war had broken out on board, and that the mutineers and captain were in alternate possession of the tiller.

For the Church of England I acknowledge a sincere but somewhat anxious affection; and although I speak only for myself, many here will sympathize. I like to

see the parish church, with the turfy mounds around it, where, under the yew-tree shadow, the fathers of the hamlet sleep; and when the pastor is a true father in Christ, I scarcely know a spectacle more touching than the resort of a united people to such a sanctuary—through lanes balmy with blossom, and in the minstrelsy of mellow chimes made yet more Sabbatic—the peer from the park-gate and the labourer from the lodge, the lone widow from the almshouse, and, at the head of his rosy cavalcade, the yeoman tramping sturdily, all going to the house of God in company. And I own the spell of the mighty minster—the shrine where the faded centuries still linger, the axis round which revolve the ecclesiastical annals of provinces or kingdoms, the mausoleum from whose niches look down the effigies, real or imagined, of Bede and Cuthbert and Anselm, of Colet and Fisher and Cranmer; and whether it is in college chapel or cathedral choir, I love to hear, in words as old as Ambrose, to music old as Gregory, the daily anthem ascending, till, in melodious agony, floor and roof vibrate together, and traffic, hearing the hallelujah, bates its breath as it hurries by, and is hushed into a moment's sacredness. I love many of the living lights and ornaments of that English Church, known personally, or unknown, from the godly men amongst its prelates, to that noble and increasing band amongst its clergy, who, even in this age so benevolent and so busy, are amongst the hardest of workers and the kindest of ministering spirits. And amongst the lights which have set, but left a glory behind them, I cannot forget authors who have reasoned so irresistibly as Chilling-

worth and Butler; who have meditated so devoutly as Beveridge and Horne; who have soared so sublimely, or in flight so sustained, as Taylor and Barrow. I cannot forget evangelists who have preached with the ardour of Berridge, and Grimshaw, and Charles of Bala; missionaries who have gone forth in the spirit of Martyn, and Heber, and Wilson; or martyrs who have gone up in the fiery chariot, like Saunders, and Ridley, and Hooper; and on an evening like this, I rejoice to recall the confessors who, for conscience' sake, laid on the altar mitres or wealthy benefices; refusers of the covenant, like the illustrious Hall of Norwich; refusers of King William, like that most masterly of logicians Charles Leslie; like that saintliest of devotees Bishop Ken: men whose self-devotement we admire, although in their conclusions we cannot coincide.

With the romantic interest which gathers round a historic Church, with the regard attaching to the communion which contains so many of one's dearest friends, and with the attraction always exerted by the largest body, I can fully appreciate their position who are reluctant dissentients from the Church of England; and I wish the Church of England could appreciate it also. In the interest of that Church, I wish she would remove from her ritual passages repugnant to reason, or suggestive of dangerous error, such as that doctrine of sacramental magic, or mechanical regeneration, which is so fitted to put an end to infant baptism,[1] and which gives its maintainers so

[1] Surely the heads of the Church are scarcely aware of the effect which the retention of this dogma is producing amongst the laity. Frequently has the author been entreated by intelligent members of the Church of England—by

little right to protest against the more consistent Church of Rome. I wish she would so abbreviate her Liturgy as to leave room for the expression of emergent wants in free prayer, and room for a fuller preaching of the Word, without rendering the offering of the Lord an oppression to mercurial temperaments and youthful minds. And by removing those pretensions to a peculiar apostolicity, which make the Churchman so proud and the Dissenter so scornful, I wish the pulpits of the Establishment were open to Nonconformists; and that, without the risk of censure, clergymen could preach in the conventicle, till there really spread through this great English nation an overmastering sense of our common Protestantism, and that loyalty to the Saviour which supersedes sectarianism.

I wish it; I dare hardly say that I hope it. The difficulties of any alteration in a body so composite and heterogeneous as the present Church of England are very great; and even improvements which traverse no principle are met by the grand old English obstinacy. "*Estad ferme, Moise!*" used to be shouted by the boys of Seville when a Hebrew heretic was led to the stake, and when a friar would be thrusting a crucifix into his face. For fear the poor Jew should recant, so that they would lose the amusement of the *auto-da-fé*, these young vagabonds shouted, "Moses, stand firm!" And so ought the enemies of the Church of England to be at this moment exclaiming. When Lord Ebury and a few others are trying

barristers, medical practitioners, and men of education—to relieve their consciences by baptizing their children, as they could not even tacitly countenance the doctrine of their own Baptismal Service. Nor can anything be more calculated than this service to recruit the ranks of our Baptist brethren.

to popularize the service by suggesting rearrangements and abridgments, it is to be feared that the heads of the Church will resist the improvement; and in that resistance it is the policy of the Church's enemies to support them valiantly. "Stand firm, bench of bishops! stand firm, Convocation! Not a single omission, not one word of curtailment! Prayers an hour and twenty minutes long, till your children are nodding, or saying, 'Oh what a weariness!'—an hour and twenty minutes long, till the artisan who has been coaxed out to morning worship vows that he will never so be entrapped again. The Marriage Service every jot and tittle, from 'Dearly beloved' down to 'amazement,' till you send all the oversensitive to be joined together in the registrar's office or the Dissenting chapel. And, by all means, the damnatory clauses in the Athanasian Creed and the Commination Service on Ash-Wednesday; for a little occasional cursing is so comfortable. Steady, bench of bishops! stand firm, Moses!"

For the improvements which would popularize that vast and venerable institution, and make it the Church of the English people,—for a lay element in Convocation, for a revision of the Liturgy, for a more catholic and cordial attitude towards other Churches, and for those reforms which shall leave no place for either clerical freethinkers or Jesuit Anglicans,—it is perhaps too much to hope. The tendencies of the time are democratic. The olden Nonconformity is replaced by modern Dissent. Reluctant Nonconformists, like myself, are neither so numerous nor so vigorous as those ardent anti-Churchmen whose cause

Tractarianism and Essayism both have strengthened, and whose watchword is, "*Carthago est delenda.*" A Church truly national is now, perhaps, impossible; and, should the existing Establishment at last come down, its ruin will be still a monument. History will say:—"There lies the institution which understood neither how to retain its friends nor how to shut out its enemies. There lies the house which the martyrs built, and which Bartholomew Day left desolate. There lies the Church which expelled the Puritans, and kept them out so long that they would not come in again,—the Church which, by making the Puritans Nonconformists, made the people of England Dissenters; and which, thus forfeiting its State-connection, and coming down to the general level, at last carried out its own idea of an undistinguishing uniformity, by leaving no Dissent in England."

Amidst the uncertainties of the future, a mind calm and devout may find sources of consolation. The Lord reigneth, and whilst we contend, He decides and governs. And there are considerations which ought to mitigate antipathies on the one side, and apprehensions on the other. Should Dissent continue to make progress in the ratio of the last thirty years, the disendowment of the National Churches must follow; and yet it will be the fault of these Churches themselves if their disendowment involve their destruction. Wesleyanism, with its mighty organization, and with a missionary society overtopping every other; Congregationalism, with its numerous colleges and noble structures; the Free Church and United Presbyterianism, with a ministry better sustained than

one-third of the Anglican clergy;—all tend to prove that what people value they are ready to pay for, and that there is no fear for the Church which is rooted in the hearts of its members. Such rooting, if the Church of England should now secure for herself, she has no reason to dread any alternative. If, outstripping all other communions in zeal and fervour, in scriptural soundness and popular adaptation, she should gather back into her fold the people of the land, then her position as the Church of the English nation could not be challenged or overthrown. But, even far short of this, should an episcopate like that which now fills the sees of Canterbury and London, of Norwich and Durham; should preaching like that of Miller, and M'Neile, and Stowell, and many in our nearest neighbourhood,—should such bishops and such preachers fail to bring all England back into the Church, they will at least form a Church within the Church—a community of earnest and enlightened Christians, who will stand on their own feet although the Establishment were going down, and who, with an aristocracy all Anglican, ought to find it easy to sustain that liturgical hierarchy to which they are so ardently attached.

On the other hand, Dissent is not the dreadful thing which many Churchmen fancy. If they knew a little more of its inner life, they would like it better. They would be surprised to find how many of its ministers are men of scholarship and culture, like the late Pye Smith and Dr. Wardlaw,—how many of them are such gentlemen as was the late Joseph Sortain. They would be delighted to find to how much earnest thought and devo-

tional feeling those studies bear witness which they are apt to regard as mere hotbeds of schism; and for the purpose of reaching and arousing the careless masses, they would surely yield the palm to preachers like Spurgeon and Mursell, Stowell Brown and Morley Punshon, Baptist Noel and Newman Hall. And perhaps, like myself, they would come to the conclusion that religion may flourish even whilst the different denominations are waxing stronger and stronger, and may come to rejoice that Christ's kingdom is extending through Wesleyan and Congregational agencies as well as Episcopal.

To ourselves Bartholomew Day has its lessons. Alongside of the English Ejection there was such another in Scotland. There also Presbyterianism was replaced by Episcopacy, and there two-fifths of the clergy resigned their livings. But in the two kingdoms the sequel was a perfect contrast. In Scotland the laity rallied round the ejected ministers, and the parish churches were forsaken. All throughout it was a battle, but it was a battle fought by the people. The first martyrs of Presbyterianism were a minister and a marquis—James Guthrie, and the noblest of Scotland's noblemen, Argyle. So thoroughly in earnest were the people, that, rather than succumb, they drew the sword; and at Drumclog, and Bothwell Bridge, and Rullion Green, numbers perished fighting for that great privilege—freedom to worship God. And when the long conflict ended, not only was the nation unanimously Presbyterian, but the reaction against the subverted prelacy was vehement and intense. But in England it was different. There, as Baxter says, as long as "the danger

and sufferings lay on the ministers alone, the people were very courageous, and exhorted the ministers to stand it out, and preach till they went to prison. But when it came to their own case, . . . their judgments were much altered, and they that censured ministers before as cowardly for not preaching publicly, did now see no sin in secrecy when it tended to further the work of the gospel."[1] And although many laymen were fined and imprisoned, it would be vain to allege that there was in behalf of Puritanism in England the same enthusiasm and self-devotion as Presbyterianism gathered round it in Scotland. And when the Revolution took place, not only did the hierarchy retain its power and prestige unimpaired, but a few hundred small meeting-houses sufficed for the entire Nonconformity of England; and in that Nonconformity Presbyterianism was but one section—a section which soon gave up the race, along the path of orthodoxy at least, and yielded to the growing popularity of that Congregationalism which Watts and Doddridge adorned, to which Whitefield gave an indirect but mighty impulse, and which is now the dominant type of English Nonconformity.

Into the various causes I shall not enter now. I might remind you, that for the father of its Reformation England had no John Knox, and for doing battle with King James it had no Andrew Melville. I might recall the short period, scarcely twenty years, during which Presbyterianism was exemplified in England, and I might dwell on the prejudices with which it had to contend, and the

[1] *Life and Times*, folio, p. 436.

very imperfect exhibition of its working which was set before the English people. But these points fall within the province of another lecturer. Thus far must suffice for the present. Of our ecclesiastical ancestry we are not ashamed. When tried both in England and Scotland two hundred years ago, Presbyterianism was not found wanting. In our own time and place, let us strive to do it justice. In the mutual support of its congregations, and in the co-operation of ministers who seek no pre-eminence over one another, let us show that the very spirit of our system is the brotherly love of the New Testament. In the jealousy with which the rights of the Christian community are guarded, let us show how unfounded is the sarcasm which explains "new presbyter" as "old priest writ large." In the zeal with which those heads of the people, the popularly elected elders, attend on their duties, let us convince a practical nation that the representative system which is so good for the State is not bad for the Church; and in the heartiness with which ministers, elders, and people fulfil their several parts, let us show that there may be a liberty which is not isolation, an organization which does not supersede personal preferences and individual action, a government of the Church which is not spiritual despotism.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, AND WHAT IT HAS DONE.[1]

The Evangelical Alliance was constituted at London in August 1846. Many of those who took part in its formation have since fallen asleep, and no earthly assembly can henceforward be ennobled and hallowed by the presence of Bickersteth and Bunting, Raffles, Leifchild, and Wardlaw, Cunningham and Brown, Thomas Farmer and Sir Culling Eardley, Adolphe Monod of Paris, and Dr. Baird of America. It is a large fund of loving-kindness which our world has lost in losing them, nor is it easy to replace the men whose lofty worth and endearing goodness made them the attractive centre for any religious union; but although the personal charm is partly broken, and even although we should concede that all the results have not been reached which in the bright outset of this movement seemed to its originators so near, enough has been accomplished to requite the pains of those who in this good work laboured so long and never fainted.

For example: It is no small thing to have displayed to the world a testimony for so much Truth. Love is the

[1] This and the two short papers which follow were contributed to *Evangelical Christendom*—the organ of the Evangelical Alliance—in January and February, 1864. From that time till the close of his life, that magazine was under Dr. Hamilton's editorial care.

atmosphere which the Christian breathes, but Truth is the rock on which he stands. And "what is Truth?" That the Holy Scriptures are divinely inspired, and are a sufficient rule of faith and conduct, that in the Unity of the Godhead there is a Trinity of Persons, that in consequence of the Fall human nature is utterly depraved, that the Son of God incarnate effected an atonement for sinners of mankind, that the sinner is justified by faith alone, that it is the work of the Holy Spirit to convert and sanctify, that the soul is immortal, that the body will rise again, and that at the judgment of the world by the Lord Jesus Christ the righteous shall go away into eternal blessedness, and the wicked into eternal punishment—that so much at least is revealed truth, and clear beyond all controversy, is the answer of the Evangelical Alliance. Lutherans and Moravians, Arminians and Calvinists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, Baptists and Wesleyans, have together witnessed this good confession, and on the "basis" of these great doctrines standing-room has been found, firm and ample, for more than fifty denominations. This ought to surprise no Protestant, but such a palpable unity of the Reformed is calculated to refute the Romish allegation as to our endless divisions and irreconcilable antagonism; whilst to brethren in Italy and elsewhere it holds out the promise that, should their new and purified Churches fail to repeat in every particular any existing organization, they will still, if loyal to the Lord, and holding fast the truth as it is in Jesus, be honoured by their fellow-servants and welcomed into this federation of the faithful.

The Alliance, however, has been eminently successful in promoting its own primary object—the manifestation and diffusion of BROTHERLY LOVE. This object has been generally undervalued. Many good men have said, "By all means associate for purposes of solid and practical utility. Unite to circulate the Word of God, to improve the dwellings of the poor, to reclaim and elevate our sunken masses. But merely to promote friendly feeling and mutual acquaintance between fellow-Christians, is an end too vague and shadowy to secure our sympathy. Your society is founded on a sentiment, and it will accomplish nothing." And so "practical people" are apt to limit their regards to gold, silver, copper, and the sixty elements which constitute the simple substances of the chemist; for out of these simple substances loaves are elaborated, beef and mutton are manufactured, sovereigns and sixpences are coined. But those who look a little deeper lay great stress on powers and agencies which refuse to go into the scales of the chemist, and they are continually thinking of electricity, and magnetism, and gravitation, and the vital force. Nor should practical people despise these inconspicuous agencies. Without them there would be no staff of life, no savoury venison, no cattle on our thousand hills, and even the sixpences and sovereigns would take wings and fly away. To say nothing of that supreme and ultimate Agency which gives to all others their efficacy, we cannot overrate such vital forces as Faith and Love, nor such a power as Prayer. They are "imponderables," but in the moral world they are by far the most potent energies. It is owing to the

want of these that missions languish, and that admirable organizations produce inadequate results. It is where these abound that religion revives, the widow and the fatherless are visited, the Lord's treasury is filled, and volunteers in abundance come forward ready for any effort of Christian philanthropy, and intent on seeking and saving that which is lost.

Not only has the Alliance done much to demonstrate the catholicity of the Christian Church, but by its great convocations and its feasts of charity, it has gone far to bring down from its lofty abstraction, and quicken into a joyful reality, another article of the creed, "the communion of saints." How often have those who love the Lord found their hearts burn within them as in the society of fellow-disciples they were brought nearer to a risen Redeemer! How often have cold and half-consenting spirits been warmed and melted as the south-wind waked, and in the coming of an unseen Comforter the clime grew soft and balmy! How often has the touching spectacle been witnessed—old faults confessed or old feuds forgotten in the moment of a mutual admiration; life-long friendships commenced and confirmed betwixt ancient adversaries; and the unexpected recognition, with the tearful response to the announcement which brings back far distant days, "I am Joseph your brother!"

The tendencies towards ecclesiastical amalgamation which are drawing together some denominations, hitherto divided, may be in some degree ascribed to the self-same origin. On the floor of the Alliance brethren met, and were surprised to find how intelligent, how high-minded,

how loveable their opponents or rivals were: shadows fled away; distrust, dislike was replaced by that generous affection which strives to make up for former estrangement, and of continued intercourse the natural consequence has been the inquiry, Is there any barrier of principle in the way of our actual union? Scarcely less valuable is the service which has been rendered where ecclesiastical incorporation is not presently contemplated. An immense addition has been made to the magnanimity and mutual regard of fellow-Protestants of all persuasions; and even although many of the old denominations should still remain, we have no fear but that "brotherly love" will also "continue."

Amongst the TANGIBLE RESULTS of the mutual interest thus awakened amidst the widely-scattered members of the Christian family, may be mentioned the successful interposition which the Alliance has often made on behalf of suffering brethren: such as the persecuted Baptists in Germany, the Madiai in Tuscany, Matamoros and his fellow-prisoners in Spain. Equally precious is the intimate acquaintance which we have now formed with one another. Till of late, each British denomination was apt to be "insular." Now we have learned to look, not every one on his own things, but every one on the things of others. The progress of real religion is important to every Christian, whether the immediate precincts within which that progress takes place be his own or his neighbour's; and, like the yearly reunions of the Alliance, it has been the effort of these pages, from month to month, to apprise Christians of Britain, of the Continent, of America, as to

the progress or perils of the cause which we have at heart in common.

To obtain and diffuse such intelligence shall still be a principal object of *Evangelical Christendom;* and, with the distinguished correspondents who have promised their services, our readers may rely on information at once fresh and authentic. The space which is not required for such communications we purpose to occupy with brief notices of well-known members of the Alliance, who now rest from their labours, and with articles calculated to advance its objects. Amongst these may be included occasional defences of the common faith of Christendom, at present so eagerly assailed, as well as tributes to the memory of its more illustrious champions and expounders. We also hope to take an occasional survey of the various Evangelical communities, pointing out their distinguished features, and their specific contributions to the common Christianity; nor shall we omit to notice valuable accessions to religious and theological literature. But above all do we desire to dedicate such space as we can secure to the exposition and enforcement of those "things which are honest, lovely, and of good report," and in the abundant exemplification of which, as the field is unlimited, so we trust that unprecedented triumphs await the further progress of Evangelical Christianity.

A WORLD UPON WHEELS.

It is not easy to delineate with accuracy any period of history; but it is peculiarly difficult to depict our living age. We are almost certain to exaggerate some features, and there are others which cannot obtain due prominence till the progress of events has brought out their significance. Besides, as civilisation advances, the influential elements multiply, and in various ways neutralize or enhance one another. Hence, if it needs care and accurate information in order to appreciate aright the England of Edward III. or Henry VII., it is a still harder task to analyse the very composite and miscellaneous England of Queen Victoria. We do not attempt it. We only seek to indicate a few of its more obvious characteristics, with their bearing on the duty of the Church and the Christian.

The present time is pre-eminently *locomotive*. As Mehemet Ali said to Sir John Pirie, when urging a further acceleration of the overland transit: "England goes by steam. *Pouf, pouf!* whirr, whirr! you English are all upon wheels." It is so easy, so tempting, to travel, that no one stays at home. If any one were coming to London in the autumn, he would find the streets and houses, but not the people. He would find London in Paris, up the Rhine, scattered over the moors of Scotland—anywhere except in Middlesex. In the same way, all the world comes here. In every place of

public resort you see the strange attire of some far-come outlandish race—Icelander, Japanese, Parsi, New-Zealander; and you overhear strange dialects, Basque, Sclavonic, or something stranger still, of which you cannot make out one syllable. Your next-door neighbour is perhaps a Russian or a Greek, a Dutchman or a Dane; and whilst in every large town of England you can find a little Scotland, and a larger Ireland, the neighbourhood in which we are at this moment writing so abounds in Hebrew inhabitants, that it has been nicknamed "the Land of Promise." Morally, if not physically, we have solved the problem of perpetual motion; and if the ocean be the highway of the world, England is its hostelry.

A circumstance not without its drawbacks: for such is the sad weakness of our nature, we copy from our neighbours their worse ways rather than their better. A Scotchman settling in an English town is at first scandalized by the ill-kept Sabbath; but relishing neither the liturgy at church nor the organ in the chapel, he stays at home, and by and bye wanders about the fields, and ends at last by being himself a Sunday trader, and, in order to justify it, an infidel to boot. Or a young Englishman is sent to a German university, and the strange life of alternate study and riot which is there the rule—he tries it also; but in his case the bookishness is soon drowned in the dissipation, and when, with folly and feculence thrown off, his German companions have settled down into quiet councillors and sedate divines, with him it is the other way: the student is extinct, and it is only the reveller or *roué* who survives. In other words, passing from a pro-

tected clime into a region of exposure, it is more likely that character will be blighted than that the moral constitution, the religious principle, will be confirmed.

Still, this is a feature of our time, and we must face it, both as a test of our own loyalty to our Lord, and as a possible means of extending His kingdom. "Thou God seest me," must be our motto in the crowd of the city as well as in the seclusion of the country; and if from the giddy godlessness of Paris, and the noisy Sabbath of Berlin, we find that we cannot bring back a mind as devout as we carried away, it would be far better to tarry at home and forfeit all the exhilaration and intellectual expansion which are to be derived from foreign travel: although it would be better, more manly, and more Christian, to accept the good and avoid the evil; nay, safer for ourselves to turn the tables, and try to extend the good and abridge the evil. Nor would it spoil the pleasure were there to the tourist superadded a little of the missionary, and by giving away a Testament or a tract, or by a little kind and friendly talk, were we endeavouring to propagate that truth which alone can fill with solid happiness the present life, and irradiate hereafter with the blessed hope.

The present time is *telegraphic.* Information flashes from land to land swifter than the light of day; and a friendly talk may be carried on across a gulf of a thousand miles; and, if they choose, all the world may know each morning what every one is doing. How it may be with generations following, we cannot tell; but with ourselves, in whose time the revolution has transpired, the tendency

is to make us feverish and fidgety, fond of change, and bent on the startling and stupendous. No one need complain of the decay of the classical, for if not Attic in our elegance, we are Athenian in our avidity for some new thing—new books, new battles, new games, new colours, new flowers; and rather than not have something new, we welcome any historical paradox, such as a vindication of Nero or our own queen-killing Harry; and *apropos* of an introduction to gorillas and other new relations, we assist at the apotheosis of Voltaire and Frederick the Great.

It may come right at last, when telegraphing is as common as other forms of talking; but meanwhile, the effect of such rapidity and running to and fro is a prodigious lust of novelty. Rather than have merely the right, the good, the beautiful, people want the wonderful, the terrible, the thrilling; and startling news, "sensation paragraphs," lead on to sensation fictions—stories in which probability, nature, morality itself, is set aside in favour of the mere galvanic shock; sensation sports, in which the amusement of the spectators is enhanced by the peril of life and limb incurred by the poor performers; sensation music, sensation pictures, sensation sermons—yes, and sensation piety too, in which a few weeks of excitement compensate for long intervals of collapse and carelessness; and sensation prophecies, in which the coming Armageddon is rehearsed, and spectators are accommodated with a comfortable view for so many shillings ahead; or, to relieve the fears of their fluttered auditors, the consummation of all things is again postponed for a

year or two by the self-licensed dealers in the Divine decrees. One result of this mobile tremulously-excitable state of feeling is a rapid alternation between extremes; at one time half the literature and nearly all the taste of England ready to rush Romeward in the van of the Tractarian movement, and anon the same authorities jeering at Tractarianism, as if they had never felt its spell, and giving to Rationalism a still more hearty aid than they lately lent to superstition; at one time the entire community lashed into such fury by a delineation of the woes of the Virginian negro, as to be ready to go crusading for his release; and anon so languid in his cause, as to listen to physiologists demonstrating that the normal and necessary position of the black man is subjection to the white. It needs a clear head or a calm spirit to maintain, amidst such fluctuations, a sound and righteous judgment—an attitude firm and fair.

Such vantage it is the prerogative of Christianity to supply. Lifting the believer to a region where the storms of passion and prejudice do not rise, it enables him to look down with composure on the tumults of the people, and in light radiated from that higher region, it enables him in patience to possess his soul, as he anticipates the future. On all whom these lines may reach we would urge, as a great public service, the cultivation of this calm and candid spirit. Try to keep aloof from mere political partisanship, and in those moments of excited feeling and temporary frenzy, when others are swept headlong by the current, do you still keep upon the bank, and try to look at the matter as it is likely to be seen in

the light of eventual history. At present the waters roar and are troubled, and as they bound from bank to brae, and as pines and house-tops come tumbling down the ochre torrent, you might fancy that a new and mighty river was added to the Niles and Nigers of the world. But, after all, it is only a waterspout which has burst among the mountains; and when you return next week, except the bent and muddy weeds, and here and there along its course a drowned sheep or draggled shrub, there is no memorial of the hurly-burly; and as you look at the meek little runnel which twists and twinkles far down in the rocky channel, you wonder whence that roaring monster came, and whither all 'tis gone. And so amidst the contests and controversies of the day, remember how casual is their source, how evanescent is their duration. The noise is frightful, but the earth will not be removed, nor will the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. Where you stand the flood will never rise. God is your refuge. The Rock of Ages does not shake; and as "from the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High" you look on, you may await the event with calm tranquillity.

The present is a time of *high pressure and top speed.* There are many men who are mere machines; their one function is to make money and count it, and pass it on or pay it away. They have no time to think, no time to love, no time to pray. Even the Sabbath scarcely brings a pause; but, like a man who has escaped from a burning house, the smell of fire haunts them on the open slopes and in the pastures green; like a man who has landed

from a stormy voyage, on whatever spot they set their foot, garden-walk or sanctuary floor, it still is lurching in the swell.

And so again it is a time which pre-eminently needs the Gospel, with all the inward calm it diffuses—with all the depth which it adds to the affections and feelings—with the Sabbath which it creates in the sprinkled conscience and pacified spirit—with that Saviour into whose holy, restful society it ushers.

The features we have selected are but a few, and among the more obvious. But, as we have already said, the ingredients in our nationality are at this moment very various; consequently the complexion, the character, of our time is very composite. Looking at the very lowest class in our society, a philanthropist might grow alarmed for his species—a patriot might stand aghast at his country: "To what are we coming? Such coarseness, such animalism—minds so contracted, tastes so low, passions so fiendish!" whilst within a stonecast of that sordid vice and seething misery—no ignorant nor unconcerned spectator—may have been led one of those saintly lives which leave the path to heaven more bright, and which make goodness itself more lovely. Then one whose lot has been cast among the usurers and extortioners of the times might be ready to apply to this age all that the prophets have denounced against those who take in pledge the raiment of the needy, and who grind the faces of the poor; forgetful that on the other side the Most High has raised up some who fulfil a glorious stewardship, and who leave each day golden with their gifts, entire com-

munities gladdened by their bounty. One whose lot is cast among hard thinkers is apt to fear that intellectualism is usurping the realm of feeling, both relative and religious; whilst another, weary with mere sentiment and soft emotion, longs for something more robust and manly, more definite and logical. We have all varieties; but still we think it will be conceded that we have what we have already specified—the restlessness, the running to and fro, the love of novelty, united to a swift and contagious susceptibility which into a modern decade condenses changes which would have more than sufficed for a former century—the rapid rate at which existence now burns itself away—the top pressure—the tremendous work which, in a little while, competition will extract from one man, and applause from another, and the golden passion from a third, and dire necessity from yet a fourth.

To a certain extent the Church and the Christian must accept the new conditions of society; for in some respects they are harmless, in some they are real improvements, and to some of them the Church has been much beholden. To modern missions what a mighty help is our speedy transit! If the Roman highways opened the world to the Apostles, the overland route and the ocean steamers make it still more accessible to the living evangelist; and the speedy journey effected, the still swifter tidings keep him constantly in sight—keep the Church and its messengers still close to one another. And although in some directions the tone of thought and feeling is ominous—although the wish for a new Bible or new Gospel is of itself a sufficient sign that the old one is not understood—there is

no harm in desiring new illustrations of old truth, or new presentations of the familiar and faithful saying. The bread may be equally wholesome, though there may be a hundred different shapes of the loaf; and for placing it on the table some may prefer the pictured porcelain, and some the basket of silver, and some the wooden trencher of the olden time. And those of us who love the old landmarks best may well be grateful to the modern husbandry. A sermon with 107 divisions, and a fast-day with eight hours of devotional exercises, would be trying to the most devout adherent of the old *régime;* and for the modern time we claim it as a real improvement that it does not need eight hours to get it into a praying frame, and that it can open up a text without splintering it into a hundred pieces.

But whilst good sense will accept as improvements all that saves strength and time, piety will be jealous of all that weakens faith or lowers the tone of devotion. There is a "course of this world"—a tidal current essentially secular, made up of the notions, and maxims, and passions of worldly men, and into which if any one fall, he is inevitably drifted away from revealed truth and a living Redeemer. That current runs at present with unusual strength and swiftness, and there are certain institutions of religion against which it impinges with especial force, and does all it can to sap and sweep them away. Against that flood ritualism and High Church assumptions are a mere rampart of sand. Nothing can turn that tide except God's own Spirit, and nothing is sure to survive its onset except the everlasting verities.

WHAT ISRAEL OUGHT TO DO.

Under the designation "A World upon Wheels," we have tried to sketch our living age—so mobile, so rapid, so intent upon the practical and progressive; and now we venture to submit a few hints on the Church's duty in relation to the times.

There are some things which Israel cannot do. He cannot roll back the tide, nor arrest those agencies, mechanical and material, which are bringing about a revolution in the world. To minds picturesque and poetical there is something painful, almost exasperating, in those innovations which have swept away the England, the Scotland, of our childhood, and filled the scene with the insignia of a triumphant utilitarianism. To go out into the harvest-field, and, instead of Ruth with the reapers, to see the ripe corn falling before the revolving engine—to wake on the winter morning, and miss the thresher with his merry music flailing the barn-floor—to visit your native glen, and, when listening for the lark or the cushat, to be scared by the shriek and the rattle from the resounding train—to find the cottage replaced by a rectangular station, and at the stile which you and your little sister used to climb on the way to school, to meet a blue policeman—experiences like these are mortifying to us all at certain times, and are a sore disturbance to a sentimental spirit. Nevertheless, in such

changes the large-minded Christian sees a boon to humanity and advancement to his Saviour's kingdom. Nor can he suffer sentimental regret for a moment to counterbalance his joy at innovations which are destroying caste in India, which are bringing the ends of the earth together, which are reducing to the smallest possible measure the pangs of separation, and which, by rendering all nations needful to one another, go so far to render more and more impossible that worst of evils—war.

In the same way, Christianity cannot arrest the progress of science. It is painful to find its researches occasionally prosecuted and its results proclaimed in a spirit of hostility to the Christian faith; and on either side the zealots are too ready to rush into collision. When a new fact is disclosed in geology or comparative anatomy, the Talmudist is too ready to rush out and belabour it with his theological bludgeon; and that same fact, or two of them tied together with a torch between, the scientific scoffer is too apt to send into the standing corn, and enjoy the conflagration they create. But true religion and true science are not afraid of one another. They may sometimes be a little ashamed of their votaries. Science may be ashamed of those votaries who have no devout side to their nature, who have no heart, no soul, who have no faculty of faith or of worship, but who are simply calculating engines, dissecting machines, or, according to their own account of themselves, who are no better than mere apes with a peculiar "hippocampus minor." And religion may be ashamed of those votaries who have so little

understanding of distinctive Christianity, or so little faith, as to live in perpetual panic—as if the next stroke of the palæontologist's hammer might destroy man's immortality, as if, in turning over the records of creation, it were possible to come to the rocky tablet which disproved the Creator's existence—or as if anything dug up in the mud of the Mississippi or in the gravel of Abbeville could affect the faithful saying, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." It is our duty to declare, as it is our joy to believe, that each revelation comes from the selfsame God; and although there may be disputes as to the meaning, and difficulties in reconciling particular passages with one another, the records, both Biblical and Cosmical, must be as harmonious in their import as they are identical in their Divine original. The servants in the two houses may not be acquainted with other, or there may be a foolish feud between them. The gilly in the red tartan may draw his dagger when he sees the gilly in the green; or, when red tartan's master calls at the town residence of his green neighbour, ignorant of the plain pedestrian's rank, the powdered footman may deny his master to the prince, "His grace is not at home," and be very much surprised to see the duke and his homely visitor next morning in the park walking arm in arm. So true science and true religion are lieges of one King; and whatsoever may be the airs of their pages and lackeys—even although there may be an occasional fight between the footmen—there is no risk of any misunderstanding or mutual aggression on the part of the exalted neighbours themselves.

And there are some things which Israel does not need

to do. Happily, the Protestant Churches are already provided with excellent standards. Whatsoever may be the debates as to minor details, the Heidelberg Catechism, the Thirty-nine Articles, the Westminster Confession, all contain a rich store of scriptural truth, and as mutual explanations of our views, may well be held fast till that happy day come when all subordinate standards shall again be merged in the Bible. Nor is there any lack of first-rate defences of the Christian faith, both in its foundations and superstructure. With the progress of research and scholarship, it is conceivable that fresh light may be thrown on the language and allusions of Scripture; consequently, that some passages may be better understood or less controverted; but it is hardly possible to desire more satisfactory expositions, or more conclusive vindications of the faith once delivered to the saints, than those which theology has already accumulated in its enormous arsenal.

Christendom requires no addition to its creed, and for that creed there is required no firmer foundation. But Christianity is something more than a territory which needs to be enclosed and defended. It is a soil which will repay cultivation, and the full resources of which remain still to be developed. It is something more than a palladium—a gift of love on the one hand, a test of loyalty on the other, which deserves to be sacredly guarded. It is a pearl of great price, which, after enriching a million-fold the individual possessor, is capable of adding indefinitely to the wealth of the world. Christianity needs to be more heartily enjoyed and more

thoroughly exemplified by the disciples of Christ. It needs to be more fervently set forth and more eagerly diffused.

In Christianity, the first and foremost object is the Lord Jesus himself, and for intellectual conviction, for religious establishment, as well as spiritual enjoyment, it is to the Lord Jesus that men must be brought. "God, who spake to the fathers by the prophets, in this latter age hath spoken to us by his Son;" and if, obedient to the voice from glory, we listen to the Saviour, we shall find Christ His own evidence. We shall find Him the great exponent of the Father's mind, as well as the one direct and assuring introduction to the Father's presence; and whilst we can have no heaven here except that which He brings with Him, we can expect or desire no heaven hereafter except that to which He is to take us.

But do we, who are ministers and missionaries, always begin with Christ? Are we not too prone to put forward the system first, and then the Saviour? In other words, are we not apt to try and bring men first to the "faith," and then to its "Author and Finisher"—first to Christianity, and then to Christ? A man comes to us in doubt and perplexity. He wishes to believe the Gospel, but he is haunted by fantastic fears and sceptical difficulties, and you advise him to take his passage with Captain Butler or Paley in one of the regular packet-boats which ply between the dim shores of Unbelief and the better land of Revelation. But unfortunately few of these ships sail right into the harbour. The Analogy, the Horæ, the Short and Easy Method, all anchor off-shore,

and land their passengers on a flat, muddy beach, from which it is a toilsome struggle up to *terra firma.* The shortest, easiest method is to begin with Christ himself. The evangelist Luke or John is assuredly as readable as any book of evidence, and much more interesting; and if, after looking at Christ as there set forth, and listening to His words, a man still doubts His objective reality and Divine authority and mission, it may be questioned whether any demonstration would dissipate his misgivings, and deposit him in a firm and final faith.

It was from the background of Sinai and the Temple that a Jew came down on Bethlehem, and it was through Moses and the prophets that he was introduced to Jesus. But towards Christendom—towards these Gospel ages, Christ himself faces, a Sun of Righteousness, full-orbed and actually arisen, and it is looking to Him that, in light of His own radiating, we see Him and are saved. It is looking to Him that we get comfort to our troubled conscience, and an object for our craving affections, and it is with light borrowed from Him that we can most advantageously travel back to Moses and the Psalmists, and study the law and the lofty theism which came before Jesus Christ.

The divinity, the atonement, the intercession of Jesus Christ, are truths for all times, and, alas for the time which lets them go, or which holds them with a feeble grasp! It may be questioned, however, if the peculiar life to which these truths are the introduction—that high and holy life of which Christ is the model, and of which the Holy Spirit is the source, is sufficiently dwelt upon in

the ministrations of the pulpit; and whether there is effort enough to attain it in the case of individual believers. Christianity is a high calling, and if we might name any paramount object for ministerial ambition in the present day, it would be such a setting forth of Christian character, and such an enforcement of New Testament ethics as might, with God's blessing, reappear in eminent piety —in a religion at once lowly and kindly, unselfish and upright, yet considerate and tender-hearted, wise in its ardour, and cheerful in its obedience, true to the Bible, true to the brethren, true to the Master, true to itself, and, however attached to its immediate communion, not hostile to others, and growing daily fitted for the highest of all.

A religion like that would tell on the times, and whatsoever incidental influences it might accept, it still would hold its own. A living epistle of the Divine omnipresence, in the conscientiousness with which it fulfilled each duty, it would plainly say, "Thou God seest me," and "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." A living epistle of beneficence, in the cheerfulness with which it ministered relief, it would as plainly repeat, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And a living epistle of Christ, it would seek to perpetuate the beneficent career of the Master, and in symmetrical progress and perpetual aspiration alike would be echoing evermore, "Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect."

THE GARDENS OF THE EAST.[1]

If what Solomon spake concerning "trees, from the cedar to the hyssop," was consigned to writing, the work has long since perished; but it is impossible to read the Bible without perceiving that the Hebrews were a people who delighted in flowers and green fields, in groves and plantations, in orchards and gardens. The two hundred and fifty botanical terms occurring in the original of the Old Testament are enough to prove this. No collection of classical authors of the same extent, and not professedly treating on husbandry, could furnish so long a list; and it must be remembered that all these terms occur incidentally in their laws, their poetry, their history. Trees and flowers enhanced the enjoyment, or relieved the gloom, of almost every scene in Jewish life. Like the streets of modern Ispahan, like many of the towns of America and the Continent, their cities were sometimes adorned and shaded by trees growing beside the water-courses (Ecclus. xxiv. 12, Vulgate). Even in towns, the vine was trained along the walls of their houses, and as it clung to the trellis, or wound round the balustrade of the outside staircase, it was both a graceful and useful ornament (Ps. cxxviii. 3). The courts of their houses usually rejoiced

[1] This originally appeared as the article Garden in Dr. Fairbairn's *Bible Dictionary*, to which Dr. Hamilton contributed all the botanical articles.

in the shade of some spreading sycamore or terebinth; and, except in the temple, where there was a special prohibition, the areas of the public buildings were usually planted. Gardens, and occasionally the shelter of a single tree, were a chosen scene of retirement and devotion; and it was in such cool and fragrant bowers that the rabbies loved to collect their disciples, and deal forth their wisdom. The very rustics had a taste for flowers; and, by way of bringing spring and autumn together, the grain newly heaped on the thrashing-floor seems to have been occasionally crowned with lilies, or some equally graceful garland (Cant. vii. 2).[1] On high occasions, the pathways of conquerors and distinguished personages were strewn with branches in blossom, or with the leaves of the palm. To their feasts a fresh charm was added by beautiful and fragrant flowers; and the apocryphal Solomon puts into the mouth of his voluptuary this truly Anacreontic ditty: "Come on, let us enjoy the good things that are present. Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments, and let no flower of the spring pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered" (Wisdom ii. 6-8). Even to the grave this propensity followed them. The modern Egyptians deck the tombs of their kindred with palm leaves and the fragrant *origanum;* the Turks and the Syrians plant cypresses and myrtles in their ceme-

[1] It is right, however, to mention that this passage is differently understood by many. According to some, the robe of the bride, with its amber or golden tint, and its scarf of white or scarlet, is compared to a "sheaf" (not "heap") of wheat, with white or scarlet lilies girdle-wise surrounding it. Mr. Moody Stuart translates, "Thy boddice is a heap of wheat, about with lilies girdled;" and Dr. Burrowes (Philadelphia, 1853), "a heap of wheat in a bed of full-blown lilies."

teries. So among the Jews one mode of "garnishing sepulchres" seems to have been to plant or strew flowers upon them.[1] When Abraham bought the field at Machpelah for a burying-ground, besides the cave, special mention is made of the trees which surrounded it; and whether or not interment in gardens was common, by far the most memorable of earth's sepulchres was in the garden of a Jew.

But who can fail to recall that imagery from the grove and the garden, from the field and the forest, which over sacred poetry diffuses the glowing tints of Persian minstrelsy, the perfume of Arabian song? Not to quote the nobler and well-known examples supplied by the Psalms and the Canticles, the uninspired authors of Palestine will bear out the assertion. It is thus that Wisdom is described by the son of Sirach: "I was exalted like a cedar in Lebanon, and as a cypress upon the mountains of Hermon. I was erect like a palm in Engedi, as a rose-plant in Jericho, like a fair olive in a pleasant field, and grew up as a plane tree by the water. I gave a sweet smell like cinnamon and asphaltus, and yielded a pleasant odour like myrrh, as galbanum, and onyx, and the fragrant storax, as the fume of frankincense in the tabernacle. As the fir-tree I stretched out my branches, and my branches are the branches of grace. As the vine brought I forth pleasant savour, and my flowers are the fruit of honour and riches" (Wisdom xxiv.) With still greater beauty Simon the high-priest is described "as the morning-star in the midst of the cloud, as the rainbow among sunny clouds,

[1] Harmer's *Obs.*, 4th ed. vol. iii. pp. 106, 111, 112; Burder's *Oriental Customs*, vol. ii. p. 46; Brown's *Antiquities of the Jews*, vol. ii. p. 482.

as the flower of roses in the spring of the year, as lilies by the rivers of waters, and as the branches of the frankincense tree in the time of summer; as a fair olive-tree budding forth fruit, as a cypress-tree which groweth up to the clouds" (Wisdom i.)

In its better days Palestine was "the garden of the Lord: a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates: a land of oil-olive and honey." For the sins of its people the land mourneth; but although its vines are blighted, and many of its fountains are dried, the bee still murmurs on the cliffs of Carmel, the olive still matures its fruit in the solemn precincts of Gethsemane. The almond-tree flourishes along the Jordan, as when its silvery or amethystine pennon, clear against the cloudless sky, proclaimed the approach of spring, and invited forth to the fields and villages the youth of Judah. By the way-side grow sycamores, as when Zaccheus climbed into one to catch a glimpse of the illustrious stranger; and under the terebinth the Bedouin sets up his tent, as when Abraham beneath the oak at Mamre received his angel visitors. As early as the days of Joshua, Jericho was the city of palm trees; with branches of the palm the jubilant procession strewed the road as they conducted the Son of David from Jericho to Jerusalem: and it is only in our living day that palms have disappeared from Jericho: "The solitary relic of the palm-forest, seen as late as 1838, has now disappeared."[1] The pine, cypress, and myrtle still cast

[1] Stanley's *Palestine*, ch. vii.

their shadow, although no feast of tabernacles returns, whose bowers they once adorned. If Sharon has lost its rose, Galilee still yields its lilies, descendants of those lovely flowers to which the divine Teacher pointed in His sermon, and bade His disciples "consider" them with a feeling which an illustrious naturalist has characterized as "the highest honour ever done to the study of plants."[1] Hasselquist was charmed with the jasmine of Palestine; another traveller speaks with rapture of the delicious odour which sprang at every step of his journey from Jerusalem to Jaffa, when the rain had revived the thyme, the balm, and the rosemary; and in the glen of Lebanon where Kanobîn lies embosomed (*Λίβανου θυόεντος ἔνι πτέρυγεσσι*, Musæus), Maundrell well understood the allusion of Cant. iv. 11 and Hos. xiv. 6. This valley "is on both sides exceeding steep and high, clothed with fragrant greens from top to bottom, and everywhere refreshed with fountains falling down from the rocks in pleasant cascades, the ingenious work of nature."[2] A description with which the language of a recent tourist entirely tallies: "Nothing can be conceived more delicious than the odours of these lower slopes of Lebanon. I do not know the name of half the trees and plants flowering round the path, some with pungent aromatic perfumes, others luscious, like the orange blossoms; and then again clumps of odoriferous pines, wild and pure, and under them growing the dwarf lavender in the crevices of the rocks."[3]

No doubt where nature is most lavish, it is often there

[1] Sir J. E. Smith's *Introduction to Botany.* [2] *Journey*, May 9, p. 207.
[3] F. P. Cobbe, in *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. lxiii. p. 673.

that man is laziest; nor, even although the soil were more fertile than it is, and its productions more varied, could we safely infer the industrious habits of a former population. These rest on the testimony of their own writers; and, whatsoever may have been their skill, it is manifest from both the Scriptures and the Talmudists that the Hebrews had a taste for horticulture.

For learning the art they had good opportunity during their sojourn on the banks of the Nile. To no nation of antiquity was the garden so essential as to the Egyptians. At their feasts each guest was presented with a flower or a nosegay, most usually a bud or full-blown flower of their exquisite lotus; the goblet was crowned with a garland; the choicest delicacies of the table were rare fruits, and the central ornament of the board was a vase of flowers kept fresh in water.[1] In pots and vases flowers were distributed through the apartments, and they grew in the courts of the houses. Residences of the better sort were approached through an avenue of trees, and the villa was not complete without its garden and orchard. "Their pleasure-grounds were laid out in what used to be called the Dutch style, so fashionable in England last century; the flower-beds square and formal; the raised terraces running in straight lines; arbours of trellis-work at definite intervals, covered with vines and other creepers which it is difficult to identify. Some of the ponds are represented as stored with fish, others with water-fowl. Vegetables are depicted in great variety and abundance. It is indeed impossible to look at any representation of an

[1] Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of Egyptians*, vol. ii. p. 222.

Egyptian garden without feeling some sympathy for the complaints and murmurings of the Israelites in the desert. 'The children of Israel wept again, and said, Who shall give us flesh to eat? We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic: but now our soul is dried away: there is nothing at all, besides this manna, before our eyes'" (Num. xi. 4-6).[1] Judging from the paintings and sculptures brought to light by Rosellini, Wilkinson, and recent explorers, the country mansion of an ancient Egyptian must have made a near approach to modern sumptuousness. When Pharaoh stepped forth from his palace he found himself beneath an avenue of stately palms and sycamores, whilst the breeze from the river trembled through the light foliage of the one, and scarcely a ray of sunshine could penetrate the massive leaves of the other. If he went into his vineyard he might walk under trellises from whose roofs and sides rich clusters depended, or through colonnades where, thyrsus-wise, the vines twisted round gilded props or carved pillars. Thence passing into the wilderness or park, he and his courtiers might try their skill in archery by shooting at a target, or might spend their arrows on the game preserved in the thickets; or, if inclined for easier sport, the monarch might lounge in his barge and angle for fish, whilst slaves along the shore towed the pleasure-boat of their luxurious lord. Or, if he pleased, he might ascend to the upper and airiest apartment of his kiosk, and there, quaffing the juice of his grandsire's vin-

[1] Taylor's *Monuments of Egypt.*

tage, or the wine of his own dates, he might listen to the timbrel and harp of the minstrels, whilst every breath of air came laden with perfume, the water-fowl shook their wings and made rainbows in the pond, and the gardener's mischievous apprentices, the monkeys, played their antics in the pomegranates,[1] the labourers all the while plying the *shadoof*, and scooping up from the river a bountiful irrigation for the thirsty plats and parterres. Indeed, to the present day nothing is more characteristic of Egypt than its artificial irrigation by means of canals, and buckets hung upon levers, and water-wheels; a feature in which the Land of Promise presented a striking contrast to the house of bondage. "The land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs: but the land, whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven. And it shall come to pass, if ye shall hearken diligently unto my commandments, which I command you this day, to love the Lord your God, and to serve him with all your heart, and with all your soul, that I will give you the rain of your land in his due season, the first rain, and the latter rain, that thou mayest gather in thy corn, and thy wine, and thine oil" (Deut. xi. 10, 11, 13, 14).

At a later period of their history the Jews sojourned for two generations in Babylonia. There they must have seen that wonder of the world—

[1] From representations on the monuments, they seem to have been employed to collect the fruit in high trees, and sometimes helped themselves.

"Those airy gardens, which yon palace vast
Spread round, and to the morning airs hang forth
Their golden fruits and dewy opening flowers;
While still the low mists creep in lazy folds
O'er the house-tops beneath."[1]

It is possible that the "hanging gardens" of Babylon may have supplied some hints applicable to the terrace-culture so general on the hills of Palestine; and the reservoir at the summit, with the hydraulic contrivances for filling it, could not escape the notice of an observant people. But whatsoever practical use the Jews may have made of their Babylonian experiences, their sacred writings contain no admiring allusions to a country which they only recalled as the scene of an irksome and ignominious exile.

In Scripture we have indications of various enclosures which occasionally bear the general name of garden.

1. We read (Cant. vi. 11) of a "garden of nuts," which of course means a plantation of walnuts or almonds, or some other nut-bearing tree. In the same way the Jews had enclosures dedicated to the cultivation of the vine and the olive; so that we continually read of "vineyards" and "olive-yards," and (Cant. iv. 13) we find an "orchard of pomegranates."

2. Then there were orchards where trees of various sorts were reared together. Says the Preacher, "I made me orchards, and vineyards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits" (Ec. ii. 5). Amongst the fruit-trees cultivated in the Holy Land were the almond, the chestnut, the citron, the date-palm, the fig, and the pome-

[1] Milman.

granate, besides the vine and the olive. For the sake of a dense shade, however, the orchard sometimes contained trees more valued for their foliage than their fruit, "trees of emptiness," like the plane, the terebinth (or "oak"), the mulberry.

3. One of the first times that we read of a "garden of herbs" is when the unscrupulous Ahab coveted the vineyard of Naboth, wishing to convert it into a kitchen garden (1 Kings xxi. 2). In every country such an enclosure contains the vegetables which suit the taste of the people, and which the climate allows to be cultivated. Amongst the culinary vegetables of the Hebrews were gourds, cucumbers, and melons, which in sultry weather were delightful refrigerants, besides such aromatic herbs and carminatives as mint, anise, rue, and coriander: nor were they likely to omit the onion and the garlic.

4. Like most oriental nations, the Jews were fond of perfumes. Their clothing was often scented. Blind Isaac, "smelling the fragrance of Jacob's raiment, blessed him, saying, Behold, the fragrance of my son is as the fragrance of a field which the Lord hath blessed" (Gen. xxvii. 27). And to the king's daughter the Psalmist says. "Myrrh, aloes, and cassia are all thy garments: from the palaces [or cabinets] of Armenian ivory they make thee gladsome" (Ps. xlv. 8, Walford's Trans.) The box of precious ointment poured on the head of a guest was the mark of a distinguished reception; and, in later times at least, a garland of roses sometimes encircled the heads of the banqueters. We are therefore prepared to find the chief place occupied by odoriferous plants in the flower-

garden of ancient Palestine. Thus, in the impassioned address of the bride of Solomon :—

> "A garden art thou filled with matchless sweets ;
> A garden walled, those matchless sweets to shield ;
> A spring enclosed, a fountain fresh and sealed ;
> A paradise of plants, where all unite,
> Dear to the smell, the palate, or the sight ;
> Of rich pomegranates that at random blow ;
> Cypress and nard, in fragrant gales that flow ;
> Nard, saffron, cinnamon, the dulcet airs
> Deep through its canes the calamus prepares ;
> The scented aloes, and each shrub that showers
> Gums from its veins and spices from its flowers.
> O pride of gardens ! fount of endless sweets,
> Well-spring of all in Lebanon that meets !"[1]

Solomon's own gardens have probably suggested the imagery. As he informs us himself, "I made me great works ; I builded me houses ; I planted me vineyards ; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits ; I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees" (Ec. ii. 4-6). Of these the traditional site near Bethlehem is certainly correct. No locality could in itself be more likely or more convenient for a royal retreat not far from the capital ; and it is fully confirmed by the names which still linger, Wâdy Urtâs, The valley of the Garden (Hortus Conclusus of the Romans) ; Gebel-el-Fureidis, The hill of the little Paradise (παράδεισος) ; besides "Fig Vale," "Peach Hill," "Walnut Walk," Garden of Nuts," etc. Taking advantage of the water supplied by the fountain of Etham, a Christian Jew has within the last fourteen years converted a portion of this territory once more into

[1] Song of Solomon, iv. 12-15 (Good's Translation).

a fruitful field. The brook, "clear as crystal," which creates its fertility, is thus described by Miss Bremer, who was there in March 1859: "Everything on its banks seemed to rejoice over the lively running water; swarms of little gnats, which danced above them; the rose-red cyclamens which shot up out of the hollows or cracks in the stones, and bowed their lovely little heads as if to reflect themselves in the clear water; the grass which grew so abundantly on the banks as almost to conceal them. The almond-trees were in blossom, and hundreds of little goldfinches, with red crests round their beaks, twittered and warbled in the trees, although most of them were yet without leaves."[1] At the same season a few years previously (1852) Van de Velde expatiates in glowing terms on the scenery of "The Song," as reproduced on the very site of Solomon's pleasure-grounds—the flowers appearing, the singing of birds, the pomegranate budding, and then "the getting up early to the vineyards, to see if the vine flourish, if the tender grape appear."[2] "It is one of the sweetest valleys into which the eye can look down; a well-watered orchard covered with every goodly fruit-tree that Syria nourishes."[3]

Owing to the density of the population, and the wonderful fertility of the soil when duly watered, a greater proportion of Palestine was laid out in gardens and vineyards than of almost any land. This was especially the case in the neighbourhood of cities. According to Josephus, the environs of Jerusalem were almost all garden together;

[1] Bremer's *Holy Land*, vol. i. p. 193.
[2] Van de Velde's *Syria and Palestine*, vol. ii. p. 28.
[3] Bonar's *Land of Promise*, 99.

but from the statements of the rabbies it would appear that, except a few plantations of roses which had existed since the days of the prophets, there were no gardens within the walls.[1] For this a sanitary reason is assigned in the danger apprehended from the decomposition of vegetable matter.

Gardens were occasionally used as places of sepulture. Manasseh, and Amon his son, were not buried in the royal vaults, but "in the garden of Manasseh's own house, in the garden of Uzza" (2 Kings xxi. 18, 26). And "in the place where Jesus was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus therefore, because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand" (John xix. 41, 42).

The existing gardens of the East are not calculated to give an exalted idea of Syrian husbandry. They are arranged with little taste and kept with little care; at the same time their productions are for the greater part identical with those yielded in the palmy days of Palestine. Like the "garden of cucumbers" (Isaiah i. 8), any valuable plantation still needs a lodge for the watchman till once the crop is secured; "when the shed is forsaken by the keeper, and the poles fall down or lean every way, and the green boughs with which it is shaded are scattered by the wind, leaving only a ragged, sprawling wreck."[2] Now that her "country is desolate," there could not be a more vivid emblem of the daughter of Zion; but the amazing

[1] Lightfoot's *Works*, vol. x. p. 85; xi. 340.
[2] Thomson, *The Land and the Book*, p. 362.

capabilities of the soil, where industry and irrigation are brought to bear, not only help us to recall the past, but make it easy to believe that when the set time is come for the Lord to comfort Zion, "he will make her wilderness like Eden, her desert like the garden of the Lord" (Isaiah li. 3).

NOTES ON THE BOOK OF JOB.[1]

PREFACE.

In some respects the Book of Job is one of the most interesting portions of Scripture. It is the oldest poem in the world, and it is perhaps the oldest book in the Bible. It is further remarkable, inasmuch as its hero (to use the language of literature) is not a Hebrew, and its locality is not the Holy Land. It carries us back to a state of things earlier than the Jewish economy, and it gives us a glimpse of that patriarchal piety which was preserved in the ark, and of which specimens lingered as late as the days of Melchizedek.

But it is not only on account of its antiquity, its antecedence to the Ceremonial Institute, and its patriarchal catholicity, that the Book of Job claims our special regard. It grapples with the gravest and most awful questions which affect our mysterious humanity, and it exhibits many of the perfections of the Most High in a light which at once overwhelms the gainsayer and elevates the worshipper. Sin, Atonement, Acceptance with God, Suffering, Death, Satanic Agency, the Divine Benevolence, are all more or less illustrated in its comprehensive theology; and,

[1] This is a reprint of the Annotations to an illustrated edition of the Book of Job, published in 1857.

whilst the elegiac strain by which it is pervaded must evermore give it a powerful hold on human sympathies in this world of sorrow, few books are better fitted to teach the reader humility, resignation, compassion, and trust in Providence.

At the same time it possesses an unusual amount of incidental attractions. It gives us a specimen of the way men thought and reasoned when the world was young and when lives were long.[1] It throws not a little light on primitive manners; and, if it cannot be called a history of inventions, it shows us at least how very ancient are writing and book-making, music, the military art, mining and working in metals, the manufacture of wine, the naming of the stars. It sets before us pictures wonderfully vivid of the husbandman, the warrior, the traveller, the sportsman, the stately magnate, and the starving outcast of that departed era. And, not to mention that it contains some of the most magnificent descriptions of natural objects and phenomena to be found in any language, we must search its page in order to find the earliest forms of those sublime and beautiful images which delight us in the poets of our own day, and in which Job anticipated by many ages Homer, Pindar, and Sophocles.

We are not without the hope that some may be induced to read in the present edition this most ancient of poems, who have never yet given it what it so eminently demands, and will so richly repay—a continuous perusal. We have

[1] Job's own life could hardly be shorter than two centuries. See the close of the Book.

preferred retaining that time-hallowed translation, which is so endeared to the fifty millions of the English-speaking world; but where subsequent research has brought out any important error in that version, or any special force in the original, we have added it in the Notes at the end.

These Notes also contain occasional specimens of the renderings which have been attempted by the bards of our own and other lands, and a few of those poetical parallels, to which every reader of taste will be able to make numberless additions. To our younger readers, especially, we would recommend it as a pleasant and instructive exercise, in their excursions through the fields of modern poetry, whether British or Continental, to take with them as a companion such a book as Job, Ecclesiastes, or the Psalms. They will detect many curious coincidences, and not a few unconscious plagiarisms; and, especially in that portion of the territory which borders most nearly on the Bible enclosure,—our English and German, in other words, our Protestant poetry,—they will be surprised to find how many of the fairest flowers are exotics which at some time or other have been transplanted from the Volume of Inspiration, but which have been so widely disseminated and so thoroughly acclimatized that they now pass for indigenous productions.

We once thought of adding a short dissertation on the Bibliography of Job; but the subject is too extensive. For many minds this portion of Sacred Writ has possessed a peculiar fascination, and long lives have been devoted to its study. The gigantic commentary on which Joseph Caryl expended upwards of twenty years is well known,

and it has more intrinsic value than might be expected from its huge dimensions. But those who are really anxious to understand the book will find better help in authors more attainable; for instance, in Schultens, and Good, and Barnes. One of the most curious contributions to this department of literature was made by the father of John and Charles Wesley. When ready for the press, his manuscript was burnt along with all his library; but, in a spirit worthy of his author, the cheerful old man resumed his task, and, amidst gout and palsy, composed it all anew. After his death it was published, with its elaborate plates and widely collected information, in a folio so tall that a modern book-shelf can seldom find standing-room for a full-sized copy.

The Patriarch and the Poem.

Three thousand years ago, in Arabia or some Eastern land, lived a prosperous chieftain. He was very rich. Not that he owned broad acres, nor counted over bags of money like a modern millionnaire; but in the direct and simple fashion of those early days he possessed an ample property. To till the fields he kept five hundred yoke of oxen, and in his flocks his shepherds numbered seven thousand sheep. He must have also carried on an extensive traffic, probably with Egypt, or the shores of the Persian Gulf, as he boasted no fewer than three thousand of those "ships of the desert," the camel. Nor would it be easy to estimate the host of retainers needed to conduct

those camels, to tend those flocks, to plough those fields. But with all his wonderful wealth and power, JOB was an upright and God-fearing man. Of his large capital, he took no advantage to drive hard bargains; by no consciousness of strength was he tempted to deeds of despotism. Alike just and generous, his hired labourers he paid with a cheerful promptitude; the orphans and widows, the blind and lame, found in him a father; and the fame of his virtues filled an admiring neighbourhood. To crown the whole, he was blessed with an affectionate and well-doing family. Although some of them had settled in life, and had houses of their own, his seven sons and three daughters had not lost their love for one another. They made a point of meeting from time to time; and whether it were a birth-day or other anniversary which brought them together, they anticipated with affectionate eagerness the return of each family festival. These joyful gatherings were graced by the presence of the patriarch himself, who on the morrow after the banquet was wont to convene his numerous household, and round the family altar, and over the blood of victims correspondingly numerous, entreated the pardon of his children's sin, if, haply, excitement had risen to excess, or mirth had been betrayed into impiety. And then, direct from that altar,—with the exhortations, the prayers, and the blessing of a father still sounding in their ears,—in the peace of atonement, and the sweet sense of God's favour, the sons and daughters sought their several dwellings. No wonder that, thus prosperous and flourishing,—with the dew on his branch, and his root beside the waters,—the happy

sire exclaimed, "I shall die in my nest: I shall multiply my days as the sand."

But the same Evil Eye which was pained by the sight of Eden, was disturbed at the smiling aspect of Uz, and longed to turn it into misery. The unexpected opportunity was at last afforded. There was an assembly of angelic beings,—one of those reviews or intermediate days of judgment on which it would seem as if the Supreme Governor took account of his ministers, whether still obedient or revolted;—and, as Satan presented himself, Jehovah demanded,—"Whence comest thou?" The answer being, that he had just completed a tour of the earth, Jehovah inquired,—"Hast thou considered my servant Job?" giving him as an instance of a genuine saint in a world where Satan had done his utmost to extirpate piety. But Satan is the great sceptic. Since his own fall, and since the overthrow of our first parents, he has no faith in goodness. Yes, he had considered Job, and was far from thinking him invulnerable. "True, Thou hast fenced him round so that one dare not touch him. But strip him of those possessions with which Thou hast rewarded his piety and bribed his devotion, and he will CURSE THEE to thy face." The taunt was uttered in the presence of the sons of God,—those bright spirits whose associate Satan once had been, and whose loyalty he did not yet despair of shaking. It was equivalent to saying that all piety is selfishness, and that the holiest man on earth is no better than a hypocrite; and it was a foul insinuation against that second Adam, in whose strength all genuine goodness stands, of whose Spirit all

the piety on earth is the immediate emanation. "Put forth thine hand, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face." No, God would not do it; but he would let Satan do it. He would let Satan do it himself; and then there could be no cavil about the fairness of the experiment, and the completeness of the trial. "Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand."

The air is still. In yonder ship the sails droop idly from the glowing yards, and in the shadow the sailors sleep. And here ashore, beneath the downright noon, all life is in a tranquil sleep—a drowse of happiness. And as from under the blossomed alcove the day-dreamer gazes on the smokeless city and the speckless sky, he can hardly hear a sound through all the Sabbath of that hushed and peaceful hour:—when suddenly a hollow rumble passes up into a rapid crash; and as out yonder on the bay the ship trembles, totters, founders, and the mountain billow bursts and sends far into the fields its weltering avalanche, —amidst jangling bells and toppling houses, through the rocky jaws of the yawning earth, a shuddering shrieking city drops down and disappears; and as he speeds to his own cottage, a spirt of blood through the collapsing crevice, a dove fluttering over the spot where her brood was this instant swallowed up, are all to show that here the previous moment his roof-tree stood:—Like such an earthquake at summer's prime,—like a flash of lightning from an azure firmament,—came the Patriarch's calamities.

It was one of those family festivals, and the banquet was given in the elder brother's house. The father himself

had not gone to it, but he was looking forward to the morrow when he would meet his children at the stated hour of worship. But being the busy season of spring, his oversight and orders were probably wanted in the field; and as the good man was going about his avocations, in the sober certainty of happiness, and amidst the sweet promise of the opening year, he espied sundry persons posting towards him. With torn and blood-stained garments the first shouted,—"The Sabeans! They have swept off the oxen and asses, and murdered all the men." The second exclaimed,—"Fire from heaven! It has burned up the sheep and the shepherds." And the third,—"The Culdees! They have carried off the camels and slaughtered their conductors." But before the startled chieftain had time to realize himself a beggar, the fourth messenger burst in with the wild announcement,—"A wind from the wilderness! It has overthrown the house, and crushed your sons and daughters in the ruins." The cup was full. The father's heart was broken, but the faith of the believer did not falter. With torn mantle he sank to the ground and bowed his head: "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

And never, from merely human lips, did there pass a sublimer burst of sorrow. Even that purely imaginary apostrophe which the poet puts into the lips of "the last man," is not a grander act of devotion:—

> "Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
> On Nature's awful waste,

To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste.
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!"[1]

For to Job the surrounding scene was tantamount. To him the land of Uz was now one vast "sepulchral clod," and the bright and blessed scene which had been so awfully engulfed was all his world, of which he was now virtually "the last man." But instead of this great catastrophe swallowing up the current of his piety, it only sent the pent-up waters back into the past to accumulate till the momentary barrier burst; and gratitude for bygone blessings supplied resignation for present woe:—

"Tho' now He frowns, I 'll praise th' Almighty's name,
And bless the spring whence past enjoyments came."[2]

A submission that has never been surpassed except in the instance of that great Sufferer, who, in the foresight of anguish unutterable, but still avoidable, went forward praying,—"Father, not my will, but thine be done;" a submission which, unknown to himself, the Patriarch had derived from the secret help of that ever-victorious second Adam; a submission at which Satan was confounded, the Eternal was glorified, and the sons of God shouted for joy.

Here, as in the case of a greater object of his malignity, it is likely that "the devil left him for a season." The triumph of Divine grace and the confusion of the Adversary were complete; for "in all this Job sinned not, nor

[1] Campbell.

[1] Blackmore.

uttered folly against God." And it is probable that weeks or months passed on before the next assault. If so, it made the trial all the greater. It gave him time to realize his loss in all its fearful magnitude, and to taste each bitter in his cup in all its keenness. The first stroke of trial is like the fresh wound in battle. It may be ghastly; it may be deadly; but in the surprise or stupor of the moment its sharpness is not felt. In the succeeding days Job had time to view his loss in all its length and breadth, and slowly sip his dreadful draught of misery. He had time to feel the pains of poverty; and to the sumptuous proprietor it was a distressing contrast from affluence to indigence; from obsequious service and "troops of friends" to solitude, or perhaps the haughty attendance of a patronizing menial. And from the might of opulence which said and it was done, and which took no thought for the morrow,—it was a mortifying downcome to the petty savings and painful solicitudes of threadbare nobility. And he had time to realize the sorrows of bereavement. He had time to count over that wealth of endearment and charming promise which the grave had swallowed up in one ruthless moment; and as the fleet footsteps of one son, and the unerring bow of another,—as the tuneful voice of one daughter, and the bright glance of a second and the gentle goodness of the third came back on his memory,—with the gauge of past happiness he was able to measure his present desolation. And yet, although nothing was left except bodily health, and the society of his heart-stricken partner,—in all the loneliness and leisure of that dreary interval, the Patriarch's spirits might

grow less, but his devotion did not alter. "To the bosom of mother earth I shall return as rich as I came. I commenced life a little pauper, and the Lord took me up, and made me a prince; and if He is now pleased to leave me a poor man again,—blessed be the name of the Lord."

But a sharper trial was yet in store. Appalling as had been the sufferer's calamities, his person was still intact, and faith and patience found a fulcrum in the unbroken vigour of his frame. That last prop was now to be withdrawn. Permitted by God, the cruel Adversary now put forth his hand and smote Job with a hideous malady. His limbs swelled, his skin broke out in grievous boils, and, whilst horrid visions scared the night, the day was drowned in despondency. Crawling away to the obscurest spot he could find, he "sat down among the ashes." Here his wife found him; but she could not bear the sight. His other woes she had shared, and in mingling tears the two had been a mutual consolation. But to see that once noble form reduced to a living sepulchre, writhing with pain, and festering with repulsive misery,—it was a shock which she could not stand, and, sapped as it had been by woes after woes, her faith now utterly succumbed, and, along with faith, it almost seems as if reason had been swept away. "Curse God, and die!" was her blasphemous exclamation. To her tortured feelings it looked as if God had become their enemy, and, now that life was so loathsome, she would provoke the thunderbolt as the quickest means of annihilation. But though everything was gone, —substance, children, health, and home, and now at last the support of a pious partner—the Patriarch still retained

his reason and his trust in God. To his distracted wife he said,—"Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

During this interval, the tidings of what had happened in the land of Uz had spread over the neighbouring regions, Teman and Naamah, and the country of the Shuhites, and three of Job's friends "made an appointment" to go together and try what they could do to comfort him. But at the first sight of his peerless misery, they were utterly appalled. Disfigured by disease, and despoiled of all his grandeur, they did not instantly recognise him, and when they found that in very deed this bloated lazar on the dust-heap was their old friend whom they had so often seen radiant with happiness, and moving in the midst of his magnificence, they could only give vent to their feelings in a paroxysm of tears. "They lifted up their voice, and wept." And then, rending their garments as a token of mourning, they took their places in silent sympathy beside the sufferer.

A week transpired before a word was spoken. Of the condoling visitors none had courage to commence, for none felt that he had any prescription equal to this mighty sorrow. Day after day they resumed their place listening to the groans of their stricken friend, and musing on a revolution which stumbled their faith in Job, if it did not perplex their piety. At last, on the seventh day, a passionate outburst of the poor invalid broke the silence,—"Perish the day in which I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man-child con-

ceived!" But this bitter denunciation drew forth no echo. It rather confirmed a suspicion which had been simultaneously arising in the minds of all the three, and deepened their conviction that Job was not so good a man as they had once supposed. And, taking the initiative, Eliphaz, the oldest and ablest of the party, endeavoured to rouse the conscience of his friend. On the principle, "Who ever perished being innocent?" he hinted that there must be some crime, known only to himself, which had brought on him this awful visitation, and, with evident kindness, although on this erroneous assumption, he urged the sufferer to repent, and so profit by the chastisement. But Job's conscience was void of offence. In all his history he knew that there was no such crime as that to which Eliphaz pointed. He felt that, tried by man's standard, he had done no more to merit his misery than his sleek and comfortable companions, who had left their goods in peace; and to him such insinuations were as irritating, as to them was Job's denunciation of his destiny. Accordingly the controversy commenced. In eight orations, if not nine, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar endeavoured to convict Job of some secret fault or great transgression; whilst, as a man amongst his fellow-men, Job held fast his integrity, and would not let it go. In this he was triumphant. His visitors at last were silenced, and, as far as concerns vindication at a human tribunal, Job was victor. But just at this stage a new speaker struck in. A young man named Elihu, who had listened to the whole debate, now that his seniors had ceased, begged a hearing. On the one hand he felt that Job's visitors had been harsh,

and that it was unfair to keep constantly urging against their afflicted friend the charge of hypocrisy and prodigious wickedness; but he also thought that the eagerness of Job's self-assertion amounted to an impeachment of the Almighty. In his long and fervid interpellation, he therefore sought to lift Job's thoughts from his fellow-men to his Maker, whose eye is so pure as to see sin where man does not see it, but whose heart is so kind that he afflicts only for the sufferer's profit. But whilst Elihu is yet descanting, a tornado is seen to gather. Amidst the swoop of the lightning and the roll of the thunder, the audience cannot listen, the speaker is unable to proceed. The Lord himself is at hand, and with a blaze of His excellent glory He brings to the dust the various disputants; with a crash of articulate omnipotence He concludes the controversy. And then, when every mouth is stopped,—when the sturdy self-assertor "repents in dust and ashes," and when the measurers of Infinite Wisdom are made to feel their minuteness,—we are allowed to see "the end of the Lord; that he is very pitiful,"[1] and whilst we rejoice with the Patriarch in his brimming cup and redoubled blessings, we revert with satisfaction to the defeat of the Adversary and the exultation of the sons of God.

This last element is too much forgotten by the readers and expounders of the book. So to speak, Job's history is a drama enacted under the eye of angel spectators. They are present at the beginning; we are reminded of them towards the close (xxxviii. 7); they are doubtless ministering spirits joyfully interposing at the end. In

[1] James v. 11.—The key to the book, which inspiration itself has supplied.

the endurance of Job they learn a great lesson. They see the impotence of Satan against a saint of God. They see that the great dragon who overturned the tall cedars of Eden, cannot pluck up a shaking reed in Christ's garden. They see that as long as the Mediator lives in his members, it will be impossible to torture a Job out of his allegiance, or madden a believer into blasphemy. And whilst they are confirmed in their own loyalty, they are comforted by this example of triumphant constancy ob is "seen of angels;" and in the steadfastness which neither diabolical cruelty, nor wifely urgency, nor the exasperating misconstructions of friends, can move to "curse God," are made known to "principalities and powers in heavenly places" the manifold riches of upholding and preserving grace.

On the other hand, whilst this consideration adds solemnity and importance to the *dénouement*, it gives a new significance to the dialogue. Each party has its own hypothesis. A silent, but most active personage, Satan, seeks to render Job suspected by his friends; whilst in Job's mind he tries to awaken dark thoughts of Jehovah; his main object being all along to extort the wicked word, and wring from the writhing victim a curse against his Maker. But neither Job, nor his three friends, nor Elihu allows himself to entertain hard thoughts of the Most High. The three friends have their own theory. They hold that suffering is always penal; wherever the bolt descends, guilt is the attraction. Elihu holds that pain is purgatorial,—intended to reveal secret faults, and restore to the paths of righteousness; wherever there is gold to

purify, there must be a refiner and a furnace. And both these theories,—the *vindictive* or *retributionary* theory of the friends, and the *corrective* or *disciplinary* theory of Elihu,—have a certain amount of truth, but neither is exhaustive, and both are dangerous in their personal application. Even Elihu did imperfect justice to the Patriarch, and it was only when He Himself appeared as His own vindicator, that justice was done to the cause of Jehovah. It was only then that it fully appeared how, in accounting for the proceedings of a Sovereign whose dominions are Immensity, any explanation must be inadequate which confines its regard to one creature or one race; and that, in every case of suffering, there is a mystery whose full solution belongs to the secret things of the Eternal. And, having given this deliverance, the veil is for a moment lifted, and in Satan's discomfiture, and Job's redoubled happiness, we are allowed a glimpse of the "end of the Lord" in the Patriarch's afflictions.

Explanatory Notes and Poetical Parallels.

Let the day perish wherein I was born.—Ch. iii. 3.

The abrupt energy of the commencement in the original (יאבד יום), "Perish the day in which I was born," hardly gets justice from the English imperative, "Let the day perish." Still feebler is Luther's "Der tag müsse verlohren seyn, darinnen ich gebohren bin." True to the

Hebrew, the Septuagint begins, ἀπόλοιτο ἡ ἡμέρα; Schultens, "Pereat lux;" Dr. Mason Good, Miss Smith, Mr. Wemyss, and Mr. Noyes, "Perish the day."

This outburst of despondency and anguish is rendered as follows in a little work of great merit and great modesty, "A Metrical Version of the Book of Job, designed chiefly for the use of Schools" (C. Gilpin, 1852). We do not know if any more has been published than the first part, containing twenty chapters.

"Woe to the day that saw my birth,
And when my being first began,
When wept the babe its doom of earth
As weeps the man.

Let darkness still that day entomb,
Unmark'd of God with eye of love;
Let not one ray to chase its gloom
Shine from above. . . .

Because my course it failed to stay,
As stream turned to its source again,
Nor on life's threshold barr'd my way
To care and pain.

Why, on my mother's lap caress'd,
Did I not yield my earliest breath,
And on her bosom hush'd to rest,
Sank not in death?

Then still and quiet I had lain,
An infant's grave my hidden bed;
No sound of earth disturbs again
The slumbering dead.

Though kings and counsellors have made
Their tombs apart and desolate,
Yet there, in mingled dust, are laid
Both small and great.

There sleeps the prince, whose palace hall
Was filled with gold and silver store;
And with him rests the captive thrall—
His bondage o'er.

For ever loosed the prisoner's chain—
The bondsman from his master free—
And rest doth in the grave remain
For all but me.

'Twas in no confidence of pride
I held the gifts of love divine—
My heart in fear did still abide
While they were mine.

Nor yet in careless rest, nor sloth,
Nor impious thought that peace must last—
When sudden fell the bolts of wrath,
And all is past!"

Let them curse it that curse the day.—Ch. iii. 8.

"May the cursers of the day curse it,
Who are expert to exorcise Leviathan."—UMBREIT.

The allusion is to those sorcerers or magicians, who charmed serpents, and who pretended to have power over dragons and imaginary monsters.

Which built desolate places for themselves.—Ch. iii. 14.

"Great princes have great playthings. Some have play'd
At hewing mountains into men, and some
At building human wonders mountain high.
Some have amused the dull sad years of life
(Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad)
With schemes of monumental fame; and sought
By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
Short-lived themselves, to immortalize their bones."
COWPER'S *Task.*

I was not in safety.—Ch. iii. 26.

"I have no rest, I have no quiet,
I am never still,
And fresh storms are coming!"—UMBREIT.

Is not this thy fear ?—Ch. iv. 6.

"Is not thy piety thy hope ?
And thine uprightness thy confidence ? "—UMBREIT.

Now a thing was secretly brought to me,
And mine ear received a little thereof.—Ch. iv. 12.

Nowhere else does there exist so sublime a description of a mysterious apparition, and of the sensations called forth in the beholder. The authorized version gives it admirably : perhaps the 16th verse might be improved by omitting the italics, so as to bring out the abruptness of the original :

It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof :—
An image before mine eyes :—
Silence !—and I heard a voice.

Nothing can surpass the epic grandeur with which the beholder describes the præ-sentient horror which pioneered the spirit's approach :

In thoughts from the visions of the night,
When deep sleep falleth on men,
Fear came upon me, and trembling,
Which made all my bones to shake.
Then a spirit passed before my face ;
The hair of my flesh stood up.

The passage in "Hamlet," which is constantly adduced as a parallel, alongside of this majestic simplicity has a tone of rant or extravagance :

"But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

The descriptive portion of the following metrical rendering by Lord Byron is good :—

"A spirit passed before me: I beheld
The face of immortality unveil'd—
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—
And there it stood,—all formless,—but divine:
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;
And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake:
'Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
Than he who deems even Seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust!
The moth survives you, and are ye more just?
Things of a day! you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light!'"

They are destroyed from morning to evening.—Ch. iv. 20.

That is, "*Betwixt* morning and evening they are destroyed." They are more frail than the ephemeris—a comparison too affecting not to have been countless times repeated.

"To contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man,
And they that creep and they that fly
Shall end where they began.

Alike the busy and the gay
Shall flutter through life's little day
In fortune's varying colours dressed:
Brushed by the hand of rude mischance,
Or chilled by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest."—GRAY.

And thou shalt visit thy habitation, and shalt not sin.—Ch. v. 24.

Margin, "not err" (ולא תחטא). "The sense which the connection demands, is that which refers the whole description to a man who is on a journey, and who is exposed to the dangers of wild beasts, and to the perils of a rough and stony way, but who is permitted to visit his home without *missing* it or being disappointed."—BARNES.

Is not my help in me?—Ch. vi. 13.

"Alas! there is no help to me in myself!
For reason [or deliverance, BARNES] is surely
driven from me."—GOOD.

My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook,
And as the stream of brooks they pass away.—Ch. vi. 15.

"He is gone from the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest."—SIR W. SCOTT.

Now therefore be content.—Ch. vi. 28.

"But now look favourably upon me, and it shall appear to your faces if I lie. Turn ye now; let there be no unrighteousness; nay, turn ye; still in this is my justification; whether there be unrighteousness in my tongue; or, whether my sense discerneth not injurious things."—LEE.

That is—Be candid, and you will perceive my sincerity, Give me a fair hearing, without prejudice ("unrighteousness"), and see if I am not one who can discern betwixt good and evil.

He shall return no more to his house.—Ch. vii. 10.

"Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,—

A hand that can be clasp'd no more—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away,
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain,
On the bald streets breaks the blank day."

TENNYSON'S *In Memoriam.*

Neither shall his place know him any more.—Ch. vii. 10.

" Unwatched, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;

Unloved by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star; . . .

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child;

As year by year the labourer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills."

TENNYSON'S *In Memoriam.*

Less elaborate, and perhaps still more affecting, are the lines on " The rude forefathers of the hamlet:"—

" The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them, no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share."

GRAY'S *Elegy.*

Then thou scarest me with dreams.—Ch. vii. 14.

" My frame of nature is a ruffled sea,
And my disease the tempest.
Oh, 'tis all confusion!
If I but close my eyes, strange sights
In thousand forms and thousand colours rise,

Stars, rainbows, moons, green dragons, bears, and ghosts,
An endless medley rush upon the stage,
And dance and riot wild, in reason's court,
Above control."

Dr. ISAAC WATTS'S *Miscellaneous Thoughts.*

I have sinned.—Ch. vii. 20.

"Have I sinned? What have I done to thee, O thou Observer of Man?"

This is one thing.—Ch. ix. 22.

"It is all one! [the result is in all cases the same] therefore I say,
Whether guiltless or guilty—He destroyeth.
Here doth his scourge slay suddenly;
There doth he mock the sufferings of the innocent who pine away.
The land is given into the hand of the oppressor;
He veileth the countenance of his judges.
If not he—who other than he?"—UMBREIT.

To understand the alternations of bold speculation and meek submissiveness,—the contrition, the invective, the irony,—the tone by turns despairing and defiant, which fluctuates through the words of Job, we must remember the tempest of bodily and mental anguish on which he was tossed. Had he been merely thinking aloud we should have expected many moods and phases of feeling. But he was not merely thinking aloud. He was defending himself. His friends had so far placed themselves in God's stead, and the advocacy of Jehovah, as they conducted it, involved an impeachment of Job. The consequence is, that in self-defence, and in replying to their speeches, he is led to throw out questions and problems as to the divine administration which he knew that they would find it hard to answer and solve. Many of these queries are rash and cannot be commended. But allow-

ance must be made for the circumstances of the speaker. Job is not a philosopher among his disciples, nor a theologian in his study, nor is he even a believer in his closet; but he is a "stricken deer" at bay,—a victim on the rack, —a sufferer whom anguish and misconstruction together have made "desperate."

They are passed away as the swift ships.—Ch. ix. 26.

Under the somewhat doleful title of "Doodkiste," etc., or "Coffins for the Living," the Dutch poet, Jacob Cats, has amplified the ten or twelve similes for human life which occur in the book of Job. Adopting the rendering of the Vulgate and some other versions, "naves poma portantes," "ships freighted with summer fruits," he thus expands the metaphor:—

Als yemant met een kaeg, die fruyten heeft geladen,
Sich op de reyse geeft en na de marekten spoet,
Hy snelt met alle vlijt, en 't is hem oock geraden,
Vermits de gansche last is weeck en tanger goet:
Maer schoon hy veerdig zeylt, noch siet hy menig werven,
Dat aen het beste fruyt het edel waes vergaet;
Oock siet hy menigmael de schoonste vrucht bederven,
En smackt 'et overboort dat hem ten diensten staet.
Al gaet ons leven ras, al snellen onse dagen,
En dat ons soetste jeugd gansch veerdig henen schiet,
Ons treffen evenwel geduurig harde slagen,
En druck en ongeval, en allerley verdriet.
Wy sien het menigmael, dat onse liefste panden
Zijn van een stil bederf, of ander quael geraeckt,
Ons oogen, ons gehoor, ons smaeck, ons beste tanden,
Zijn ons bywijlen dood, ooch eer de doodt genaeckt.
De vrienden, die ons zijn gelijch als eygen leden,
Ontvallen ons gestaeg, en sijgen in het graf.
Siet wat een stagen krijg op aerde wordt gestraden:
Ach! aertsche vreugd verstuyft gelijch als ydel kaf.

But it is not so with me.—Ch. ix. 35.

"But not thus could I, in my present state."—Good.

Changes and war are against me.—Ch. x. 17.

That is, Host upon host of afflictions, like fresh relays of warriors in battle, assail me.

And that he would shew thee the secrets of wisdom.—Ch. xi. 6.

The original is

ויגד־לך תעלמות חכמה כי־כפלים לתושיה׃

It may give some idea of the difficulty in hitting the precise import of a passage, if we subjoin a few of the various renderings of this distich :—

"Et ob oculos poneret signaturas sapientiæ,
Quoniam conduplicationes sunt quoad summam solidatam."
Schultens.

"And that he would unfold to thee the secrets of wisdom
(For they are intricacies of iniquity)."—Good.

"That he might shew thee (out of his secret wisdom) how manifold his law is."—Myles Coverdale.

"And shew thee that the treasures of wisdom are twofold the worth of substance."—Lee.

"In order to reveal to thee the hidden depths of wisdom!
Yea, wisdom would display herself to thee double."—Umbreit.

"That he would unfold to thee the secrets of wisdom!
Then wouldst thou have double reason to remain tranquil."—Wemyss.

"And would declare to thee the secrets of wisdom,
For they are double what we can understand."—Barnes.

"That he would shew thee the secrets of his wisdom,
His wisdom, which is unsearchable!
Then shouldst thou know that God forgiveth thee many of thine iniquities."—Noyes.

Your remembrances are like unto ashes.—Ch. xiii. 12.

"Your sentences of wisdom are sentences of dust,
Your strongholds are become strongholds of clay."—UMBREIT.

When God appears in his "excellency," your *dicta* and sage aphorisms will dissolve like ramparts of dust.

He cometh forth like a flower.—Ch. xiv. 2.

"Thus the fair lily, when the sky's o'ercast,
At first but shudders in the feeble blast;
But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
The fair and upright stem is forced to bend:
Till broke, at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
And strew with dying sweets their native bed."
The Force of Religion.—DR. YOUNG.

The place which the context has found in the funeral service of the Church of England gives it associations of peculiar pathos; and those familiar with Scottish psalmody cannot readily forget Logan's exquisite paraphrase:—

"All nature dies, and lives again:
The flower that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,

Resign the honours of their form
At Winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked leafless plain
A desolated waste.

Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

But man forsakes this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return:
Shall any following spring revive
The ashes of the urn?

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again.

So days, and years, and ages past,
Descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
Back to the gates of light;

And man, when laid in lonesome grave,
Shall sleep in Death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest!"

The latter part is finely rendered by James Montgomery:—

"As fail the waters from the deep,
As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep;
—Our life is vanity.

Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.

—Oh! hide me, till thy wrath be past,
Thou, who canst kill or save;
Hide me, where hope may anchor fast,
In my Redeemer's grave."

For there is hope of a tree.—Ch. xiv. **7.**

"Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greennesse? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown."

"O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!"
The Flower, by GEORGE HERBERT.

If a man die, shall he live again?—Ch. xiv. 14.

"And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed -

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?"
In Memoriam, lv.

His sons come to honour, and he knoweth it not.—Ch. xiv. 21.

"To think of summers yet to come
That I am not to see;
To think a weed is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be."—CRANCH.

Yea, thou castest off fear.—Ch. xv. 4.

"Truly thou dost make religion void,
And dost make prayer useless before God."—BARNES.

Are the consolations of God small with thee?—Ch. xv. 11.

"Are, then, the mercies of God of no account with thee?
Or the addresses of kindness before thee?
To what would thy heart hurry thee?
And to what would thine eyes excite thee?"—GOOD.

A dreadful sound is in his ears.—Ch. xv. 21.

"And look at Crœsus, old and sad,
With millions in his store,
With parks and farms, and mines and mills,
And fisheries on the shore:—
His money is his bane of life,
He dreads the workhouse door.
He dreams his wife, his child, his friends,
His servants, all mankind,
Are leagued to plunder and deceive,—
He trembles at the wind:
He shakes with palsy and distrust—
He fares like beggar kind.
He grudges nature half the crust
That hungry need demands,
And sees in visions of the day
The auction of his lands;
His body in the pauper's grave,
His gold in robber hands."

MACKAY'S *Lump of Gold.*

Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends;
For the hand of God hath touched me.—Ch. xix. 21.

"This, of all maladies that man infest,
Claims most compassion, and receives the least:
Job felt it, when he groaned beneath the rod
And the barbed arrows of a frowning God;
And such emollients as his friends could spare,
Friends such as his for modern Jobs prepare.
'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes;
Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony disposed aright;
The screws reversed (a task which if He please
God in a moment executes with ease),
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use."

COWPER'S *Retirement.*

For I know that my Redeemer liveth.—Ch. xix. 25.

There is no passage in Job, perhaps none in the Bible, the translation of which has given rise to so much controversy as this and the following verses. The rendering of the learned Dr. Samuel Lee is almost identical with the authorized version. The following is offered by Dr. Pye Smith :—

> "I surely do know my Redeemer, the Living One :
> And He, the Last, will arise over the dust.
> And, after the disease has cut down my skin,
> Even from my flesh, I shall see God :
> Whom I shall see on my behalf ;
> And mine eyes shall behold Him and not estranged.
> —The thoughts of my bosom are accomplished."

Substantially the same is that of Dr. Hales :—

> "I know that my Redeemer is living,
> And that at the last (day)
> He will arise (in judgment) upon dust (mankind).
> And after my skin be mangled thus,
> Yet even from my flesh shall I see God ;
> Whom I shall see for me (on my side),
> And mine eyes shall behold him not estranged,
> (Though) my reins be (now) consumed within me."

In his "New Translation," Mr. Noyes gives it thus :—

> "Yet I know that my Vindicator liveth,
> And will stand up at length on the earth ;
> And though with my skin this body be wasted away,
> Yet in my flesh shall I see God.
> Yea, I shall see him my friend ;
> My eyes shall behold him no longer an adversary ;
> For this my soul panteth within me."

"O that my words were written now!—O that they all were traced
Upon a scroll, in characters that could not be effaced!
On leaden tablets graven deep, and with an iron pen,
Ensculptured in the living rock, for ever to remain.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the latter days,
I know that He on earth shall stand, and vindicate His ways;
And though my body waste away, and worms my skin corrode,
Yet in my flesh, and for myself, I shall behold my God—
Whom then mine eyes shall look upon, not in another's guise,
Though now my reins within me faint, until that day arise.
And ye shall say, when rooted firm the truth is in me found,
Why did we persecute the just, and with reproaches wound?"

Metrical Version, 1852.

In the eleventh book of his Messiah, Klopstock enumerates those saints whose graves he imagines opening, and their bodies arising at the time of the Crucifixion. In his description of Job's resurrection is it not a remarkable oversight that he has not introduced, nor in any way adverted to, the language of this passage? Nevertheless it is a sublime description :—

Hiob hatte sein Grab mit Kühlen Schatten umpflanzet,
Und er schwebt' in dem wehenden Hain. Itzt schienen die Felsen
Seines thürmenden Grabes vor ihm sich wieder zu senken,
Jetzo sanken sie! Schnell entstiegen den ruhenen Felsen
Wolken wallenden Staubes, doch blitzte Glanz aus dem Staube,
Anderer Staub, und anderer Glanz, wie er je noch gesehen!
Da er sich freute der neuen Erscheinung mit frohem Tiefsinn,
Sank er entzückt in den strahlenden Staub! Ihn sahe sein Engel,
Wie er unter des Hand Allmächtigen wurde! der Seraph
Hielt sich nicht, rief gen Himmel, in seiner Wonne gen Himmel,
Daß vor des Rufenden Stimme der Hain, und die Felsen erbebten!
Hiob empfand es! Er war, nun war er von neuem erschaffen!
Hielt sich nicht, rief gen Himmel, mit stürzenden Thränen gen Himmel,
Daß vor des Rufenden Stimme der Hain und die Felsen erbebten,
Heilig! Heilig! Heilig! ist der, der seyn wird, und seyn wird!

How oft is the candle of the wicked put out?—Ch. xxi. 17.

This would be better pointed as a question. The whole passage down to the 21st verse is evidently an allusion to

the argument of Job's opponents, if not a repetition of their language, with a view to its refutation.

This is the portion of a wicked man with God.—Ch. xxvii. 13.

From this verse to the end of the chapter, the strain is so different from Job's ordinary line of argument, that many commentators give the passage in inverted commas, as Job's quotation of his friends' assertions. Mr. Wemyss, in his instructive and ingenious volume, makes it a distinct chapter, and, as others had already done, introduces it with the words (supposed to have been omitted by the copyist) "Then Zophar the Naamathite answered thus." For this, however, we think there is no necessity. As Umbreit remarks, "Job had previously exerted himself to point out instances of the prosperity of the wicked, only as a defensive contradiction of his friends, who were always taunting him with his misfortunes as a proof of guilt. But, now that he has reduced them to silence, in order to bring them to the right point from whence to judge of his misfortunes, he admits their favourite doctrine of the woes of the ungodly; only he maintains that nothing is thereby proved, for his innocence stands as firm and sure as the misfortunes consequent on wickedness. Hence, because the virtuous also suffer, there must be other mysterious grounds of suffering besides guilt. In this way, the contest comes to an issue. Without this apparent contradiction in Job's speeches, the interchange of words would have been endless."

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me.—Ch. xxix. 11.

(Compare also Chap. xxxi.)

"Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans, blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more:
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race."

POPE, *Moral Essays.*

Or the moon walking in brightness.—Ch. xxxi. 26.

"Ship-like, full-breasted,
Travelled the moon,
Swift as a gondola
In a lagoon,
Through the cloud-highlands
In silvery glow,
Through the white islands
Of turreted snow."

MACKAY'S *Lump of Gold.*

If the men of my tabernacle said not,
Oh that we had of his flesh! we cannot be satisfied.
Ch. xxxi. 31.

"Those of my household could not say
That any one had not filled himself with my flesh."

UMBREIT.

That is, there was never an instance known where any one failed to be satisfied with my hospitality.

Did I fear a great multitude,
Or did the contempt of families terrify me,
That I kept silence, and went not out of the door?
Ch. xxxi. 34.

"Then let me be confounded before a great multitude!
Let the contempt of families crush me!
Yea, let me keep silence, and never go out of my door!"
BARNES.

And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds.
Ch. xxxvii. 21.

"And now—men cannot look upon the bright splendour that is on the clouds,
For the wind passeth along, and maketh an opening!
Golden splendour approaches from the north:—
How fearful is the majesty of God!
The Almighty! we cannot find Him out:"

Describing the approach of Jehovah in His chariot of cloud, and amidst the peal of the thunder.

When the morning stars sang together.—Ch. xxxviii. 7.

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."
SHAKESPEARE.

"Thus was the first day even and morn:
Nor pass'd uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birthday of heaven and earth: with joy and shout
The hollow universal globe they fill'd,

And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised
God and his works."

MILTON.

Or who shut up the sea with doors?—Ch. xxxviii. 8.

There is something peculiarly grand in this account of the birth of old ocean. When the Titanic infant leaped to light, who hung with a cloud-curtain his cradle, and clothed him in a robe of thick darkness? When in exulting prowess he threatened to swallow up the world, who marked off a play-ground to the new-born anarch, and said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed"? From the time when its noisy fulness sounded in Homer's ear, and its multitudinous smile gladdened the blind minstrel's memory, the sea has sung in every poet; according to temperament or accidental circumstances, a joyous playfellow as in Byron, a mournful and mysterious power as in Mrs. Hemans. Many of our town-pent readers will most readily sympathize in Campbell's friendly greeting:—

"Hail to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!
'T were thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
Great beauteous Being! in whose breath and smile
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
Inhales salubrious thoughts.
Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din
To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.
With thee beneath my windows, pleasant sea,
I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades,
And green savannahs—Earth has not a plain
So boundless or so beautiful as thine;
The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird:

It is the mirror of the stars, where all
Their hosts within the concave firmament,
Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
Can see themselves at once."

Hast thou commanded the morning ?—Ch. xxxviii. 12.

"Hast thou, in thy life, given commandment to the morning,
Or caused the dawn to know its place,
That it may seize on the far corners of the earth,
And scatter the robbers before it ?
It turns itself along like clay under a seal,
And all things stand forth as if in gorgeous apparel."

BARNES.

The allusion in the last lines is apparently to the cylindrical seals used in Babylonia. Just as such a seal rolls over the clay, and there instantly starts up in relief a fine group of objects, so the dayspring revolves over the space which the darkness made "empty and void;" and, as if created by the movement, all things stand forth in brilliant attire. If such be the allusion, it goes far to show that Uz was in Chaldæa or its confines, where alone such imagery was likely to occur.

By what way is the light parted,
Which scattereth the east wind upon the earth ?
Ch. xxxviii. 24.

"By what way is the light distributed ? or the east wind dispersed over the earth ?"—LEE.

Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters ;
Or a way for the lightning of thunder ?—Ch. xxxviii. 25.

Of the entire Address of Jehovah, an admirable paraphrase is given by Dr. Edward Young. In a prefatory note he reminds us that "Longinus has a chapter on Interro-

gations, which shows that they contribute much to the sublime. The speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems, indeed, the proper style of majesty incensed."

> "Who launch'd the clouds in air, and bid them roll
> Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?
> Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
> And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
> Who in rough deserts, far from human toil,
> Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?"

Whose house I have made the wilderness.—Ch. xxxix. 6.

The home of the wild ass and the ostrich is thus described by one who knew right well both the desert and the Book Divine, and from the lips of whose widowed partner we have often heard glowing recollections of their African sojourn:—

> "Afar in the desert I love to ride,
> With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
> Away—away from the dwellings of men,
> By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
> By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
> Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest graze,
> And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
> By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild vine;
> Where the elephant browzes at peace in his wood,
> And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
> And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
> In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.
>
> "Afar in the desert I love to ride,
> With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
> O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
> Of the spring-bok's fawn sounds plaintively;
> Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
> With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;

And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

"And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
'A still small voice' comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying, MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR!"

THOMAS PRINGLE.

Hast thou given the horse strength?—Ch. xxxix. 19.

"Here are all the great and sprightly images that thought can form of this generous beast, expressed in such force and vigour of style as would have given the great wits of antiquity new laws for the sublime, had they been acquainted with these writings. I cannot but particularly observe, that whereas the classical poets chiefly endeavour to paint the outward figure, lineaments, and motions, the sacred poet makes all the beauties to flow from an inward principle in the creature he describes, and thereby gives great spirit and vivacity to his description."—Sir RICHARD STEELE in *The Guardian*, No. 86.

The following are the classical poets to whom Sir Richard refers :—

"Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains ;
Or in the pride of youth, o'erleaps the mounds,
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds :
Or seeks his watering in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood ;
He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o'er his shoulders flows his wavy mane ;
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high,
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly."

Homer, by POPE.

"The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears; and, trembling with delight,
Shifts pace, and paws; and hopes the promised fight.
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclined,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black, and round;
His chine is double; starting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils, flow,
He bears his rider headlong on the foe."

Virgil, by DRYDEN.

"So when this ring with joyful shouts resounds,
With rage and pride th' imprisoned courser bounds;
He frets, he foams, he rends his idle rein,
Springs o'er the fence, and headlong seeks the plain."

Lucan, by ROWE.

This description of the war-horse is one of the non-Hebrew features of the book of Job. But just as the Jews were forbidden to "trust in horses," so this noble animal appears to have been from the earliest period the special favourite of their Ishmaelite and Assyrian neighbours. The fellow-feeling of this passage,—the sympathy with the charger's "inward spirit" which Steele so acutely points out,—is what we might expect in an Arabian poet, and by no modern reader can it be more thoroughly appreciated than by a British hussar. An interesting volume might be filled with anecdotes of the horse,—his heroism, docility, and other virtues,—beginning with Bucephalus who, wounded in the heat of action, bore Alexander to a place of safety, knelt down for his master to alight, as was his custom, "and having thus like a true and faithful servant discharged his duty to the last, he trembled, dropped down and died."

Doth the eagle mount up at thy command?—Ch. xxxix. 27.

The noblest description of the king of birds is in Campbell's lines on "The Dead Eagle: written at Oran."

"He was the sultan of the sky, and earth
Paid tribute to his eyry. It was perch'd
Higher than human conqueror ever built
His banner'd fort. Where Atlas' top looks o'er
Zahara's desert to the Equator's line:
From thence the winged despot mark'd his prey,
Above th' encampments of the Bedouins, ere
Their watchfires were extinct, or camels knelt
To take their loads, or horsemen scour'd the plain,
And there he dried his feathers in the dawn,
Whilst yet th' unwakened world was dark below.

"He clove the adverse storm,
And cuff'd it with his wings. He stopp'd his flight
As easily as the Arab reins his steed,
And stood at pleasure 'neath Heaven's zenith, like
A lamp suspended from its azure dome,
Whilst underneath him the world's mountains lay
Like molehills, and her streams like lucid threads. . . .

"He—reckless who was victor, and above
The hearing of their guns—saw fleets engaged
In flaming combat. It was nought to him
What carnage, Moor or Christian, strew'd their decks. . . .

"The earthquake's self
Disturb'd not him that memorable day,
When, o'er yon table-land, where Spain had built
Cathedrals, cannon'd forts, and palaces,
A palsy-stroke of nature shook Oran,
Turning her city to a sepulchre,
And strewing into rubbish all her homes;
Amidst whose traceable foundations now,
Of streets and squares, the hyæna hides himself.
That hour beheld him fly as careless o'er
The stifled shrieks of thousands buried quick,
As lately when he pounced the speckled snake,
Coil'd in yon mallows and wide nettle fields
That mantle o'er the dead old Spanish town."

Behold now behemoth.—Ch. xl. 15.

"The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail
Behemoth rears his head. Glanced from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies;
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze."

THOMSON'S *Summer.*

Canst thou draw out leviathan?—Ch. xli. 1.

"Along these lonely regions where, retired
From little scenes of art, Great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas:
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fallen cedar, far diffused his train,
Cased in green scales, the crocodile extends."

THOMSON'S *Summer.*

The leviathan of Job is obviously the crocodile; but Milton in his account of the Creation transfers the title to the whale:—

"There leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea."

Paradise Lost, Book vii.

In his neck remaineth strength,
And sorrow is turned into joy before him.—Ch. xli. 22.

"In his neck dwelleth Might,
And Destruction exulteth before him."—GOOD.

I know that thou canst do everything,
And that no thought can be withholden from thee.—Ch. xlii. 2.

"Thou canst accomplish all things, Lord of might!
And every thought is naked to thy sight:

But oh! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
Oft have I heard of thine Almighty power,
But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.
O'erwhelmed with shame, the Lord of life I see,
Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee:
Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more:
Man is not made to question, but adore."—YOUNG.

"*Wherefore I abhor myself.*"—Ch. xlii. 6.

"Job's error was this, that he asserted his innocence not only against men, but against God. He not only denied that he was a hypocrite in the common sense of the term, or a sinner according to man's use and meaning of the word, but he seems to have maintained his innocence in a yet higher sense, as if it could endure God's judgment no less than man's. And for this he is reproved by Elihu, and reminded that although he might justly call himself good, in the common meaning of the word, and justly repel the charge of common hypocrisy, yet that goodness in God's meaning is of a far higher nature; that when tried by his standard, all are sinners; and that in his sight can no man living be justified. To this view of the case Job at last yields; he confesses that he had spoken in ignorance, and that now, better informed of what God is, and of man's infinite unworthiness in His sight, he abhors himself, and repents in dust and ashes. It is manifest that this is exactly the state of mind which is required before a man can embrace God's offer of forgiveness through Christ. And in the book of Job, no less than in the Epistle to the Romans, we find that he who thus casts away his trust in his own righteousness, and acknowledges that in God's sight he is only a sinner, becomes forgiven and accepted, and that his latter end is better than his beginning."

ARNOLD'S *Sermons on the Interpretation of Scripture.*

THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.[1]

We ought to be very thankful to any one who makes a great truth portable. Our memories are weak. Like travellers in the desert or amidst polar ice, we want to be lightly laden; and yet we must carry on our own shoulders the provisions and equipments required for all the journey. And some teachers have not the art of packing. They give out their thoughts in a style so verbose and prolix that to listen is a feat, and to remember would be a miracle. Occasionally, however, there arises a master spirit, who in the wordy wilderness espies the important principle, and who has the faculty of separating it from surrounding truisms, and reproducing it in convenient and compact dimensions. From the mountain of sponge he extracts the ounce of iodine; from the bushel of dry petals he distils the flask of otta; or, what comes nearer our purpose—from bulky decoctions, and from beverages weak and watery, he extracts the nutritious or the fragrant particles, and in a few tiny packets gives you the essence of a hundred meals.

Of such truth-condensers the most distinguished in our own country is Bacon. "Knowledge is power." "They be two things—unity and uniformity." "Reading maketh

[1] Being the Preface to an edition of the Proverbs of Solomon, illustrated by Historical Parallels from Drawings by John Gilbert: London, 1858.

a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man." Truths like these flash like revelations, or shine as the most brilliant novelties on the page of our mighty thinker; but many of them are truths which he had heard discoursed by drowsy pedants, or vaguely muttered by the multitude, and it was the work of his genius to reduce vagueness to precision, and concentrate an ocean of commonplace into a single aphorism. By making the truth portable, he made it useful. The distinction between unity and uniformity is the *rationale* of the Evangelical Alliance, and must be the basis of all hopeful attempts to bring about peace on earth without obliterating national characteristics, and forcing into one relentless mould all races of mankind. Many a lecture to which the reader may have listened at the opening of public libraries and literary institutions, would doubtless be an expansion of the last of our three quotations. And what is every mechanical invention, the whole recent history of science, and the modern desire for education—what are they but an illustration of that now most trite of all sayings, "Knowledge is power"?

But there is a still greater achievement. By dint of Bramah pressure, a Baconian intellect may pack into a single sentence a world of meaning, and yet, if it has no other recommendation, it may lie for a long time neglected or forgotten. Amongst the sons of men the avidity for wisdom or knowledge is not so great as the demand for novelty or beauty, and the truth-market is not so much frequented as the fancy-fair. It is, therefore, a great point to make the truth so new, so curious, or so charming, that all who come must buy; and whether it be a

paradox—an old friend with a new face, like Wordsworth's

"The child is father of the man;"

or a happy alliteration, like Gray's

"A favourite has no friend;"

or a forcible antithesis, like the same poet's

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise;"

or an apt metaphor, like Young's

"Procrastination is the thief of time;"

or a witty saying, as when Pope represents the devil as piqued at the citizen's saintship and longing to tempt him, "like good Job of old,"

"But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor;"

and Coleridge's saying regarding the same evil spirit,

"His darling sin
Is pride that apes humility:"

—such sentences catch all comers, and are carried hither and thither till they get into universal currency, and become "familiar in our mouths as household words."

It is in some such way that proverbs take their rise. First of all there is printed in a book, or thrown out in casual conversation, or, more frequently still, there is uttered by a favourite orator on some exciting occasion, a sentence which "makes an end of the matter," and it is applaudingly caught up and circulated. It is not only so short that everybody can remember it, but it is so clever that nobody can forget it. If somewhat enigmatic, all the better; for the gilding may commend the pill, and an

opponent who first laughed at it for its wit, soon discovers that he has swallowed his own confutation. And as the repartee ever ready,—as an argument which the least skilful can use, and which he would need to be a very dexterous man who can parry,—this "jaculum prudentis" wins its way into general use, till the original authorship is forgotten. At first it was a quotation: "As Mr. So-and-so said," or, "As we sing in such a song:" but by and bye the name of the first utterer is dropped: the world itself is willing to accept the authorship, and the adage becomes a proverb.

One curious consequence is, that of this most popular of all literature the larger portion is anonymous. In other words, it is so long ago since most of the current apophthegms were uttered, that no one now can trace their origin. Most of them are older than the art of printing, and some of them are so old that they probably existed before the Tower of Babel, and have been carried by different nationalities into all regions of the globe.

Nor can the ethnologist and historian readily find a more instructive field of study than such national proverbs. Not only are they replete with significant allusions, but, beyond any other literature, they betray a people's tone of mind and prevailing humours. Take a few groups for example; and, first of all, those which Burckhardt found current amongst the fellahs of Egypt:

The hasty and the tardy meet at the ferry.
The beetle is a beauty in the eye of its mother.
Follow the owl, she will lead thee to a ruin.
What does Heaven care for the cries of the dogs?
The tongue is the neck's enemy.
Throw him into the river, and he will rise with a fish in his mouth.

A borrowed cloak does not keep the wearer warm.
Prostrate thyself before the wicked monkey in his time of power.
Eat the present, and break the dish.
None got the cow but the Cadi.
It is not every spirit that enters the glass bottle.
He who eats a hen of the Sultan, will return her to him a cow.
He who eats the Sultan's broth, will one day scald his lips.

The first is eminently characteristic of Eastern laziness and Mohammedan fatalism, and several of them indicate the animals of the country, *e.g.* the owl, the beetle, etc., national habits and customs, *e.g.* fishing in the Nile, and the conjurer with his bottle; and the servility, the consciousness of an arbitrary and capricious despotism overhead, and the poor morality of the greater number are worthy of a region of which it was long ago predicted that it should be "the basest of kingdoms."[1]

As might be expected, in a much higher style both of poetry and sentiment, although by no means free from the caution and cunning of Oriental slavishness, are the proverbs of Persia. They are such as these:—

Whatever God wishes, that happens.
Either my body shall reach my beloved, or my soul shall leave my body.
The slave glories in his wealth, but the master in both.
This is not the place for even Gabriel to speak.
Here even the mouse travels with a staff.
Heaven is at the feet of mothers.
The misfortunes of the stable fall on the head of the monkey.

[1] To any one studying the philosophy of proverbs, there can be no work so helpful as *The Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians, illustrated from their Proverbial Sayings current at Cairo*, by the late John Lewis Burckhardt,—a book, like most similar works, now very scarce. The proverbial sayings are often very shrewd, but they usually inculcate a paltry lesson. "Do not beat the wolf, and do not cause hunger to the sheep," Burckhardt instances as the only maxim "recommending universal charity" which he had been able to discover; and he might have added, almost the only one embodying a generous sentiment.

A snake cannot enter his hole until he straightens himself.
The dust at the door of a friend is pleasing to his visitor.
Eat the musk-melons! What have you to do with the field where they grow?
The skin of the date is better than the kernel.
The desire of the garden never leaves the heart of the nightingale.[1]

There cannot be a more exquisite enforcement of filial piety than the saying, "Heaven is at the feet of mothers." The proverb which follows is founded on a custom akin to one which obtains amongst ourselves; for, as the grooms of England often keep a goat or a dog in the stable, so it seems that, in Persia, they patronize the monkey. If the stable falls, or takes fire, the monkey is killed, or is turned out of house and home; and so the humblest retainer in a large establishment, or the obscurest inhabitant of a kingdom, shares the misfortunes of his superiors.

Still farther East we find the following:—

A grave and majestic outside is the palace of the soul.
Water does not remain on the mountain, or vengeance in a great mind.
Sweep the snow from before your own door, and do not busy yourself with the frost on your neighbour's tiles.

We live—we die—and what are we
But more robust ephemeræ?
He who pursues an idle wish
But climbs a tree to catch a fish.

Great wealth comes by destiny; moderate wealth by industry.
Dig a well before you are thirsty.

The above are Chinese, and have a strong tincture of the politeness, the quasi-magnanimity, the practical sense, the industry and the atheism of that sedate and self-sufficient people.

As a contrast to the abject proverbs of Egypt, we may

[1] The above are selected from *A Collection of Proverbs, Persian and Hindostanee*, by the late Captain T. Roebuck. Calcutta, 1824.

give a Slavonian specimen. Like the fellahs, the Servians are a conquered and down-trodden race, but their spirit is not crushed, and their proverbs are not only often caustic and witty, and sometimes touchingly pathetic, but they are always manly and devout :—

God is an ancient giver.
What God gives is sweeter than honey.
Whom God guards the gun cannot hurt.
The sun shines for the sake of orphans.
An orphan's tear pierces the ploughshare.
The blind man weeps, not because he is unbeautiful, but because he cannot see the beautiful world.
Give me a comrade who will weep with me;—one who will laugh I can easily find.
Wouldst thou learn to know a man? Give him power.
All the cry is against the wolf, but beside the wolf the fox is fattening.
When a man has lost anything let him seek it in his own bosom.
The husband should labour, the wife should save.
Not the glittering weapon fights the fight, but the heart of the hero.[1]

The oldest, and by far the most influential collection of Proverbs in the world, is that which has come down to us as a portion of Holy Scripture. Whether any of them existed before the time of Solomon, it is now useless to inquire, because impossible to ascertain; but an authority and dignity are secured to them with which no others can compete, by the place which they occupy in the canon of Inspiration. In consequence, too, of this pre-eminence, they have had a circulation wider than any others, and have not only done more to fill men's memories, and mould their lives, than, perhaps, all other

[1] For the above Servian proverbs we are indebted to an article in *Fraser's Magazine* for May 1855.

aphorisms united; but, repeated in schools, and quoted in sermons, they have been floating through the atmosphere of Christendom for nearly two thousand years, and have so seeded themselves in European minds, as to be constantly reappearing in derived or secondary maxims.[1]

Even in a literary point of view, the value of this book cannot be overrated. The parallel structure of Hebrew poetry is well adapted to proverbial purposes,—like metre, helping the memory, and frequently, in forceps fashion, holding the truth neatly and firmly betwixt the points of an opposing antithesis. Of a simple parallelism examples will be found in such sayings as—

> The hoary head is a crown of glory,
> If it be found in the way of righteousness.
>
> As a roaring lion, and a ranging bear,
> So is a wicked ruler over the poor people.
>
> A fool's mouth is his destruction,
> And his lips are a trap for his soul.

Of the balanced or antithetic parallelism may be given as specimens—

> He that concealeth a transgression procureth love;
> But he that repeateth a matter separateth friends.
>
> The wicked flee when no man pursueth;
> But the righteous are bold as a lion.

[1] Until the close of last century the King's printer used to issue a penny edition of "The Proverbs" for the use of the parish schools in Scotland, where it was a regular text-book; and we have no doubt that a goodly measure of the thrift, industry, forethought, and reverence for parental authority which long distinguished that nation, was derived from the wholesome food with which its youth was thus nourished. In the course of domiciliary visitation, we remember once encountering a Scotchman, a rather thriving shopkeeper, who avowed himself an infidel. Amongst other things, we asked him what he thought of the Bible. He professed to like some parts of it very much, and added that there was one book of the Bible to which he was under great obligations, even in a worldly point of view, for he had found frequent assistance, in carrying on his business, from the Book of Proverbs.

> The legs of the lame are not equal
> So is a proverb in the mouth of fools.

On the beauty of many of these "apples of gold in their baskets of silver," it is needless to dwell, and the best evidence of the quaintness and enigmatical ingenuity of others is to be found in the fact that "readers" who "run" so often miss their meaning. And, in the fullest sense of the word, not a few of them are "witty inventions." Some of the descriptive touches have all the effect of the most genuine humour; and there cannot be more polished irony than shafts like the following aimed at indolence :—

> The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting.
>
> The slothful hideth his hand in his bosom; [or dippeth his hand in the dish;]
> It grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth.
>
> The slothful man saith, There is a lion without:
> I shall be slain in the streets;

with which may be compared the Bechuana proverb, "The month of seed-time is the season of headaches," and the Arabic, "He dies of hunger under the date-tree."

It is not only in ethics but in theology that the Proverbs of Solomon surpass all succeeding manuals. Here the Most High is constantly present in His ever-active and all-pervading providence. "Not only the outward fortune, but the minds of men, are under His control;" and whilst "He knows everything that takes place on the earth, He loves, commands, and rewards piety and virtue, and abhors and punishes sin and transgression."[1] And although, as in some of the earlier books of the Old Tes-

[1] A new Translation of the Proverbs, by G. R. Noyes, D.D., Professor of Hebrew in Harvard University: Boston, 1846.

tament, there are few allusions to a future state of existence, there is a continual inculcation of that godliness so profitable for all things; and in "the length of days" promised by Heavenly Wisdom we surely have a hint of immortality.

Many of the most popular proverbs in our own and the other languages of modern Europe are metrical: as the Dutch, "Als de man wel wint de vrouw wel spint;" or our own, "When the cat's away the mice will play;" or the Spanish, "Quien se muda Dios le ayuda."[1] Considering that the Proverbs of Scripture are to all intents metrical, it is remarkable that so few attempts have been made to render them in rhyme. The only versions of the sort with which we are acquainted are very unsuccessful, and we are not sure but that the oldest of the series is the least of a failure. It is "Certayne Chapters of the Proverbes of Solomon drawen into metre by Thomas Sterneholde, late Grome of the Kynge's Magestie's robes. Imprynted at London by John Case, dwellynge in Peter Colledge Rentes [about 1572], for Willyam Seres." It extends to the first eleven chapters, and of each chapter a metrical argument is given. The eighth is thus indicated:—

> "The wiseman doeth commend to us
> The sonne of God most hye,
> Whiche is the worde that al thinges made,
> And was eternally."

Relieved of the black letter and the antique spelling, our readers may not be displeased with two short specimens:—

[1] A very useful *Polyglot of Foreign* [European] *Proverbs* has just been published by Mr. H. G. Bohn, giving both the originals and translation.

"Go to, go to, sleep hardily,
And slumber out thy fill;
With folded arms lie down to rest,
And take thou thine own will.

As one that journ'eth by the way,
So Poverty shall come:
And also like a weaponed man
On thee shall fiercely run.

But if thou be industrious,
And well thy labour ply,
Thine harvest shall be plentiful,
And yield abundantly:

And as the rivers great and deep
Increase by rage of rain,
So shall thy barns be stuffed full
Of corn and eke of grain.

And thou shalt stand nothing at all
In fear of any lack;
The woful bag of beggary
Shall never grieve thy back."

Again, chapter xi.:—

"If that perchance an honest man
To wealth advanced be,
The whole city wherein he dwell'th
Rejoice as well as he.

And if so be a wicked man
Do happen to decay,
All men be glad that he so soon
Is vanished away.

And so, likewise, through godly men
A city shall increase;
To which by their good governance
Is brought both rest and peace:

So that the same in nobleness
All other shall excel,
As, in a rank of ladies fair,
Some one doth bear the bell."

The best work on The Proverbs is by the late Van der Palm of Leyden. It extends to eight volumes octavo, and has passed through three editions; but all its author's fine fancy and eloquence and wealth of ethical wisdom are locked up in the language of his native Netherlands. In our own tongue we have excellent translations by the Rev. G. Holden and Dr. Noyes, who have shown good taste and judgment in departing as little as possible from the words of the Authorized Version. As an explanation of the successive precepts and maxims of the book, the student will find almost all that he requires in the Paraphrase of Bishop Patrick; and many of our readers are already acquainted with *Laws from Heaven for Life on Earth*, in which the Rev. William Arnot has expounded and enforced its successive lessons with the sagacity of a profound observer and the affectionate fidelity of a true-hearted pastor, and in language so terse and sententious that many of his pithy sayings deserve in their turn to pass into proverbs.

In the quaint old times when books of Emblems abounded, it was not unusual to make an allegorical picture, and give a proverb as the key. For instance, the picture would be a pedestrian blinded by the snow-drift, but bearing up vigorously against the blast, and about to step over a precipice into the abyss, with the motto, "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death;" or the picture would be a party of travellers in similar circumstances, but saved from destruction by the torch which the foremost is carrying, with the motto, "For the commandment is a

lamp, and the law is light." Our artist has selected his materials from the regions not of fancy, but of fact, and the design has been to enforce some of the lessons of Heavenly Wisdom by the occurrences of actual history; so that the series might almost have been entitled "Texts from the Book of Proverbs, illustrated by incidents from the Book of Providence." In such an attempt there is a difficulty which the allegorical painter does not need to combat. A pictorial parable includes within itself the whole of its own little drama; but a scene from actual life seldom tells at once the beginning and the end; and for the completion of the story, and for deducing the suggested moral, the designer must, to some extent, rely on the ingenuity and general information of the spectator or student.

Of these illustrations, the greater number has been selected from the sacred narrative, but a few are taken from general history. In some respects it would have been an easier task, and it would have secured a greater *primâ facie* unity, had the choice been limited to Scriptural themes. But the more extended range will be attended with some advantage if it shows how "profitable for correction and instruction in righteousness" this portion of Inspiration will be found by all ages of the world, and all classes of people. Its sayings are not obsolete, and its lessons are exemplified in Luther as well as Peter,—in Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and Napoleon the Great, no less strikingly than in Samson and King Solomon himself.

MANNA.[1]

A MONTH after the children of Israel had quitted Egypt, and after moving on from their pleasant resting-place at Elim, they came to the wilderness of Sin. Here they found themselves in great extremity from want of food. The supplies which they had brought from Egypt were exhausted, and the desert yielded nothing at all adequate to the requirements of their enormous multitude. They murmured against Moses and Aaron for bringing them into such a locality, "to kill their whole assembly with hunger." "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, I have heard the murmurings of the children of Israel. Speak unto them, saying, At even ye shall eat flesh, and in the morning ye shall be filled with bread; and ye shall know that I am the Lord your God. And it came to pass that at even the quails came up, and covered the camp; and in the morning the dew lay round about the host. And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar-frost on the ground. And when the children of Israel saw it they said to one another, *Man hu* (מָן הוּא, What is this?) for they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the

[1] This originally appeared in Dr. Fairbairn's *Bible Dictionary*, to which Dr. Hamilton contributed all the botanical articles.

Lord hath given you to eat" (Ex. xvi. 1-3, 11-15). Like hoar-frost, or in rounded particles resembling coriander seeds, but white, the flavour of the manna was "like wafers made with honey." In these respects it is well represented by the gummy exudation of the tamarisk (*Tamarix Gallica*, var. *manifera*), which occurs abundantly in the Arabian peninsula, as well as the *Alhagi* and other plants found in Syria and in the desert of Sinai; but in its more remarkable attributes this "bread from heaven" stands alone. Unlike the tamarisk or tarfa gum, and the other so-called mannas, which are found only after midsummer, and for a month or two, this made its first appearance in April or May, and continued equally plentiful throughout the year. There was none of it to be found on the Sabbath, and it was only the portion gathered on the eve of the Sabbath which could be preserved overnight. And as its arrival was abrupt, so its cessation was sudden. The first morning the supply was sufficient for the whole congregation; and through all their subsequent journeys we never hear of any intermission till forty years afterwards, when they arrived at Gilgal, and had eaten of the corn of Canaan, when it instantly and totally ceased (Ex. xvi. 35; Josh. v. 10-12). Referring to the tamarisk gum, Dr. Kitto remarks, "If any human infatuation could surprise a thoughtful and observant mind, and especially if any folly of those who deem themselves wiser than the Bible, could astonish, it might excite strong wonder to see grave and reverend men set forth the proposition that two or three millions of people were fed from day to day during forty years

with this very substance. A very small quantity is now afforded by all the trees of the Sinai peninsula; and it would be safe to say, that if all the trees of this kind then or now growing in the world, had been assembled in this part of Arabia Petræa, and had covered it wholly, they would not have yielded a tithe of the quantity of gum required for the subsistence of so vast a multitude. . . . To us this explanation, which attempts to attenuate or extinguish the miracle, by supposing this natural product to have been at all times and in all places sufficient, falling regularly around the camp in all its removals, and regularly intermitted on the seventh day, is much harder of belief than the simple and naked miracle—much harder than it would be to believe that hot rolls fell every morning from the skies upon the camp of Israel."[1]

The same difficulties affect another hypothesis, which has lately found some favour. There is a plant which has long been known to botanists by the name of *Lichen esculentus,* or *Parmelia* or *Lecanora esculenta,* and which, in Northern Africa and in the neighbourhood of the Black Sea, occurs so abundantly as to be used for food. It belongs to that great vegetable group of which the reindeer moss gives one example, Iceland moss another. The lichen in question, or rather its seeds, are apt to be carried up into the air by violent winds, and then, after floating in the atmosphere for a time, and becoming saturated with moisture, this "manna-lichen" comes down, usually in the midst of heavy rains. But even if it could be proved that showers of this substance have ever reached

[1] *Daily Bible Illustrations,* vol. ii. p. 113.

the Arabian desert, it does not at all correspond to the description in Exodus, and "in order to supply the children of Israel with manna from that source (and it was continued for forty years) we should be compelled to admit for six days in every week a violent gale to raise or take up these lichens, and heavy rains to bring them down again. That heavy rains did not take place with such regularity is positively implied—there was a great scarcity of water."[1]

When in the desert place near Bethsaida, there had come together "a great company" of people, it would have been as easy to extemporize for their subsistence the grapes of Eshcol or the melons and cucumbers of Egypt, as the corn of Palestine or the fishes of Gennesaret; and had a mere thaumaturgist been permitted for once to provide the repast, in all likelihood he would have enhanced the marvel, by conjuring up a miraculous board, dazzling with jewelled cups, and laden with exotic dainties. But the five thousand were the guests of Omnipotence—of him who is the God of order, whose "ways are equal," whose gentleness is his greatness, and in whose wonderful working there is continual regard to the rules which He has stamped on His own creation. Accordingly, to the companies seated on the green grass were handed round loaves and fishes, "as much as they would," and with the quiet and simplicity of an ordinary meal—with no attempt to impress upon their minds the prodigy—they ate and "were filled." And just as the miracle beside the sea of Tiberias did not set aside considerations of time and place, but, so to speak,

[1] Berthold Seemann in *The Reader*, Aug. 13, 1864.

took for its point of departure the five loaves and two small fishes actually present, and proceeded to supply them without stint or limit; so the continuous miracle of the manna, like so many of the kingly doings of its Author, commenced with the least possible "observation," and was in full keeping with the locality of its first occurrence. Instead of anticipating the grapes and corn of Canaan, or recalling from the house of bondage its leeks and its melons, it seemed only to multiply the natural supplies of the desert. A specimen gathered at random might have been taken for the product of the thorny *Alhagi* or of the feathery tamarisk. And just as the dole distributed to the hungry Galileans came from the hand of the disciples—

> "No fiery wing is seen to glide,
> No cates ambrosial are supplied;
> But one poor fisher's rude and scanty store
> Is all he asks (and more than needs),
> Who men and angels daily feeds;"[1]

so the "corn of heaven," the "angels' food" (Ps. lxxviii. 24, 25), was not sent under charge of a celestial convoy, nor did a trumpet from the midst of heaven rouse the hungry pilgrims from their sleep to receive the appointed largess; but morning by morning as they rose, when "the dew that lay was gone up," there remained "a small round thing," as small as the hoar-frost: and to show that "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Matt. iv. 4), on that small thing for forty years subsisted the redeemed of Jehovah; and such was the simple fare which the King

[1] Keble.

of kings provided when he "spread a table in the wilderness."

In the same way when at Cana, to save the feelings of their host, and in order that the banquet might not be suddenly cut short, the Lord Jesus provided a miraculous supply—it was not something which ignored the usages of the country, but the beverage statedly employed on such occasions, only so much better than usual as to call forth remark (John ii. 10). And just as the hungry multitude at Bethsaida was fed, not with manna, but with loaves and fishes; and just as for the wedding-guests at Cana there was made to flow from the water-jars, not some new and unknown nectar, but wine like that which their own vintage yielded—so on the famished Israelites there came down supplies congruous to the locality in which they were encamped; though in such amazing abundance, and with so many supernatural accompaniments, as plainly betokened the hand divine. Both quails and manna were in unison with the wilderness. The miracle consisted in their inexhaustible profusion; more especially as regards the manna, in converting into a nutritious substance what is usually employed merely as a medicine or condiment—adapting it to every taste, adjusting to the requirement of each household the portion daily collected, and suspending the supply on the Sabbath.

This manna the Lord Jesus accepted as a type of himself, and the sixth of St. John is His own commentary on the sixteenth chapter of Exodus. "The bread of God is he who cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the

world." As soon as any man in the camp of Israel awoke, he found "given in his sleep" (Ps. cxxvii. 2), the daily bread, the food convenient; and whosoever awakes in Christendom to-morrow will find a gospel already in the world: the grace of God prevents him, a great salvation is provided, and a Saviour who, if so he pleases, may be all his own. And as there was no distinction in the camp—as the staff of life was needful to the strong as well as to the weak, to the richest as well as to the poorest, so Christ is alike needful to all. The man of most abundant virtue needs Christ's merits as truly as the man who can boast no good attribute in all his character: the man who through a long career of piety has "walked with God" needs Christ's mediation as much as the conscience-stricken transgressor who for the first time is faltering out, "God be merciful to me a sinner." But "this passage also teaches that the whole world is dead to God, except so far as Christ quickens it; because life will be found nowhere else than in Him."[1]

[1] Calvin on John vi.

EARLY YEARS OF ERASMUS.[1]

THERE is a little town near Rotterdam which the English call Gouda, and which is known in Holland as Tergouw. Famous for a great church with painted windows, it was once famous for its tobacco-pipes, and is still renowned for its cheeses. But at the distant day to which our story goes back there were no pipes, for as yet there was no tobacco, and the Brothers Crabeth had not yet glorified the Jans Kerk with their translucent jewellery. There then lived at Gouda an old couple, Helias and Catherine, who, although they had no daughter, rejoiced in ten sons. Of these, the youngest save one was bright and clever, brimming over with mirth, a beautiful penman, and a capital scholar, and, by reason of his wit and exuberant spirits, a great favourite with his companions. He had become warmly attached to a physician's daughter, but he was not allowed to marry her. At that time, where sons were very numerous, it was a favourite plan to send one into a convent, thus making the best of both worlds; for, whilst a handsome amount of merit was credited to the family at large, the earthly inheritance made a better dividend among the secular members. For carrying out this excellent arrangement Gerrit was deemed

[1] Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine*, March 1868.

most suitable. As a monk he could turn to the best account his Latin and his clerkly hand; but from the cloister his gay temperament and strong affections were utterly abhorrent. Marriage or no marriage, his attachment to the physician's daughter still continued, and vows of indissoluble union passed between them. At last poor Margaret disappeared from Gouda and places where she was known; and by and bye in the city of Rotterdam a hapless babe made its forlorn and unwelcome entrance into the world, as it is said another had done in circumstances too similar sometime beforehand.[1]

When we were last in Rotterdam, standing in the Groot Markt in front of a statue inscribed, "Here rose the mighty sun," etc., we thought of that dim and unlikely morning when he first peeped forth on the unsuspecting city. Amongst the peasantry and greengrocers it was of no use to look out for faces resembling the statue; but, with its round cheeks and padded cap, a little creature lay asleep in a wheelbarrow amongst cabbages and onions, and we fancied that Erasmus, when six months old, must have looked very like his little compatriot. "Where is the house of Erasmus?" we asked a policeman; and, in that variety of the Aberdonian called Dutch, he made answer, "Daar is de man," pointing to the statue, "en hier is 't huis waar hij geboren war," at the same time conduct-

[1] The best biographer of Erasmus, Hess (Zürich, 1790, erste hälfte, p. 26), argues against the existence of this brother; but there is no withstanding the minute details of the well-known epistle to Grunnius, Erasmi *Opp.* iii. coll. 1821-1825, confirmed as they are by the casual allusion in the letter to Heemstede, where he says, "The death of my own brother did not overwhelm me; the loss of Froben is more than I can bear," *Opp.* iii. coll. 1053 (Amsterdam edition, 1703.)

ing us a few steps till we were opposite a narrow building in the Breede Kerksteeg. Here, too, there was a tiny statue in front, much in the same style as on John Knox's house in the Canongate, and under it a halting hexameter, "Small is the house, yet within it was born the immortal Erasmus."[1]

We know that it was on the 28th of October that this event took place, and at three in the morning, but the year has been disputed. His own impressions on the subject seem to have fluctuated a little; or, rather, as he advanced in life he seems to have found reason for believing that he was not so young by a year or two as he had once supposed. The preponderance of proof is in favour of 1465. Assuming this date as correct, the present year brings us to his *fourth centenary*.[2]

[1] "Hæc est parva domus, magnus quâ natus Erasmus."

[2] The date given above is that which has been adopted by Hallam, *Literature of Europe*, sixth edition, vol. i. p. 292, although Bayle, Jortin, and almost all the biographers of Erasmus, following the inscription on his statue at Rotterdam, have set down 1467. At one period of his life this latter date was accepted by himself. In his poem on *Old Age*, composed in 1507, he says that he will not be forty till October next:—

"nec adhuc Phœbeius orbis
Quadragies revexit
Natalem lucem, quæ bruma ineunte calendas
Quinta anteit Novembreis."

Opp. iv. col. 756.

But subsequently it would seem that he had found reason to throw his birth-year farther back. He writes to Budæus, Feb. 15, 1516, "If neither of us err in our calculation, there is not much difference in our age; I am in my fifty-first year (siquidem ego jam annum ago primum et quinquagesimum) and you say that you are not far from your fifty-second," *Opp.* iii. 178 B. Again, in a letter to Gratian, March 15, 1528, "As for my age, I think that I have now reached the year in which Tully died," *Opp.* iii. 1067 B. In that case he could not have been born later than 1465: for it was in his sixty-fourth year that Cicero died. No doubt his "arbitror" in the passage last quoted, and similar expressions elsewhere, show that his own mind was not quite clear on the subject; but they also show that he had found reason to suspect that he

It was the fashion of that time for scholars to "cover with well-sounding Greek" or Latin the names of their harsh vernacular. The French Petit was Parvus; the English Fisher was translated into Piscator, and Bullock became Bovillus; and Dutch and German cultivators of the learned languages escaped from their native Van Horn, de Hondt, Neuenaar, Rabenstein, Reuchlin, Hussgen (= Hausschein), Schwarzerd, into the more euphonious Ceratinus, Canius, De Novâ Aquilâ or Neoaëtos, Coracopetra, Capnio, Œcolampadius, Melanchthon. In the same way, when our hero grew up, believing that his own and his father's name had something to do with amiability or fondness,[1] he made Gerrit Gerritzoon for ever classical as

was older than he fancied when he wrote his poem on *Old Age*. The inscription on his tomb at Basil speaks of him as dying in 1536, "jam septuagenarius," and his friend and biographer, Beatus Rhenanus, says, "He had reached his seventieth year, which the prophet David[1] has assigned as the ordinary limit of man's life; at least, he had not far exceeded it; for as to the year in which he was born amongst the Batavians we are not quite sure, though sure of the day, which was the 28th of October, the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude." Whatsoever may have been the circumstances which led him in later life to alter his estimate of his own age and add to it two years, we cannot but feel that the presumptions are in favour of 1465; and one advantage of the earlier date is that it renders more intelligible, we might say more credible, some incidents recorded of his boyhood. We do not know how long he was a chorister at Utrecht, but it is easier to believe that he was eleven than nine when he ceased to be a singing-boy; and if, instead of thirteen, we suppose him to have been fifteen when his father died, we can better understand how before leaving Deventer he had got the whole of Horace and Terence by heart, and had already mastered the Dialectics of Petrus Hispanus (see *Opp.* iii. 1822 F).

[1] In German Gerhard = Gernhaber = Liebhaber. See Herzog's *Realwörterbuch*, Art. Erasmus. And we may add that Erastus, so famous in ecclesiastical controversy, was born Thomas Lieber or Liebler. But Miss Yonge, in the *History of Christian Names*, vol. i. p. 255, repudiates this interpretation of the German Gerhard (in Dutch Gerrit). According to her it really is "stern war," or "strong spear."

[1] The ninetieth Psalm is usually ascribed not to David but Moses. See its title.

Desiderius Erasmus. To the second name exception has been taken by the adherents of jots and tittles, and in his old age he tacitly conceded that the insertion of an iota would have made it better Greek, when he christened his little godson Erasmius Froben. However, in behalf of his own earlier choice, it must be remembered that he had good authority. Long before his day there was a saint called Erasmus, whose castle has for many ages stood the guardian of Naples Bay and city, and who still on dark nights hangs out from the mast-head his lantern to warn Mediterranean seamen of the coming tempest. Elmo is a liquefaction of the harsher Erasmus, and no doubt the electric saint was present to the thoughts of the young Dutchman when he exchanged his patronymic, and to his own good Greek preferred the good name of the Italian tutelary.

Tired out by the resistance of his relatives, and despairing of being ever lawfully wedded to his Margaret, before the birth of Erasmus, Gerrit, the father, left his home at Gouda and wrote to his parents that he would return no more. He went as far as Rome. Here his caligraphy served him in good stead. Printing was still a new invention, and an excellent income could be earned by copying books. At the same time he went on to study law and improve himself in Greek—most likely with a secret hope that he might some day go back a travelled scholar and an independent man, and claim his affianced. That hope was rudely crushed. A letter came announcing that Margaret was gone. There was now no reason why he should continue to withstand parental urgency. The tie which held

him to the secular life was broken; he renounced the world, and was ordained a priest.

Time passed on, and he returned to Gouda, no longer to set the village in a roar with fun and frolic, but a sober ecclesiastic, under his sacred vestments bringing back the contrition of the penitent as well as the tender grief of the mourner. Here, however, a surprise awaited him. With a frightful shock of joy and consternation he found Margaret still living. The letter of his brothers had been a lie, but the lie had fulfilled its purpose. It had caused the despairing lover to leap the chasm which, in a moment crossed, now yawned a great gulf betwixt himself and the object of his affection; and, although he would have now gladly made reparation for his grievous wrong, and although history records that, the fatal error excepted, she was good and gentle and all that could be wished for in a wife, the vows of Rome were on him, and he kept them with stern bitterness, crushing down his own affection, and leaving her to a lot more sad than any widowhood.

Still to poor Margaret there was beguilement in the little boy, all the rather that Gerrit loved his child, and supplied the means for her own honourable maintenance; and, for the few years that she was spared to him, we have the testimony of her son that she was a fond and devoted mother.

Four hundred years ago there were no kinder-gartens nor infant-schools; and, although there was a very good Sunday picture-book, called the *Biblia Pauperum*, it was not every household that could afford a copy. So the food for infant minds consisted very much of the fairy-

tales which long floated, life-like and real, through the nurseries of Europe, but which the babies of the future will only know from the specimens bottled up by Dr. Dasent, or pinned down by the Brothers Grimm. The religious instruction was in keeping. It told the wonderful adventures of saints who, when decapitated, picked up their own heads and walked off with them, or who crossed the sea, making a sail of their cloak, and a boat of an old shoe or a mill-stone. The better portion was taken from those Gospels of the Infancy, of which Professor Longfellow, in his *Golden Legend*, has given an example.[1] To many minds these tales are simply painful. Not only are they offensive as additions to that which is written, but impious from the way in which sacred things are dragged down to a low and trivial level. Nevertheless, those who can throw themselves back into a rude and homely age, and make due allowance for an unlettered people, under forms very grotesque will still detect a large amount of good feeling, and perchance may agree with us that it was from these Christmas carols and cradle-hymns, sung by soft maternal voices, rather than from purgatorial pictures and the fulminations of preaching friars, that the little Gerrits of that time were likely to get a glimpse of the "gentle Jesus, meek and mild"—represented as He usually is, in the manger, smiling up to the ox and the ass, who on that cold night are trying with their breath to keep Him warm. From the rhymes which played the part of "Peep of Day" to little Hollanders four centuries ago we select the following :—

[1] *The Nativity : a Miracle Play.*

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

The gentle babe in Mary's arms
The kindly colt was bearing,
When lo! they see a stately tree
Its laden head uprearing.

"Stay, stay, good colt, till the dates we gather,
For you and I are weary;"
The palm-tree stooped, and its clusters drooped
Right down to the arms of Mary.

The dates she plucked till Joseph said—
"The day is passing o'er us;
O Mary, haste, nor more time waste;
We've forty miles before us."

They journeyed on, and the brightening sun
Them soon to Egypt brought;
A goodly land is Egypt strand,
Where Joseph refuge sought.

Before a glittering gate they stood,
Where a rich man kept his revel;
With flaunt and flout he drove them out,
And wished them to the devil.

At a poor man's door next Joseph begged,
When they had passed that other;
"O mistress mild, receive this child,
And eke his weary mother."

With welcome blithe she took them in
From night and all its dangers,
And in the shed they sought a bed,
Those holy far-come strangers.

To's wife then said the host, as sleep
He strove in vain to cherish,
"I greatly fear that infant dear
In this keen frost will perish."

On the kitchen hearth, as up she sprang,
The flame leaped up as cheerful:
"O lady dear, thy babe bring here,
The frost this night is fearful."

Whilst o'er the fire the fragrant food
Began to sing and simmer,
With glances bright her heart's delight
Met every rosy glimmer.

"O mirror clear, O baby dear,"
She sang with joyful weeping;
And to her breast the babe she pressed,
Now warm, and fed, and sleeping.

And so that host and his gracious wife
Soon rose to wondrous riches,
Whilst the son of Cain for bread was fain
To delve in dykes and ditches.

So let us give what Jesus asks
Without delay or grudging,
And let us pray that Jesus may
In all our hearts find lodging.

For where He's guest there goes it best
With all within the cottage;
For if He dine the water's wine,
And angel's food the pottage.[1]

In his fifth year Erasmus was sent to a school in Gouda, kept by Peter Winkel; but the fruit which grew on that tree of knowledge was harsh and crabbed, and the little pupil tasted it so sparingly that his father began to fear that learning was a thing for which he had no capacity. But, although he was no great reader, he could sing; he had a sweet, melodious voice, and his mother took him

[1] Of these early Dutch Lays and Legends the largest collection is the *Niederländische Geistliche Lieder des XV. Jahrhunderts*, in the *Horæ Belgicæ*, of Hoffman von Fallersleben (Hannover, 1854). The above specimen is an abridgment, freely translated, of No. 24, spliced at the end from the German stanzas at pp. 64, 65. Of the class of picture-books referred to in the text, two examples have been reproduced in admirable facsimile by Mr. Stewart, of King William Street, viz., the *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*, and the *Geschicdenis van het heylighe Cruys*.

to Utrecht, where the cathedral authorities received him, and put him in the choir; and in a white surplice, along with other little children, he sang the Latin psalms and anthems in the grand old church where an older lad, named Florenszoon, was then a frequent worshipper, afterwards known to history as the preceptor of Charles the Fifth, and eventually as Adrian the Sixth, the only Dutchman, if we rightly remember, who ever wore the triple crown.

At nine years he was taken to a school at Deventer, and here he began to be a scholar in earnest. Shortly before this (in July 1471), in the neighbouring convent of St. Agnes, at Zwoll, there had fallen asleep a venerable monk, to be remembered through all time as Thomas à Kempis. He was an exquisite copyist, as is attested by a sumptuous Bible in four volumes, still preserved, and he had also laid in a good store of scholarship at this very Deventer school which Erasmus was now attending. But, above all, he was a serene and saintly man, "inwardly happy, outwardly cheerful,"[1] to whom the world was nothing and God was all in all, and who in his pure and passionless career held on till he was upwards of ninety, drawing towards him the love, and all but the worship, of those who in him felt a nearer heaven, and who heard from his lips those lessons on the hidden life which myriads since have read in "The Imitation of Jesus." Although a reviver of devotion rather than a restorer of learning, the cause of letters owed much to Thomas, for the worst foes of knowledge are grossness

[1] Ullmann's *Reformers before the Reformation*, vol. ii. p. 127.

and apathy; and, when men like Rudolph Agricola and Alexander Hegius came under his spell, in the spiritual quickening which ensued, if they did not soar to the like elevation of enraptured piety, they at all events were raised to a region from which the coarse joys of the convent looked contemptible, and where the higher nature began to call aloud for food convenient.

When Erasmus came to Deventer, the rector of the school was the disciple of à Kempis, Hegius, and the whole place was animated by his ardent scholarship. Erasmus was too poor to pay the fees required from the students in the rector's class, but on saints' days the lectures were gratuitous and open to all comers. However, in Sintheim he had a kind and skilful teacher. Although the royal road to learning was not yet constructed, the Deventer professors had done a good deal to smooth and straighten the bridle-path; and, with a plank here and there thrown across the wider chasms, and with some of the worst stumbling-stones removed, a willing pupil could make wonderful progress. Even our dull little friend, who had been the despair of the pedantic Peter, woke up; and, like a creature which has at last found its element, he ramped in the rich pastures to which the gate of the Latin language admitted. As with Melanchthon a few years afterwards, Terence was his favourite, and in committing to memory all his plays he laid up betimes an ample store of the pure old Roman speech, as well as a rich fund of delicate humour, and dexterous, playful expression. Sintheim was delighted. On one occasion he was so charmed with his performance

that he kissed the young scholar, and exclaimed, "Cheer up; you will reach the top of the tree." And on one occasion more august, when the famous Agricola visited Deventer, and was shown an exercise of Erasmus's, he was so struck with it that he asked to see the author. The bashful boy was introduced; and, taking him with both hands behind the head, so that he was compelled to look full in the face the awful stranger, Agricola told him, "You will be a great man yet." Such a prophecy, coming from one of the oracles of the age, could never be forgotten, especially as Agricola was almost adored by Rector Hegius.

Knowledge should be its own reward; but poor human nature is very thankful for those occasional crumbs of encouragement. Nor was Erasmus above the need of them. Even at Deventer the discipline was very severe; and, although Erasmus was both a good boy and good scholar, and his master's favourite pupil, it was impossible to pass scathless through the ordeal. In after years he did all he could to mitigate a system the savage cruelty of which was so abhorrent from his gentle nature;[1] and he quotes with approval the witty invention of an English gentleman, who, in order to make his son at once a scholar and a marksman, had a target painted with the Greek alphabet, and every time that the little archer hit a letter, and at the same time could name it, he was rewarded with a cherry.[2] This was an effectual plan for teaching "the young idea how to shoot;" and to the

[1] *De Pueris Institutendis*, published in 1529. See especially *Opp.* i. 485 *et seq.*

[2] *Opp.* i. 511.

same kindly method we owe alphabets of gingerbread or sugar, which even in the nursery awaken the pleasures of taste, and make little John Bull, if not a devourer of books, at least very fond of his letters.

On the whole, however, it was a happy time which he spent at Deventer. His mother, who had accompanied him at first, watched over him with anxious tenderness; and he had attached companions, such as William Hermann. And he could play. From his Colloquies we gather that he was up to bowls, and leap-frog, and running, though not so fond of swimming. Then the Issel was famous for its fish, and he not only knew how to ensnare the finny tribe, but when bait was scarce he had a plan for bringing the worms aboveboard, by pouring over their lurking-places water in which had been steeped walnut-shells. Above all, the noble passion of learning had been awakened, and every day was bringing some new knowledge under the best instructors his native land could offer, when a great desolation overtook him. In his thirteenth year, as he himself says—although for reasons already mentioned we incline to think that he was somewhat older—the plague, then perpetually wandering over Europe, came to Deventer. It carried off his mother. It seized and destroyed many of his friends. At last it depopulated the house where he lodged, and in his grief and terror he fled to his father, at Gouda. But soon this refuge also failed. The death of Margaret had such an effect on Gerrit, whose heart was half broken already, that he immediately sickened and soon felt himself dying. He had by this time saved up

enough to complete the education of his sons, and this, along with the care of the lads themselves, he intrusted to Peter Winkel and two other neighbours; and then the priest, in whom little of the facetious Gerrit survived, finished his sorrowful career—another instance that there are false steps which life can never retrace, and wrongs which repentance cannot remedy.

Erasmus was now very anxious to go to some university, but the guardians showed no great zeal in settling the affairs of the orphans. A note addressed to Magister Petrus Winkel, and undated, must have been written at this time, and is probably the earliest specimen of its author's epistolary style :—

" I fear that our property is not likely to be soon realized, and I trust that you will do your utmost to prevent our being injured by delay. Perhaps you will say that I am one of those who fear lest the firmament should fall. You might laugh at my apprehensions, if the cash were already in the coffer; but, far from being sold, the books have still to go to the auction-room, or find a purchaser. The corn has still to be sown from which our bread is to be baked; and meanwhile, as Ovid says, 'on flying foot the time flits past.' In an affair like this I cannot see the advantage of delay. Besides, I hear that Christian has not returned the books which he had borrowed. Let his tardiness be overcome by your importunity."

We have no doubt that this is the note to which Erasmus elsewhere refers as having been written to his guardian by a youth of fourteen.[1] If so, it exhibits a precocious talent for business, where, perhaps, we would

[1] Florentio decimum quartum annum agenti, quum illi scripsisset aliquanto politius, respondit severiter, ut si posthac mitteret tales epistolas, adjungeret commentarium : ipsi semper hunc fuisse morem, ut plane scriberet, et *punctuatim*, nam hoc verbo usus est.—*Opp.* iii. 1822.

rather have seen the bashfulness of the schoolboy; but to one who carries a bar sinister on his shield the battle of life is very hard, especially at the beginning; and to this poor youth the world's experiences were becoming somewhat bleak. Like other hunted creatures, his utmost sagacity was needed for self-defence, and he had too much reason to distrust the tutorial trio. In other respects the letter is an admirable composition,[1] and interesting as indicating thus early his turn for proverbial philosophy and love of classical quotation. But neither good Latin nor lines from Ovid could make it palatable to the receiver. He wrote back to his ward that, if he continued to send such figurative effusions, he must subjoin explanatory notes. For his own part, he always wrote plainly and "to the point"—*punctuatim.*

Instead of the university, Erasmus was sent to a monkish school at Bois le Duc (Hertogenbosch); from which, after an irksome and unprofitable durance of nearly three years, the plague allowed him to escape. Returning to Gouda, he found that by the death of one of their number his guardians were reduced to Winkel the schoolmaster, and a mercantile brother. They had but a sorry account to give of their stewardship; and Erasmus warned his brother that a desperate attempt would assuredly be made to force them into a convent, as the shortest way of winding up the trust and closing the account. Both agreed that nothing could be more alien from their present mood of mind, the elder confessing that he had no love for a religious life, the younger being

[1] It will be found in Knight's *Life of Erasmus*, Appendix, p. iv.

intent on that scholarship which convents could not give. "Our means may be small," he said; "but let us scrape together what we can, and find our way to some college. Friends will turn up; like many before us, we may maintain ourselves by our own industry, and Providence will aid us in our honest endeavours." "Then," said the other, "you must be spokesman." Nor was it long before the scheme was propounded. In a few days Mr. Winkel called; and, after an ample preface, full of affection for them both, and dwelling on all his services, he went on: "And now I must wish you joy, for I have been so fortunate as to obtain an opening for both of you amongst the canons regular." As agreed, the younger made answer, thanking him warmly for his kindness, but saying that they thought it scarcely prudent, whilst still so young, to commit themselves to any course of life. "We are still unknown to ourselves, nor do we know the vocation which you so strongly recommend. We have never been inside of a convent, nor do we know what it is to be a monk. Would it not be better to defer a decision till after a few years spent in study?" At this Mr. Winkel flew into a passion: "You don't know what you are? You're a fool. You are throwing away an excellent opportunity, which I have with much ado obtained for you. So, sirrah, I resign my trust; and now you are free to look where you like for a living." Erasmus shed tears, but stood firm. "We accept your resignation, and free you from any further charge." Winkel went away in a rage; but, thinking better about it, he sought the assistance of his brother, who, not being a schoolmaster, was less in the habit of

losing his temper. Next day they invited the young men to dinner. It was beautiful weather; they had their wine taken out to a summer-house in the garden, and under the management of the balmy and blandiloquent merchant all went smooth and merry. At last they came to business, and so engagingly did the man of money set forth the life of poverty—so bright were the pictures of abstinence and seraphic contemplation which he drew over his bottle of Rhenish—that the elder brother was quite overcome. Pretending to yield to irresistible argument, he entered the convent; but he was a thorough rogue, and carried his rascality into the cloister. He cheated even the monks, and with his scandalous misconduct, drinking and stealing, proceeded from bad to worse, and henceforth disappears from history. Erasmus, on the other hand, hungering for knowledge and intent on mental improvement, held out. Although he had never lived in a monastery, he had attended a conventual school, and had seen the comatose effect which the cowl exercises on the head of the wearer. "In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird;" and although the door was open, and nice barley was strewn on the threshold, inside the decoy he saw so many bats and doleful creatures as effectually scared him, and with the instinct of a true bird of Paradise he escaped away to light and freedom.

But it was not easy to resist for ever. He was friendless and penniless. Besides, his health was broken; for nearly a year he had been suffering from paroxysms of quartan ague, and in the wakeful hours of night he began

to wonder if it might not be better to renounce the pursuit of learning, and give himself entirely to prepare for eternity. Whilst in this state of feeling he fell in with a youth who had been his schoolfellow at Deventer, and who was now an inmate of the convent of Steene, near Gouda. Cornelius Berden drew a glowing picture of conventual retirement. He enlarged on the peace and harmony reigning within the sacred walls, where worldly strifes and passions never entered, and where, careful for nothing, but serving God and loving one another, the brethren led lives like the angels. Above all, he expatiated on the magnificent library and the unlimited leisure, and so wrought on his younger companion that he consented to come in as a novice. For the first months it was all very pleasant; he was not expected to fast, nor to rise for prayers at night, and every one was particularly kind to the new-comer; and, although before the year had expired he saw many things which he did not like, and some which awakened his suspicion, he was already within the gates, and it was not easy to get away. If he hinted to any one his fear that neither in mind nor body was he fitted to become a monk, he was at once assured that these were mere temptations of Satan, and, if he would only defy the devil by taking the final step, these difficulties would trouble him no more. The awful word "apostate" was whispered in his ear, and he was reminded how, after thus putting his hand to the plough and turning back, one novice had been struck by lightning, another had been bitten by a serpent, and a third had fallen into a frightful malady. As he afterwards

pathetically urges, "If there had been in these fathers a grain of true charity, would they not have come to the succour of youth and inexperience? Knowing the true state of the case, ought they not to have said, 'My son, it is foolish to carry this effort any further. You do not agree with this mode of life, nor does it agree with you. Choose some other. Christ is everywhere—not here only; —and in any garb you may live religiously. Resume your freedom: so shall you be no burden to us, nor shall we be your undoing.'" But with these anglers it was not the custom when they had hooked a fish to throw him back into the water. They worked on his generous and sensitive spirit by asking, How can you as a renegade ever lift up your head amongst your fellow-men? And in pride and desperation he did as had been done by his father before him: he pressed his hands tight over his eyes and took the fatal leap. At the end of the year he made his profession as a canon-regular in the Augustinian Convent of Emmaus at Steene.

It was not long before his worst forebodings were fulfilled. In the cloisters of Emmaus he found no Fra Angelico nor Thomas à Kempis, nor any one such as the name of the place might have suggested—no one who cared to "open the Scriptures," or who said to the Great Master, "Abide with us." From the genius of the place both religion and scholarship seemed utterly alien. The monks were coarse, jovial fellows, who read no book but the Breviary, and who to any feast of the Muses preferred pancakes and pots of ale. There was a library, but it was the last place where you would have sought for a

missing brother. They sang their matins and vespers, and spent the intermediate time in idle lounging and scurrilous jesting. Long afterwards, when invited to return, Erasmus wrote to the prior that his only recollections of the place were "flat and foolish talking, without any savour of Christ, low carousals, and a style of life in which, if you stripped off a few formal observances, there remained nothing which a good man would care to retain."[1] At his first entrance his disposition was devout; but he wanted to worship: it was the living God whom he sought to serve, and the genuflexions, and crossings, and bell-ringings, and changes of vestments seemed to him little better than an idle mummery. He had hoped for scholarlike society, but, except young Hermann from Gouda, he found none to sympathize in his tastes or join in his pursuits. Nor did the rule of his Order agree with him. His circulation was languid, his nervous system extremely sensitive. If called up to midnight devotions, after counting his beads and repeating the prescribed paternosters, a model monk would turn into bed and be asleep in five seconds; but, after being once aroused from his rest, Erasmus could only lie awake till the morning, listening to his more fortunate brethren as they snored along the corridor. For stock-fish his aversion was unconquerable. Sir Walter Scott mentions a brother clerk in the Court of Session who used to be thrown into agonies by the scent of cheese, and the mere smell of salted cod gave Erasmus a headache. And whilst by a bountiful supper his capacious colleagues were able to

[1] "Colloquia quam frigida, quam inepta, quam non sapientia Christum; convivia quam laica; denique tota vitæ ratio, cui si detraxeris ceremonias, non video quid relinquas expetendum."—*Opp.* iii. 1527.

prepare overnight for the next day's fast, to the delicate frame of our scholar abstinence was so severe a trial that he repeatedly fainted away. No wonder then that with the love of letters, the love of reality, and the love of liberty superadded to such constitutional inaptitudes, the "heaven on earth" at Steene soon became an irksome captivity.

Not that the five years were utterly lost. True, he was disappointed in Cornelius Berden, the quondam chum whose glowing representations had first inveigled him. In the outset he was delighted with his apparent classical ardour, and rejoiced to burn with him the midnight oil, reading through a whole play of Terence at a single sitting. But it turned out that his motive was pure selfishness. He was ambitious of preferment, and, with the astuteness which he had learned during a short sojourn in Italy, he had entrapped into the convent his accomplished friend, as the cheapest way of obtaining a tutor. No wonder that, as soon as his treachery was detected, the victim bitterly resented his baseness. But, as we have already stated, in William Hermann he still found a kindred spirit. In poetical compositions and elegant Latinity they vied with one another, and any ancient treasure which either discovered they shared in common. Where the predisposition or susceptibility exists, a book read at the right time often gives an abiding complexion to the character, or a life-long direction to the faculties. The delight with which Pope when a schoolboy read Ogilby's Homer resulted in our English Iliad; and the copy of the "Faery Queen," which Cowley found on the window-seat of his mother's room, committed

him to poetry for the rest of his days. In the same way Alexander Murray used to ascribe the first awakening of his polyglottal propensities to the specimens of the Lord's Prayer in many tongues which he found in Salmon's Geography, and our pleasant friend James Wilson was made a naturalist by the gift of "Three Hundred Wonderful Animals." A tendency towards scholarship our hero inherited from his father, along with his mirth and humour; and a peculiar flavour was given to his wit, as well as a tincture to his style, by his early admiration of Terence. And in the convent of Steene he found two writers who exerted a material influence on his subsequent history. One of these was Jerome, in whose letters he found such spoil that he transcribed the whole of them; and of many subsequent years it became the chosen pastime, as well as absorbing employment, to prepare for the press the collected works of this truly learned father. The other was the famous Italian, Laurentius Valla, whose "Elegancies of the Latin Language" did so much to restore to modern times the speech of ancient Rome, and whose detection of the forgery which assigned the city of the Cæsars to Sylvester as a gift from Constantine may be regarded as the first decisive blow aimed at the temporal power of the Papacy.[1] His critical acumen, and the skill with which he explained the

[1] Unless we give precedence to Dante :—

> "Ahi Costatin, di quanto mal fu matre
> Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote
> Che da te prese il primo ricco patre!"—*Inferno*, canto 19.

> "Ah Constantine! what evils caused to flow,
> Not, by conversion, but those fair domains
> Thou on the first rich father didst bestow!"—WRIGHT.

Valla was born at Rome in 1407, where also in 1457 he died. His declama

niceties of a noble tongue, filled Erasmus with rapture, and the very truculence of the terrible Roman had a charm for his ardent disciple.[1] Not that their dispositions were at all akin. Mild in his very mischief, and never so indignant as to be indiscreet, Erasmus was not born to be either a cynic or a bully; but in minds capable of unreserved admiration there is an isomorphous tendency, and, although the constituent elements may be distinct, the style into which they crystallize becomes identical. And, just as Hannah More could not help writing Johnsonese, as many a living writer nibs his pen and cuts the paper with Carlylian rhodium, so in the inspiration of our author we can sometimes detect the spell of a first love and an unconscious imitation of Valla. As a scholar and critic he was eventually no whit inferior; as a wit and a genius he immeasurably excelled. Yet through his subsequent career may be discerned the influence of his Italian predecessor, not only in his preference of classical Latinity at large to a narrow and foppish Ciceronianism; not only in the keen-eyed shrewdness and audacious sense which saw through the frailties of popes and the flaws of tradition; not only in the courage which set to work to translate the Greek Testament anew, undaunted by the awful claims of the Vulgate; but in the vituperative energy which he threw into his later polemical writings, and which is not unworthy of the critic who was constantly snapping at the heels of Poggio, and who had nearly torn Beccadelli in pieces because

tion against the Popedom did not see the light till long after his death, viz. 1492, about the time when Erasmus was taking leave of Steene.

[1] See his 1st, 2d, and 103d Epistles.

his remarks on Livy had gained the best *bon-bons* at Alphonso's table.

If Steene had few rewards for its students, the restraints were not very strict which it placed on its inmates. As long as they did not interfere with the rules of the Order, they were allowed to follow freely their own tastes and likings. We have mentioned that our Desiderius had a musical voice, and that when a little boy he was a chorister in Utrecht Cathedral. For the sister art of painting he is also said to have shown an early inclination, and a painted crucifix has come down with the inscription, "Despise not this picture: it was painted by Erasmus when he lived in the convent of Steene."[1] Anecdotes are also current of other modes in which he occasionally enlivened his graver studies. For instance, it is told that there was a pear-tree in the orchard which monks of low degree were warned to leave untouched; for the prior had seen meet to reserve it for his own proper use. Our friend, however, having taken a private survey of the forbidden fruit, was obliged to own that in this instance his superior was right, and repeated his visits so often that the pears began to disappear with alarming rapidity. The prior determined if possible to find out the robber. For this purpose he took up his position overnight at a window which commanded the orchard. Towards morning he espied a dark figure in the tree; but, just as he made sure of catching the scoundrel, he was obliged to sneeze, and at the explosion

[1] What has become of it we cannot tell. In the early part of last century it belonged to Cornelius Musius of Delft.—Burigny, *Vie d'Erasme*, tome i. p. 37.

the thief dropped from the bough, and with admirable presence of mind limped off, imitating to the life the hobble of the only lame brother in the convent. As soon as the monks were assembled for morning prayers, the prior enlarged on the dreadful sin which had been committed, and then in a voice of thunder denounced the lame friar as the sacrilegious villain who had stolen the pears. The poor monk was petrified. Protestations of innocence and proofs of an *alibi* were unavailing; the prior with his own eyes had seen him in the fact, and we doubt if the real delinquent came forward to discharge the penance.

Erasmus had spent five years in the convent when Henri de Bergues, the Bishop of Cambray, invited him to become his secretary. The bishop was aspiring to a cardinal's hat; and, having resolved on a journey to Rome in order to secure it, he wisely judged that the accomplished Latinist, whose fame had already come to France, would materially subserve his purposes. On the other hand, Erasmus was transported at the prospect of exchanging the society of boorish monks for the refinement and scholarship which he expected to find at the headquarters of the Church and in the metropolis of Italy; and, as both Prior Werner and the Bishop of Utrecht gave their consent, somewhere about the year 1492 Erasmus took his joyful departure from Steene, and returned no more.

In its treatment of Erasmus, monasticism prepared its own Nemesis. The system was become a scandal to Europe. The greed of the friars, their indolence, their hypocrisy, their gluttony and grossness, had been for ages

proverbial, and it was only with the sulky toleration of inevitable evil that their swarming legions were endured. Still it was believed that celibacy was a holy state, and it was hoped that, by way of balance to the rough exactions and tavern brawls of these sturdy beggars, there was a great deal of devotion and austerity within the cell, when there rose up a witness who could not be contradicted, proclaiming, in a voice which was heard in all lands alike by princes and people, that, offensive as was the outside of the sepulchre, it was clean compared with the interior.

Erasmus had no reason to love the institution. By working on the religious feelings of his grandparents and the avarice of their older sons, it had prevented his father from consummating in lawful wedlock an honourable attachment, and so had brought on his own birth a reproach with which the real authors of the wrong were the first to stigmatize him. And it had gone far to frustrate his own existence. Years which should have been given to letters and to religion it had doomed to dull routine and meaningless observance; nor was it unnatural that he should resent on the system the craft and chicanery which had cozened him out of his liberty, and which, in lieu of the philosopher's cloak, had left him in a fool's cap and motley. It can, therefore, occasion no wonder that in subsequent years he let slip no opportunity for showing up the ignorance and heartlessness of the regular clergy. If in one aspect Luther's life was one long war with the devil, the literary career of Erasmus was a continued crusade against monkery; and it is almost amusing to notice how, whether it be any mishap which has befallen

himself, or any evil which threatens the universe,—if it be a book of his own which is anonymously abused, or the peace of a family which is invaded, or a town or kingdom which is hopelessly embroiled—he is sure to suspect a friar as the source of the mischief; and, as we read page after page of his epistles, we cannot help forming the conclusion that, "going to and fro on the face of the earth," the ubiquitous monk was to all intents our author's devil.

The years during which they kept him imprisoned at Steene supplied the materials for thoroughly exposing the system. He was then filling his portfolio with the sketches which afterwards came out in the faithful but unbeautiful portraits of the Enchiridion and in the caricatures of the Colloquies; and by the time that he had become the most popular writer of all his contemporaries the effect was prodigious. Whether in one of his pithy sentences he spoke of "purgatory as the fire which they so dearly love, for it keeps their kettle boiling,"[1] or sketched them at full length as the universal usurpers who appropriated the functions of prince, pastor, and bishop, so that they must have a hand in every national treaty and every matrimonial engagement—so that they constituted themselves the guardians of orthodoxy, pronouncing "such a one is a real Christian, but such another is a heretic, and he again is a heretic and a half—*sesqui-hæreticus*'"—worming out of the citizens their most secret thoughts and most private affairs, and making themselves so essential that, if either king or pope has any dirty work to do, he must use their unscrupulous agency—a set of busy-bodies

[1] *Opp.* iii. 1106.

at once venomous and unproductive, who, like drones furnished with hornet stings, could not be driven from the hive, but must be at once detested and endured,[1]—every one recognised the correctness of the picture; and, with accurate instinct, far more fiercely than against Luther, with his defiance of the Pope, and his gospel for the people, did the friars rage against Erasmus and his antimonastic satires. And, just as in his morning promenade under the hedge-row, a persecuted cat is followed by a cloud of titmice and sparrows, twittering out their terror, and warning all the woodland, so it is ludicrous to notice the swarm of agitated cowls which eventually fluttered after Erasmus in his progress through Europe, shrieking forth their execrations, and in every stealthy movement boding new mischief to the mendicants. To pull down the columns which supported the papacy needed the passionate strength and self-devotement of Luther; but the wooden pillar on which monkery was perched, already rotten and worm-eaten, quickly yielded to the incisors of the formidable rodent who had somehow got in;[2] and, when at last the crazy structure came down, and the "happy family" was scattered in England and Germany, it was not without a touch of compunction that the author of their overthrow witnessed the dismay of their dispersion, and the hardships which some of them endured.

[1] *Adagia*, chil. ii. cent. viii. 65.

[2] The name of Erasmus was an irresistible temptation to punning: witness the following epigram of Stephen Paschasius:—

> "Hic jacet Erasmus, qui quondam bonus erat mus;
> Rodere qui solitus, roditur a vermibus."

ERASMUS IN ENGLAND.[1]

To the Bishop of Cambray Erasmus was indebted for his escape from monkish durance—a great deliverance, for which he never ceased to be grateful; but the obligation went no further. With a good income and great ambition Henry de Bergues was a profuse, mismanaging, needy man, who could neither pay the stipend of his Latin secretary nor muster up the ready money needful to buy that costly head-gear, a cardinal's hat. So the journey to Rome was never accomplished, and Erasmus had to maintain himself in Paris by such shifts as were then open to scholars. The chief of these was begging: not that he literally went from door to door, as many of the poor German students at that period were fain to do; but, when he got introduced to any lover of learning or rich and kindly citizen, whenever his creditors grew importunate or his books were in pawn, he had recourse to this friend in need. Thus we find him writing to the Marchioness de Vere: "With the resources of literature and the consolation of philosophy, I am ashamed of my depression; especially when I remember how you, born a lady and so tenderly nurtured, have cares of your own, and bear them so bravely; and still further, when amidst the storms of adversity I see you shining before me a

[1] Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine*, September 1865.

serene and steadfast cynosure. No calamity can separate me from the love of letters, and the slight assistance which would secure the requisite leisure you have both the means and the heart to bestow." He then mentions what Mæcenas did for Horace and Virgil, and Vespasian for Pliny; how Paula and Eustochium encouraged Jerome, and in their own day how Lorenzo de Medici had befriended and fostered Politian; and, as these scholars had in their writings handed down their benefactors to all time, he adds that on his part no effort should be wanting so as to tell coming ages how in a far corner of the world, when letters were corrupted by ignorance and contemned by princes, and when Erasmus was by false promises and regal rapacity reduced to poverty, there had risen up a noble lady to rescue the one and enrich the other. On the part of the Marchioness there was no want of good will; but she was a kind-hearted widow, with numberless dependants and no definite notions of income; "hence her purse was generally open, but often empty,"[1] and, if no supplies had come in his way except such as were sent by French bishops and ladies of the house of Bourbon, the poor student might have died of starvation.

He had better fortune. Attracted by the fame of its University, which had no rival in Europe except Bologna, there were then in Paris several young Englishmen of distinguished families, Grays, Blounts, and Stanleys, who for guidance in their studies were glad to secure the services of so great a scholar. The only drawback was the absorption of that time which he had destined for the

[1] Butler's *Erasmus*, p. 49.

increase of his own acquisitions, and for the following out of his chosen pursuits: a drawback of which he felt the force so strongly, that although promised a handsome sum if he would *grind* into a bishop a son of the Earl of Derby,[1] he refused the tempting offer. However, there was one of these pupils in whom Erasmus found a kindred spirit, and whose ardent friendship left him under life-long obligations. Amongst the places in France then held by the English was the fortress of Ham—a dreary stronghold on the swampy northern frontier, which we of these later days have learned to associate with the imprisonment of Polignac and Louis Napoleon. The governor of Ham was William Blount, Lord Mountjoy. Having classical tastes, he came to Paris to study. There he was so fortunate as to secure for his tutor the learned Dutchman, and kindred pursuits soon ripened into a warm affection. To Erasmus there was something delightful in the enthusiasm of his chivalrous and accomplished friend, and under the inspiration of such a guide and instructor the young baron became a great burner of midnight oil, to the immense disgust of footmen whom he had forgotten to send to bed.[2] On Erasmus he settled a pension of a hundred crowns, which was punctually paid for nearly forty years; and then he carried him off to his castle at Ham, and, as it

[1] James Stanley, stepson of Margaret Countess of Derby and Richmond, and mother of Henry VII. His half-brother, the King, had offered him a bishopric, but, much to his honour, he declined it till he should be better able to discharge its duties. After pursuing his studies somewhat further, he became Bishop of Ely.

[2] In the dedication of Livy to Lord Mountjoy's son Charles, in 1531, Erasmus speaks as if the stout old soldier still maintained his studious vigils: "I thought I could not do amiss if these five books came into the world under your protection when I considered what an insatiable devourer of history

was but a step from Ham to Calais, and another step from Calais to Dover, he soon tempted his dainty and delicate friend across the channel, and introduced him pointblank to the good cheer of merry England.

It was the England of Henry VII. rapidly recovering from the Wars of the Roses, and springing up into that sturdy manhood which was so soon to welcome the Reformation, and then bid defiance to the Spanish Armada. It was a country in which Erasmus soon found himself at home. He liked its simple solid ways, its genuine welcome to the stranger, its ample hospitality. After the stale eggs and sour wine of Vinegar College, as he nicknamed his old quarters in Paris,[1] and these not to be got without grudging, it was delightful to travel where at any house you found "free fare and free lodging, with bread, beef, and beer for your dinner."[2] To his friend Robert Piscator (Fisher), an Englishman then in Italy, he writes from London, December 5, 1497:—"You ask how I like England. If you will believe me, my Robert, I never was so delighted. I have found the climate most agreeable and healthful, and along with politeness an erudition, not commonplace and trivial, but so profound and exact both in Greek and Latin, that, except for the sake of seeing it, I now scarcely care to go to Italy. In listening to Colet

your father has always been, whom I have no doubt you will in this particular repeat. Although I do not wish you to be too like him: for it is his daily habit to keep bending over his books from supper-time till far on into the night, to the no small disgust of his wife and valet, and to the mighty discontent of the household: a course which, although he has hitherto pursued it without injuring his health, I do not think you should copy."—*Erasmi Opera* (Amst.) iii. 1359.

[1] Montacutum = Montacetum.

[2] Froude's *England*, vol. i. p. 36.

I seem to hear Plato. Grocyn's full-orbed sphere of knowledge who can help admiring? Than the judgment of Linacre, what can be more penetrating, more profound, more delicate? Than the disposition of Thomas More, did Nature ever fashion aught more gentle, more endearing, more happy? But why continue the catalogue? It is amazing how far and wide classical scholarship is flourishing here; so that if you are wise you will lose no time in returning."[1]

The first visits of Erasmus to England were in 1497 and 1498,[2] and most of the time was spent at Oxford. There the supreme attraction was Greek. Already one of the best Latin scholars in Europe, our hero, although upwards of thirty, had made small progress in the nobler tongue. But he felt the want of it intensely. He had already begun that collection of Adages which he shortly afterwards published, and, having exhausted the Roman

[1] *Opp.* iii. 13.

[2] The author of a pleasant article in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. cvi. p. 14) says, that "the short visit, supposed in the older lives to have taken place in 1497, and which rested on erroneous dates in some of the letters, is now given up." But the Rev. W. J. Deane, of Ashen, makes it very probable that Erasmus was at Oxford in 1497 as well as 1498. See *Notes and Queries*, second series, vol. viii. pp. 181, 182. We heartily join the writer in the *Quarterly* in his desire for a reprint of the Epistles of Erasmus arranged with a more careful regard to chronology. Of such a work there is a model in the nine quartos in which Bretschneider has brought out the Epistles of Melanchthon, compiled from all available sources, often collated with the originals, and preceded by a chronological summary. The last and best collection of the Letters of Erasmus and his correspondents is that which forms the third volume of his Works in the Amsterdam edition (1703). It is much more comprehensive than any which preceded, a fair effort is made to observe the right order of time, and it has an invaluable index. But many of the dates are obviously wrong, and since the days of Le Clerc not a few additional letters have seen the light as, for example, in the Appendix to Hess's *Leben von Erasmus*, 1790, in Hottinger's *Historia Ecclesiastica*, tom. vi., and in the above-mentioned collection of Melanchthon's correspondence.

writers, he perceived that the richest store of materials was still to ransack. Like a skilful mineralogist who, travelling along the bed of a torrent, finds jaspers and agates, or it may be golden grains, and who at once hastens to explore up-stream the auriferous soil or the rocky nidus where chalcedonies and cornelians lie buried: so, perambulating Plautus and his favourite Terence in search of proverbs and such precious stones, our scholar could not help perceiving that many of them were far-travelled and water-worn, and he longed to reach the Greek Parnassus from which these Latin freshets had swept them down. Besides, in translations he had tasted the wits and poets of Ionia and Athens, and, muddy and vapid as the sample was, it made him long to quaff the vintage on its proper soil, sparkling in the sunshine which matured it, and giving back its fragrance to the hills where it grew. And Greek, of which he had acquired some little knowledge in Paris, perhaps even before he left his native Holland, was now to be found in Oxford. Cornelio Vitelli had been there in 1488, "giving that most barbarous University some notion of what was going forward on the other side of the Alps;"[1] and now Grocyn and Linacre had imported direct from Italy a further supply. In the society of these friends, the worthy pupils of Politian, of Hermolaus, and Chalcondyles, and in the command of books and manuscripts which they gave him, Erasmus soon made such proficiency as to write translations from Lucian and Libanius, and laid the basis of that sound and graceful scholarship which received the cope-

[1] Hallam's *Literary History*, part i. ch. iii. p. 128.

stone and immortalized the architect when eighteen years thereafter he gave to the world the Greek Testament for the first time printed.

Erasmus came to England a scholar, and there he formed an acquaintance which went far to make him a divine. Writing to a friend in 1498 he gives a lively account of an Oxford symposium, at which were present his own host, Richard Charnock, Prior of the Augustinians, then dwelling in St. Mary's, and sundry others, under the presidency of an earnest and eloquent divine, JOHN COLET. When various topics had been ventilated, the master of the feast happened to say that the sin of Cain was trusting too little in God and too much in his own industry, so that he must needs cut up and cultivate the soil, whilst Abel, content with its spontaneous produce, was a keeper of sheep. The paradox of course brought up a general opposition, but it also brought out those clever plausibilities which cunning propounders of parodox usually hold back in ambush. As when a lapwing, pretending to be wounded, draws the schoolboys far into the swamp, so the lame proposition drew half the company in full cry after it; and, nettled by the absurdity of the thing, and the impossibility of refuting it, tempers waxed hot, and words grew high, when Erasmus said, "I will tell you something if you will promise to believe it." They all promised. "I met with it once upon a time, in a very ancient manuscript, so old that there was only one entire leaf which had escaped the mice and maggots. Shall I repeat it?" "By all means," they exclaimed. "Well, it seems Cain was an industrious man, but grasping and

greedy. From his parents he had frequently heard that in the garden they had forfeited the crops grew spontaneous, every ear and grain of enormous size, and each stalk like the trunk of an alder. On this he could not help brooding when he saw his own miserable harvests, till at last he went up to the angel who guarded Eden, and begged a few grains of that wonderful corn. Says he, 'The Most High does not care about it now as once He did. Even if it should reach his knowledge, it is a matter of no moment: He will readily overlook it, seeing that it does not concern those apples regarding which he is so strict. Come now, you must not be a churlish sentinel. Are you sure that He who put you here is pleased with such rigidity overmuch? What if He would not rather be deceived? Is not His approval more likely to be given to industrious enterprise than to an ignoble sluggishness? And are you so charmed with your office? Once an angel, He has made you a jailer; and, whilst we wretched men are shut out from our Eden, because we tasted too tempting an apple, in keeping us out with that flaming sword you are excluded at once from our Paradise and your own Heaven.' By such representations this good pleader gained his bad end. A few grains were pilfered and committed to the soil. They grew with great increase, till successive harvests were reaped, each larger than its predecessor. Then said the Most High, 'The sweat of the brow seems pleasant to this man: he shall have it in full measure.' And so from every side came trooping God's great army—ants, weevils, toads, caterpillars, mice, locusts, boars from the forest, and birds from the

firmament, and consumed the seed in the ground, the crop in the field, the corn in the garner. The angel, for unduly favouring mortals, was changed into a man; and, when Cain presented his offering of fruit, the smoke refused to ascend; and, seeing himself rejected, he fell into despair."[1] By improvising this apologue Erasmus restored good-humour to the company, and by throwing it into the scale of Colet, against whom he had hitherto been arguing, not only ended the debate, but gained still further the golden opinions of his host.

For that host, barring his severity to little boys, we own a great affection. His father, Sir Henry Colet, had been twice Mayor of London, and of eleven sons and as many daughters John was the sole survivor. Opulent, well-educated, with his insular ideas somewhat expanded by travels in France and Italy, his fair and open countenance was the index of a generous mind, and his athletic, vigorous understanding was in keeping with his tall, handsome figure and manly port. Encumbered by no sentiment, and capable of no great subtlety, all matters submitted to his judgment he looked fully in the face, and, making up his mind on their own intrinsic merits, he was little influenced by the voice of antiquity on the one hand, or the allegations of casuists on the other. His serious and manly intellect had early learned to bow before the Word of God; but the strength of his religious convictions only gave to his attitude as a thinker and teacher an additional sturdiness, and twenty years before Luther published his Theses he was inveighing against indulgences and expound-

[1] *Opp.* iii. 42-44.

ing the Epistles of St. Paul in a style which would have entitled any other man to martyrdom. Too much the Briton to be a Roman vassal, and for the purposes of priest-craft too honest; with a courage amounting to hardihood, and which was incapable of concealing an opinion, and with wealth which made preferment no object; he was withal too high in favour with the young Prince Henry, and too popular to become an easy prey. Much lamenting the scanty Greek which made him insecure in nice or dubious passages, to Oxford students and the youthful clergy he explained the New Testament with the directness of a devout believer, and exhorted the Convocation with the frankness of a bold reformer; and, when his elevation to the deanery placed at his command the pulpit at Paul's Cross, in the language of Chaucer and Piers Ploughman,[1] he preached such sermons as the common people were glad to hear, practical and plain, and free from old wives' fables. The consequence was that in the early years of Henry the Eighth London was deeply tainted with heresy. In 1515 we find its bishop Fitzjames entreating Wolsey to release from custody his chancellor, then awaiting his trial for a barbarous murder; "for assured I am," he says, "if my chancellor be tried by any twelve men in London, they be so maliciously set in favour of heresy, that they will cast and condemn any clerk, though he were as innocent as Abel." But, although his antagonists at last thought they had found a handle

[1] "Habet gens Britannica qui hoc præstiterunt apud suos, quod Dantes et Petrarcha apud Italos. Et horum evolvendis scriptis linguam expolivit, jam tum se præparans ad præconium sermonis evangelici."—*Opp.* iii. 456.

against him in a sermon which he preached against war at a time when the king was projecting a campaign in France, his good sense and openness made such an impression on the young and still right-minded sovereign, that, coming in from a walk with him in the convent garden at Greenwich, the king called for a glass of wine, and drank to the health of the Dean, with the reassuring remark, "Well, let every one choose his own doctor; but this shall be my doctor, before all others whatsoever." He was promoted to be chaplain to Henry the Eighth, and, when the times grew dangerous—for the Reformation had begun on the Continent—the sweating sickness came opportunely, and in 1519 he was rescued by death from the rage of his enemies. Their malice followed him in the grave; but, although they often spake concerning burning his bones, they were destined to escape till the great fire laid old St. Paul's in ruins in 1666.

First in his chambers at Oxford, afterwards in the deanery of St. Paul's, on his successive visits to England, Erasmus greatly enjoyed the society of Colet. A good way out of town, there was a retired village called Stepney. Here in a spacious house, such as befitted a former lady-mayoress, and the widow of a wealthy citizen, lived Dame Colet, a dear old lady, nearly ninety when Erasmus saw her last, and so proud of her surviving son, and at his arrival brightening up so gaily, that he alone seemed compensation for all her sorrows. It was a small stock of any modern language that our scholar was ever able to acquire, and even his native Dutch he seems at last to have pretty well forgotten. Of English his works contain

a solitary specimen, where he says, that when the jury bring in a verdict against the prisoner they say "Killim;" and with this illustration we think his apology must be sustained when he declined a presentation to an English parish on the ground of not knowing the language. Still, though the dame had nothing but her mother-tongue, like her guest she had a large share of mother-wit, and, with shrewdness and good-humour on either side, they got on famously together. And here out at Stepney, amongst the snipes, and the orchards, and ploughmen, or in the wainscoted room in Doctors' Commons, the Dean and his visitor discoursed. They sometimes made merry on the monks and the other opponents of learning. "When I was prolocutor of the Lower House," said Colet, "it was in debate whether heretics should be capitally punished. One old gentleman was very hot for the affirmative, and offered to prove it from Scripture. Being asked to produce his text, he quoted Titus iii. 10, 'Hæreticum hominem devita.' What could *de vitâ* mean but *ad mortem?*" No doubt there were many tales to match: such as Melanchthon's divinity professor, who on the passage, "Rex Salem panem ac vinum obtulit," pointed out the virtues of *salt*, believing it to be a part of the offering as well as bread and wine; the provost's plea for not paving before his own door, "Paveant illi, non paveam ego;" and the commentator who, reading Aristotle's dictum, ψυχή ἐστιν ἄϋλος, "the soul is immaterial," and taking it for ψυχή ἐστιν αὐλὸς, "the soul is a pipe," gave fifteen arguments in favour of the tubular structure of the thinking principle.[1]

[1] See Knight's *Life of Colet*, 2d edit. pp. 51, 176.

The favourite project of the Dean, to which he gave joyfully away his large estate whilst living, was the establishment of a school where London boys, such as he himself had been, might be prepared for the Universities. He was so fortunate as to secure for the first teacher the excellent William Lily—the first schoolmaster who taught Greek in England, even as Vitelli had been the first professor; and, infecting others with his own fervour, he not only himself aided Lily, but he got Erasmus also to assist in preparing some of those elementary Latin books whose "Propria quæ maribus" and "As in præsenti" seem to eyes profane such frightful jargon, but which would canonize the authors did schoolboys only know the grammatical ogres which Lily superseded.[1] Born in the Mansion-house, or on the road to it, he had no contempt for little cockneys: on the contrary, he thought them singularly bright and clever, and, although Christ's Hospital, and Merchant Taylors', and the Charter-house, and the City of London were afterwards to spring up and divide the spoil, it was in the school then founded that young Londoners like Leland and Camden, Halley the astronomer, Strype the ecclesiastical historian, Nelson of the Fasts and Festivals, Cumberland of the Weights and Measures, and John Milton of either Paradise, were to receive their first lessons in useful knowledge, as well as boys not Londoners, like Samuel Pepys, Charles Duke of Manchester, and John Churchhill, Duke of Marlborough.

[1] It was for the scholars in St. Paul's School that, at the instance of the Dean, Erasmus prepared his *Concio de puero Jesu*, and *Christiani hominis Institutum*, both in the fifth volume of the Amsterdam edition.

If in starting the new school Erasmus rendered good service to Colet, it was no small benefit which the latter conferred on the sage of Rotterdam. With a few weak points—such as an excessive love of argument, and a bluntness which occasionally amounted to boorishness, and now and again twinges of parsimony following great fits of profusion, with one of which he chanced to be afflicted when his friend was in want of money.[1] Colet's was a very noble character, and he seems to have been almost the first divine whose enlightened piety and unaffected earnestness made an impression on our author. And they were sufficiently distinct to be the more interesting to one another. By taste and habit the one was a man of letters, lured on by the love of the witty, the brilliant, the beautiful; and, although he had lately written a short *Manual for the Christian Soldier*, it was the work of a layman in canonicals. In subsequent times it found its counterpart in the *Christian Hero* of Sir Richard Steele, rather than in the *Practical View* of William Wilberforce; it was an episode in a literary career, rather than the effusion of an earnestly pervasive Christian spirit. But the other was more the theologian than the scholar, and, more than either, he was the man of God. If in the structure of his mind there was nothing sentimental, in his creed there was nothing superstitious, and Erasmus was delighted and somewhat overawed by a faith so direct and simple in union with a piety so warm and self-denying. Like an elephant in a jungle crushing the nearest path

[1] See Jortin's *Life of Erasmus* (8vo edit.) vol. i. p. 81; also, *Erasmi Opera*, iii. 107, 132.

out into daylight, with noble sense and straightforwardness, in an age of quibblers and sophistical wranglers, Colet forced his way direct to the Bible, and there for his intrepid truth-loving intellect he had found foothold as firm as the repose was welcome to his wistful, unworldly spirit. Not, What say the Scriptures? but, What says Occam? What says Aquinas? What says Scotus? were the questions which our traveller had been accustomed to hear in convents and colleges; and, instead of a text from St. John or St. Peter, the disputants chose a sentence from one of those subtle doctors, and then they defined and explained and distinguished,[1] till in the dusty pother the original particle of sense was irretrievably lost, and to the hearer nothing remained except a bewildered sense of confusion worse confounded. To the mind of Colet, at once masculine and devout, all this was a vexatious waste of time and an impertinent foolery. To him the Bible was the mind of God revealed, the one window through which on our dark world streamed in the light from heaven: the Bible was the window, and scholastic glosses were the cobwebs which monkish spiders had been spinning through all these drowsy years. Clear the windows! cried Colet. Away with the dust and the cobwebs and the desiccated blue-bottles, and through the cleansed limpid casement let the light come in—God's own light, for it is pleasant. Let us get at the very Word of God, if possible in its own original tongues; and, when we get at it, let us give it

1 "Liber ille Parvorum Logicalium operæ pretium est videre, in suppositionibus quas vocant, in ampliationibus, restrictionibus, appellationibus, et ubi non?"—Sir T. More in *Opp. Erasmi*, tom. iii. 1897.

out to the people as plainly and exactly as we can. And, whilst he shared the joy of his guest at the revival of Greek, it was not so much because fountains of old philosophy were allowed to flow again, as because from the well's mouth of revelation the stone was rolled away; and, whilst Erasmus had come to Oxford seeking to enrich his Adages with Attic gems, he could not but confess that the faith of his friend was a pearl of greater price. To the conversations of Colet, as well as his prelections on the Pauline epistles, Erasmus was indebted for clearer conceptions of primitive Christianity; and, when with grave and anxious urgency he pressed upon him theology as the noblest of the sciences, and the elucidation of Scripture as the worthiest bestowment of scholarship, Erasmus could not gainsay.

In those days there were no excursion trains, nor did Tunbridge Wells or Brighton tempt from his pestilential lanes the Londoner. But,

> "Whanne that April with his shoures sote
> The droughte of March hath perced to the rote; . . .
> When Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
> Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
> The tender croppes, and the younge sonne
> Hath in the Ram his half cours yronne,
> And smale foules maken melodie,
> That slepen alle night with open eye; . . .
> Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
> And palmeres for to seken strange strondes."

Along with Colet, Erasmus made the pilgrimage to Canterbury, some time between the years 1511 and 1513, and with the bluff outspoken humour of his companion he seems to have enjoyed exceedingly this holy tour.

The grand old minster was in itself impressive as its towers rose up and gave the travellers stately welcome, and filled the surrounding region with that solemn old-world melody which sends the thoughts back beyond Anselm and Austin.[1] But pensive meditations were soon dispelled in the business which brought devotees from all ends of the island. St. Thomas of Canterbury was still a worker of miracles, and grateful worshippers paid their vows at his shrine. In the porch the first object which arrested our pilgrims was three statues of stone,—"Tusci, Fusci, and Berri," *alias* the three murderers of Becket, Tracy, Fitzurse, and Bret, who ran mad after their frightful crime, and would never have recovered their senses but for the intercession of St. Thomas: "such is the noble clemency of martyrs." In a vault underneath they were shown the skull of the martyr encased in silver, with an opening at the top for the lips of the faithful. Here also still hung his shirt and girdle of haircloth, testifying against his effeminate successors. Remounting to the choir, such a store of skulls, chins, teeth, hands, toes was produced that they grew tired of kissing them, and Colet made no effort to conceal his impatience. At last, behind the high altar, and in a chapel golden with the effigy of the saint and ablaze with jewels, he said to the guide, "Good father, is it true that Thomas while he lived was so kind to the poor?" "Nothing can be truer." "And in that respect I do not think he is changed, except for the better." The attendant assented. "Well then, since he

[1] "Turres sunt ingentes duæ, procul veluti salutantes advenas, miroque nolarum ænearum boatu longe lateque regionem vicinam personantes." Colloquia: Peregrinatio Religionis ergo.

was so kind to the poor whilst a poor man himself and really requiring the money, now that he needs it no longer, suppose a poor woman with starving children or a sick husband were coming and, asking the Saint's leave, were to help herself to some little trifle out of this enormous hoard?" As the showman was silent, in his own blunt fashion Colet concluded, "For my own part I firmly believe the saint would be delighted, now that he is gone, to know that his goods were relieving the poor." At words which so smacked of the Wicliffite (Vielevita) the guide looked thunder, and if they had not been friends of the archbishop (Warham) he would have at once turned them out of doors. However, Erasmus slipped a few coins into the irate custodian's hand, and told him that his friend was a great wag and much given to irony. In the sacristy they again lost character. There with much solemnity a black box was produced, and as soon as it was opened the spectators dropped on their knees and gazed with awe-struck devotion. Nothing, however, met the outward eye except a few rags of old linen; which nevertheless turned out to be very sacred. They were the remains of the holy handkerchief which had so often dried the tears from the eyes of St. Thomas, and with which he had no doubt often blown his blessed nose. The prior, who had by this time come in, knowing his visitor to be a man of no small consequence, asked his acceptance of one of these holy rags. The Dean only took it between his finger and thumb, not without signs of disgust, and threw it back into the box with a contemptuous whistle. "At this," says Erasmus, "my heart

failed me, and I was agitated with shame and fear;" but the prior was a sensible man, and, pretending not to notice the indignity, he invited them to take a cup of wine, and dismissed them with due courtesy.

Much as he quizzed the monks, and merry as he made with their miracles, Erasmus would hardly have shown his contempt so openly as the gruff and courageous Englishman. On the other hand, Colet's contempt of monkery was only a result of his Christian sincerity, and to his more playful companion it was a great advantage to be in contact with a mind so profound in its convictions, and so serious in its search after truth. Although not in all respects congenial, by his manliness, his moral intrepidity, and his sterling worth, Colet, from the outset, secured the respect of Erasmus, who, in his turn, was not able to withstand those urgencies which were prompted by enlightened piety and public spirit, and of which this was the tenor:—"Oh, Erasmus, if I were as clever and as learned as you, I would publish the Greek Testament: I would give the world a plain and straightforward explanation of the Gospels and Epistles: I would do what I could to restore to mankind the Saviour's legacy!" For this end, he supplied him with books and manuscripts and money, and, from excursions in profaner fields, continued to recall the wandering genius. Thus, in 1504, we find a letter from Paris, in which the truant pleads his apology:—"My dear Colet, words cannot tell how impatient I am to proceed with sacred learning, and how I fret at all interruptions. It was with this intention that I hastened to France, resolved to rid myself of those re-

tarding tasks if I could not complete them, so as to give the rest of my days to divinity. Nevertheless, three years ago I did attempt something on the Epistle to the Romans, and wrote off four volumes at one heat; and I should have gone on had it not been for hindrances, one of which was the want of Greek. At this language I have been working nearly all that interval, and I think with some success. I also nibbled a little at Hebrew, but found myself daunted by its utter strangeness. Nor, at my time of life, am I able to carry on many undertakings together."[1] A few months afterwards Sir Henry Colet died; and it may have been in coming into possession of his large fortune, if not beforehand, that Dr. Colet began to allow Erasmus the yearly pension which Pace, Colet's successor in the deanery of St. Paul's, was asked to continue.[2] Nor were special largesses wanting, as well as words of hearty cheer. Thus, when at length the Greek Testament appeared, with its improved Latin translation, Colet writes: "I am variously affected. Sometimes I grieve that I am not master of Greek, without which I am nothing; then I rejoice in that light which the sun of your genius has poured on us so plenteously. . . . Do not leave off, dear Erasmus; but, since you have given us the New Testament in Latin, illustrate the same with your expositions, and give us on the Gospels commentaries as ample as possible. Your copiousness is real brevity, and to the healthy appetite the hunger grows. If you will open up the sense, as no one is better able, you will confer a vast obligation on those who love the Bible.

[1] *Opera*, iii. 95. [2] Knight's *Life of Colet*, 2d edit. p. 203.

and you will earn for yourself immortal renown."[1] To the ascendancy of Colet over Erasmus, as well as to his substantial services, we are, in great measure, indebted for the theological deflection in the career of the scholar, and for those two priceless memorials of his sacred studies—the Greek Testament and the Paraphrase. Had Colet lived, no one can doubt which side he would have taken in the English revolt from Rome; and, had Erasmus remained in England till then, with personal security and the fortification of powerful examples, is it likely that he would have remained behind? But Colet died in 1519. Dwelling on his character and that of another friend, Vitrarius, Erasmus concludes: "With such a fortune, the great thing in Colet was that he constantly went the way not of his own inclination, but of Christ's command: it is the nobler praise of Vitrarius, that, like a fish in a marsh not tasting of mud, he dwelt in a convent, and lived the life of the Gospel. In Colet there was some things which betrayed the mortal: in Vitrarius I never saw sign of human frailty. Jonas, if you will take my word, you will not hesitate to add them to your saints, even though no pope should ever canonize them. Happy spirits, to whom I owe so much, assist with your prayers Erasmus still struggling with the evils of this life, so that I may at last join your fellowship, never again to be parted."[2]

[1] *Opera*, iii. 1572.

[2] *Opera*, iii. 461. The loss of no friend seems ever to have affected Erasmus so deeply. Indeed, he repeatedly says, to Lupset and Mountjoy: "For thirty years I have never felt any death so bitterly." Knight has written a life of Colet as well as one of Erasmus; but in neither work is the obligation of the latter to the former brought out as clearly and pointedly as it appears to us. In many respects the two were remarkably contrasted, and there were some

With Colet few are acquainted; but there was another Englishman of that day, his friend and admirer, with whom we are all familiar. The lawyer whose chestnut hair is better known than the chancellor's wig; the judge with the funny face, who made culprits smile when he should have made them cry, and some of whose merriest jests were spoken when all except himself were weeping; the philosopher whose Utopia anticipated Locke on Toleration, but withal the actual persecutor who once more bathed in blood the sword of Torquemada; the liberal thinker who could laugh at monkish superstitions, but, withal, the practical ascetic who put on sackcloth as if it had been the very robe of righteousness; the martyr whose noble frankness "gave the devil a foul fall," but whose small jokes on the scaffold have made solemn people wonder if, after all, he was not a luckless merry-andrew, who lost his head twice over: a man of this stamp, like a combative Quaker, or a clerical comedian, is sure to be popular. It is not only the amusement of seeing Democritus in the cowl of St. Dominic, or Punch on the great Duke's pedestal; but we fancy the humourist, because he does not exact a sustained and unmingled admiration. If Aristides could have only contrived to be nicknamed "the honest rogue," he need not have been ostracised; and, if William of Orange had been capable of an occasional *bon mot*, or had founded a new race of

things in the divine which the scholar did not like; but the stronger and more courageous spirit first overmastered, and then upheld the weaker. Had it not been for Colet we might have had more of the classical scholar in the sage of Rotterdam, but we should probably have lost altogether the Biblical critic; and we cannot but be grateful to the fellow-countryman who did so much to make him an affectionate student of the Bible and its bold interpreter.

spaniels, the deliverer of England might have shared the loyalty which was cheerfully given to the stipendiary of Louis Quatorze. It is the felicity of SIR THOMAS MORE that, although one of the foremost names amongst England's worthies, he is not faultless; whilst, on the other hand, every failing is in such near neighbourhood to some great excellence, that none but microscopic eyes can see them apart from one another; and if at any time we are ready to utter a severe or indignant condemnation, it is at once arrested or softened by pity for the tragic fate which extinguished the brightest genius then in England, and reduced to desolation its happiest home.

That home the pen of Erasmus and the pencil of Holbein have made immortal. Fain would we transcribe the epistle to Ulric Hutten, in which the life of a philosopher at Chelsea, 350 years ago, is depicted as our traveller often shared it: the central personage himself, with his light blue eyes, and large workmanlike hands, and high right shoulder, drinking his favourite beverage, water, out of a pewter mug, and so passing it off for beer, and escaping from the Court at Greenwich with the unfeigned desire that the king and queen were less dependent on his society, and would leave him more leisure for his books, his monkeys, and his children. Our author is doubtless right in describing him as "a philosopher sauntering through the market-place (the world) without any business of his own, simply surveying the stir and activity of the buyers and sellers;"—himself always cheerful and resolved to keep cheerful those around him. It was to the credit of his genial humour that it flowed

most freely at his own fireside; and, unlike many men of wit, he enjoyed the wit of others. An instance is mentioned where it even mollified his zeal against heresy. A heretic of the name of Silver was before him. Said the judge, "Silver, you must be tried by fire." "Yes," replied the prisoner, "but you know, my lord, *quick* silver cannot abide the fire." He was so pleased with this retort that he set the man at liberty.

The story is that the first meeting of the two wittiest men in Europe was at a dinner-party in the Mansion-house, and as the entertainment proceeded a young lawyer was spreading such fits of laughter right and left among his neighbours that, catching his eye, Erasmus exclaimed, "Aut tu es Morus aut nullus!" and was answered, "Aut tu es Erasmus aut diabolus!"[1] This mutual introduction ripened into a close and congenial intimacy. In the filial affection and the graceful ac-

[1] The story, which is of course impugned, is thus told by Dr. King: "Sir Thomas being one day at my Lord Mayor's table, word was brought him that there was a gentleman, who was a foreigner, inquiring for his lordship (he being then Lord Chancellor). They having nearly dined, the Lord Mayor ordered one of his officers to take the gentleman into his care, and give him what he best liked. The officer took Erasmus into the Lord Mayor's cellar, where he chose to eat oysters and drink wine (as the fashion was then), drawn into leathern jacks, and poured into a silver cup. As soon as Erasmus had well refreshed himself, he was introduced to Sir Thomas More. At his first coming in to him, he saluted him in Latin. Sir Thomas asked him 'Unde venis?'—*Erasmus.* 'Ex inferis.'—*Sir T.* 'Quid ibi agitur?'—*Erasmus.* 'Vivis vescuntur et bibunt ex ocreis.'—*Sir T.* 'An noscis?'—*Erasmus.* 'Aut tu es Morus aut nullus.'—*Sir T.* 'Et tu es aut dæmon aut meus Erasmus.'"—Quoted in *Notes and Queries*, third series, vol. v. p. 61. If there be any foundation for the incident, it must have happened long before More was Chancellor, a promotion which took place many years after Erasmus's last visit to England. Erasmus was acquainted with More in 1497, when the latter was a mere youth; indeed, so young, that it is surprising that he should have made such an impression on the illustrious stranger.

complishments with which the future Speaker and Chancellor surrounded himself in his chosen retirement, the wandering friar witnessed a happiness and shared innocent pastimes which might well make him repent more bitterly his monkish vow, and wish for the sake of stunted affections that he could have seen such things earlier. Nor had More yet become a Romish bigot. The Utopia, advocating freedom of religious opinion, was published in 1516,[1] and in the following year Erasmus paid his last visit to England. There was, therefore, within the period to which their personal intercourse extended, nothing to prevent the utmost liberty of speculation and debate; and not only was the "Encomium Moriæ," with its caricature of the Court of Rome, written under the roof of More, and dedicated to his host, but, like some others, it would seem as if the philosopher had countenanced a latitude of opinion which the statesman and lawyer found it afterwards needful to condemn. If all tales are true, it was not liberty of speech alone in which Erasmus indulged. Soon after a discussion as to the Real Presence in the Mass, the learned Hollander set out for the Continent. More had lent him a horse to carry him as far as the sea-side, but so pleasant were his paces that the borrower could not part with the beast, and in due time sent the owner the following epigram instead:—

[1] Hallam, founding on a letter of Mountjoy to Erasmus, dated Jan. 4, 1516, in which he mentions that he had received the Utopia, says it must have been printed in 1515.—*Literary Hist.*, 6th edit. vol. i. p. 283. The learned historian has for the moment forgotten that Jan. 4, 1516, O.S. was actually 1517: so that there is no need to throw the publication of More's great work further back than the date above given.

"Remember you told me
'Believe and you 'll see;
Believe 'tis a body,
And a body 'twill be.'

So, should you tire walking,
This hot summer-tide,
Believe your staff 's Dobbin,
And straightway you 'll ride."[1]

On the glimpses of Old England, which we find in the letters of Erasmus, we would gladly have lingered, and in his company made the acquaintance of Richard Pace and Archbishop Warham, and Cardinal Wolsey, and Henry the Eighth; but those readers who have followed us thus far we shall reward by no longer taxing their forbearance. We shall only add that, if Holland is justly proud of having given birth to the great Restorer of Letters, it is gratifying to know that England was the first country by which he was fully appreciated, and was ever afterwards the country by which that light was fed and fostered which all other lands admired. Like the Bishop of Cambray and the Marchioness de Vere, the Emperor Charles the Fifth promised him a pension; but in France

[1] "Quod mihi dixisti
De corpore Christi,
Crede quod edis, et edis;
Sic tibi rescribo
De tuo palfrido,
Crede quod habes, et habes."

The story is told in Covel's *History of the Greek Church*, p. 28. The following is his more literal translation of the monkish verse:—

"What of Christ's body to me
You said, 'What you do not see,
Believe you receive, you receive it;'
I of your nag say again,
Though with me he still remain,
Believe that you have it, you have it."

and Germany it was then a failing to promise more than they could pay, and he was never much the richer for the fair words of his Continental patrons. But Mountjoy faithfully paid his yearly allowance of a hundred crowns; Archbishop Warham presented him to the parish of Aldington,[1] and allowed him to resign it, retaining from the benefice another yearly income of a hundred crowns; Colet too assigned him a pension, and from Warham and Tonstall, from Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, from Pace, and Mountjoy, and Queen Catherine he was continually receiving presents, horses and silver cups, crowns, nobles, and angels; so that it was not without reason that he said, "Whatsoever in the way of fortune I have, I owe to the English:" "My sole reliance is Britain, but for whose help Erasmus would still be a beggar."[2] Indeed, as he tells Cardinal Grimani,[3] it was his adopted country, and as a residence he preferred it to Rome.[4] And he amply repaid the benefit. It was not only that the Greek which he learned at Oxford he went and taught at Cambridge[5]—the first in that long series in which the names of Barrow, Bentley, Porson, shine conspicuous; nor was it only that men whom here he met—like Lupset, Grocyn, Linacre, Lily—he filled with fresh enthusiasm for ancient learning; but the two great works which England enabled him to prepare, and

[1] Had Erasmus entered on the cure he would have had for his parishioner the famous Nun of Kent, whose impostures made such a sensation afterwards, and involved so many victims. Her story is fully told in the second volume of Froude's *History*.

[2] The former expression occurs in a letter to the Abbot of St. Bertin, *Opp.* iii. 124; the latter in writing to Laurinus, 1632.

[3] *Opp.* iii. 141. [4] *Opp.* 115. [5] Gibbon.

which one Englishman in particular extorted from him, became such powerful elements in our country's spiritual history. It was not Luther who started the Reformation in England, nor Zwingle, but the Greek New Testament published by Erasmus;[1] and during the remainder of that century no single mind had such influence on the theology of the pulpit and the people as the author of the "Paraphrase." That work all bachelors of divinity were ordered by Edward the Sixth to possess and study, so that they might preach to their flocks its comfortable doctrine. Elizabeth went further. She commanded that a copy of the Paraphrase in English should be affixed to a desk in every church for the use of the congregation;[2] and, although the injunction might be imperfectly fulfilled, there can be no question that the master spirits who went farthest to mould the thinking and teaching of Elizabethan divines were, amongst theologians Melanchthon, amongst interpreters Erasmus.

[1] Merle d'Aubigné's *Reformation*, vol. v. bk. xviii. chaps. 1, 2.

[2] See Jortin's *Life of Erasmus*, vol. i. p. 144. *Notes and Queries*, vol. v. p. 332. Milman's *Latin Christianity*, vol. vi.

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